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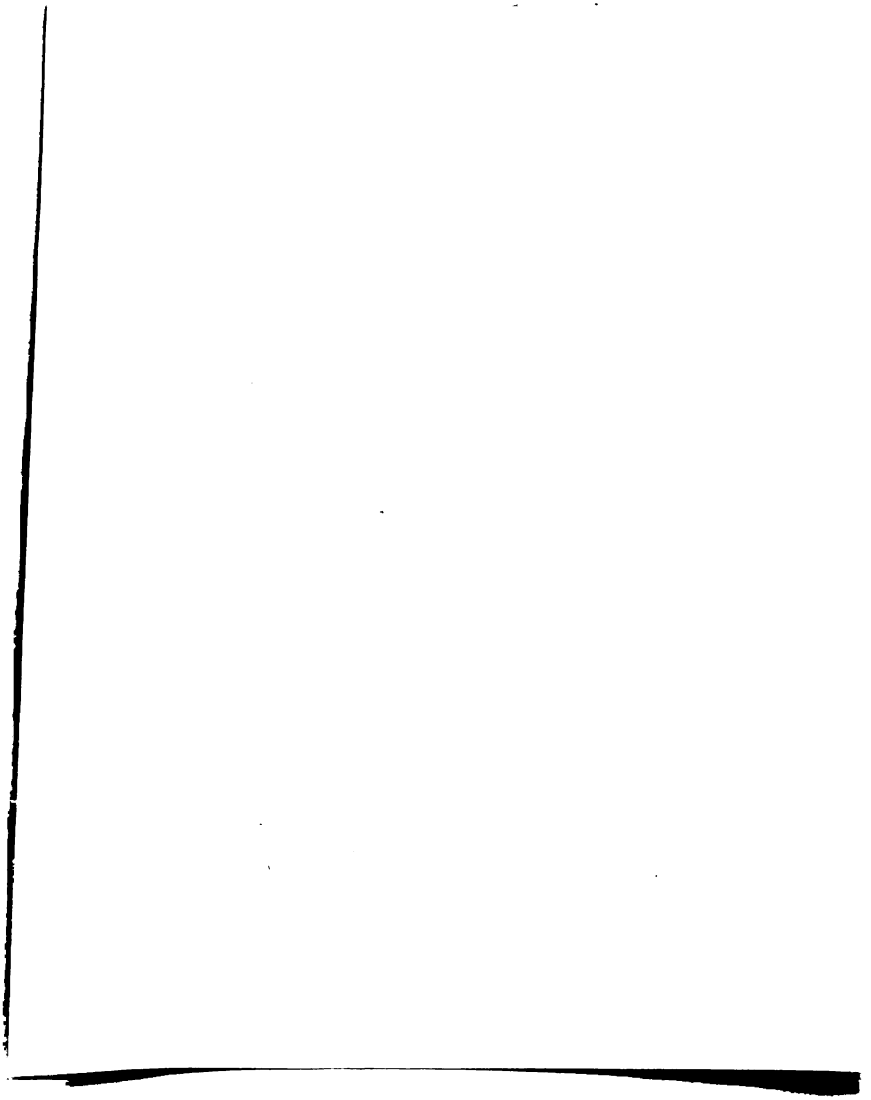

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The Scottish Text Society

THE POEMS

OF

ROBERT HENRYSON

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THE POEMS

OF

ROBERT HENRYSON

EDITED BY

G. GREGORY SMITH

VOL. II.

(TEXT—VOL. I.)

Printed for the Society by

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

1906

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS volume, the first of the text of The Poems of Robert Henryson, contains all the early versions of the *Fables*. The next volume (Vol. III.) will include the texts of the *Orpheus*, the *Testament of Cresseid*, and the Shorter Poems. Vol. I., containing the General Introduction and other matter, will appear last. By this order of publication scholars who are anxious to have the texts for their own purposes are not compelled to wait the pleasure of the editor in the preparation of his Introduction; and the editor, in turn, will have the advantage of considering fresh problems raised in the discussion of the ampler material now presented.

The earliest texts of the Fables are derived from five sources:—

I. The Edinburgh edition published in 1570 by Robert Lekpreuik for Henry Charteris (known as 'Charteris' in this edition).

Title-page.—The Morall Fabillis | of Esope the Phrygi- | an, Compylit in Eloquent, and Ornate Scottis | Meter, be Maister Robert Henrisone, | Scholemaister of Dun- | fermeling. |

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[*Type ornament*] | ¶ Dulcius Arrident Seria Picta Iocis. | ¶ Vt Naufragij leuamen est Portus, Ita Tranquillitas animi, seu Iucunditas, est quasi Vitæ Portus. | ℂ Newlie Imprentit | at Edinburgh, be Robert Lekpreuik, at the Ex- | pensis of Henrie Charteris: and ar to be | sauld in his Buith, on the North syde | of the gait, abone the Throne. | ANNO. Do. M. D. LXX. | [*Type ornament at head and foot of page.*]

(*See the facsimile, facing p. viii in this volume.*)

Colophon.—℄ Imprentit at Edin- | burgh be Robert Lekpreuik, at the Expensis of | Henrie Charteris, the xvi day of Decem- | ber: the ȝeir of God ane thousand | fyue hundreth, thre scoir, | Nyne ȝeiris. |

Collation.—A1[a] Title. 1[b] The Taillis contenit in the present Buke. Aij-N4[a] The Fabillis of Esope. N4[b] blank. 52 folios.

The volume is a small quarto, printed in black-letter. The only known copy, which was purchased by the late Mr William Henry Miller of Craigentinny, near Edinburgh, is preserved in the library at Britwell Court, Bucks. In the preface to the Maitland Club reprint of Hart's edition of 1621, and again in Laing's edition of Henryson (1865), p. 264, it is stated that a copy of this edition was sold in 1695 at the dispersal of Sir Andrew Balfour's collection (Catalogue, p. 113). Laing records (*u.s.*, p. 264) that he had seen, "not many years since," a copy in private hands in Edinburgh.

II. Harleian MS. 3865, British Museum (known as 'Harleian' in this edition).

Title-page (MS.), *on the verso of fol.* 1, *facing the* Prolog.—The morall fabillis of | Esope compylit be | maister Robert Henrisoun | Scolmaister of Dun- | fermling: | 1571. |

(*See the facsimile, facing p. x of this volume.*)

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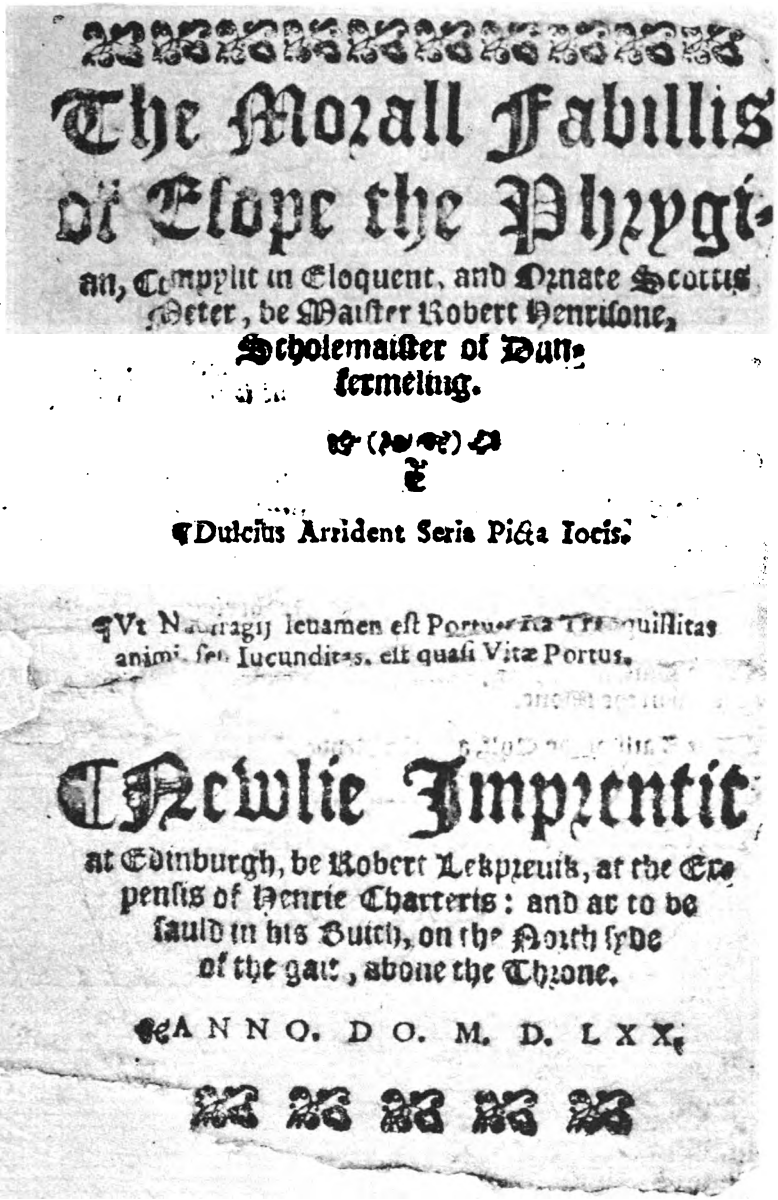
The Moyall Fabillis of Esope the Phrygian, Compylit in Eloquent, and Ornate Scottis Meter, be Maister Robert Henrisone, Scholemaister of Dunfermelyng.

¶Dulcius Arrident Seria Picta Iocis.

¶Vt Naufragij leuamen est Portus ita Tranquillitas animi, seu Iucunditas, est quasi Vitæ Portus.

Newlie Imprentit at Edinburgh, be Robert Lekprevik, at the Expensis of Henrie Charteris: and ar to be sauld in his Buith, on the North syde of the gait, abone the Throne.

¶ANNO. DO. M. D. LXX.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE CHARTERIS EDITION, 1570
(BRITWELL COURT)

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The MS., which is written on paper (19 cm. × 28.5 cm.), extends to 75 folios, and contains 2968 lines. There are generally three stanzas, or from 19 to 25 lines on each page. The title-page, tailpiece, illustrations on ff. 3b and 43b (see the facsimiles facing pp. 7 and 121 of this volume), and 14 initial letters have been coloured, in a very crude way, probably by a later hand. The binding of the volume is modern.

The MS. is described by Laing, *u.s.*, pp. 228 and 266, and by Ward, *Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum*, ii. pp. 354-356.

III. The Makculloch MS., in the Library of the University of Edinburgh (Laing MSS. No. 149), and known as 'Makculloch' in this edition.

The Manuscript proper consists of Latin notes on logic by Magnus Makculloch (or Iohannis de Tayn), a Scots student at Louvain in 1477. The volume appears to have been in the hands of I. Purde, who may have been the scribe of the vernacular pieces on the blank pages. There are several of Henryson's poems on these pages. The extract from the Fables is written on the front fly-leaves.

The MS. was acquired by Dr David Laing in 1854, and was bequeathed by him to the University of Edinburgh. A description of the MS. will be found in the editor's *Specimens of Middle Scots* (1902), pp. lxvii-lxix.

IV. The Bannatyne MS. (1568) in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh (MSS. 1. 1. 6), and known as 'Bannatyne' in this edition.

The MS. has been reprinted by the Hunterian Club (1873-1902). The *Fables* will be found in Vol. IV. (1896).

V. A transcript by William Gibb, for George Chalmers, made in 1810 from the Asloan MS. (early sixteenth

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century), and known as the 'Asloan-Chalmers' in this edition.

An account of the Asloan MS., based on notes made during an examination of the MS. when it was deposited in the British Museum (about fifteen years ago), is given in *Specimens of Middle Scots, u.s.*, pp. lxx-lxxii. The MS. appears to have contained the following fables by Henryson: (32) The fablis of Esope: and first of þe paddok and the mouſ; (33) The preching of þe swallow; (34) Þe lyoun & the mouſ; (35) Chanticler and þe fox; (36) Þe tod and þe wolf; (37) Þe parliament of bestis; (42) Þe tale of þe uplandis mouſ and the borrowstoun̄ mouſ. All, except the last, have been lost by the mutilation of the MS.

It is matter for regret that Lord Talbot de Malahide, to whom the MS. passed, in 1882, from the collection at Auchinleck, has declined to give the Scottish Text Society, and several independent workers in this country and abroad, permission to examine its pages. The text of the Tale of the Two Mice printed in this volume is taken from the Chalmers Transcripts preserved among the Laing MSS. in the Library of the University of Edinburgh (Laing MSS. 450*, ff. 236-240).

Of these sources, I.-V., the Charteris print and the Harleian MS. give us what may be accepted as Henryson's complete text of the Fables and the original order of composition. The Bannatyne MS., though in some respects of great importance, is a selection of ten fables, made without regard to the place of each in the whole work. The Makculloch and Asloan-Chalmers texts are only fragments. The accompanying table of the con-

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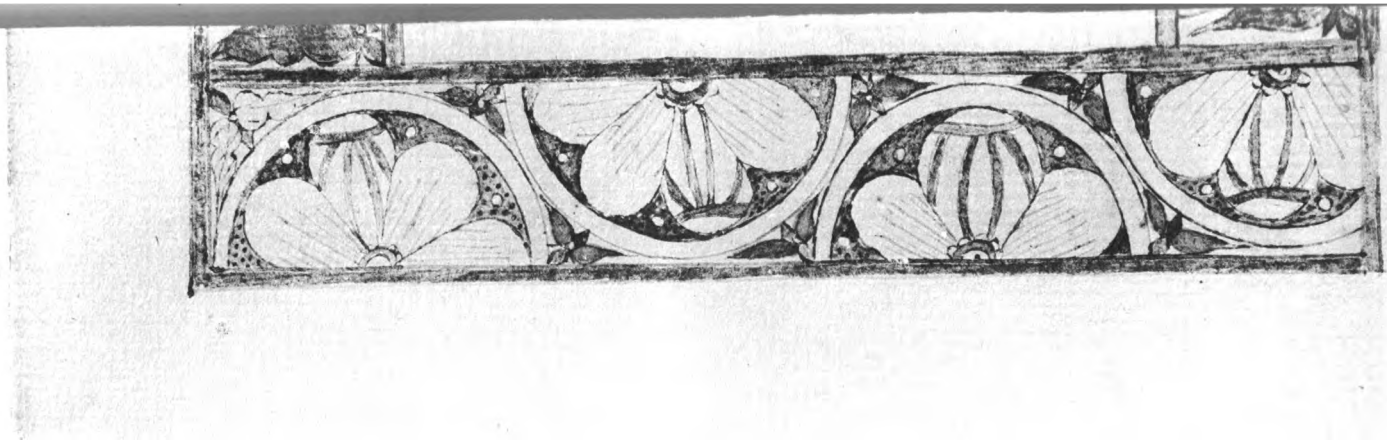

TITLE-PAGE OF HARLEIAN MS. No. 3865
(BRITISH MUSEUM)

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tents of these texts (pp. xx, xxi) will serve as a key to the arrangement in this volume. Discussion of the relationship of the texts to each other is reserved for the first volume.

It is not unlikely that the Fables were printed by Chepman and Myllar, who issued Henryson's *Orpheus* and two of his shorter poems (see Vol. III.); but evidence of this is at present entirely wanting. The later reprints of the *Fables*, subsequent to the Charteris and Harleian texts of 1569-1570 and 1571, may be thus briefly described:—

EDITIONS.

1. The Fabulous tales of | Esope the Phrygian, Compiled | *moste eloquently in Scottishe* | Metre by Master Robert | Henrison, & *now lately* | Englished. | Every tale Moralized most aptly to | this present time, worthy | to be read. | [*Ornament; with Motto*—Occulta Veritas Tempora patet] | Imprinted at London by | Richard Smith. | Anno 1577.

A copy of this edition was seen by Dr David Laing in the Library of Sion College (Press mark E B ix. 40). It had disappeared from that collection before 1864-5, when Laing was preparing his edition of the Poems. All efforts to trace it have been unavailing. Laing has given, in the Introduction to his edition of Henryson, the following description of "this little black volume" which he had written in his "younger days" before the book had gone astray.

> "Title, 4 leaves, and A to H2 in eights, pp. 115 in sm. 8vo, black-letter.
>
> On the back of the title are two twelve-line stanzas, in short metre, entitled, The Bookes Passport,—
>
> > 'That man neare wrote
> > Whose wryte pleasd all mens mynd,' &c.
>
> followed by Smith's dedication 'To Mr Richard Stonely,

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Esquire, one of the foure tellers of the Q. Maiesties receyt of the Eschecker,' &c., by R. S. :—

'There came,' he says, 'unto my hande a Scottishe pamphlet of the Fabulous Tales of Esope, a worke, Sir, as I thinke, in that language wherein it was written, verie eloquent and full of great invention. And no doubt you shall finde some smatch thereof, although very rudely I have obscured the authour, and having two yeres since turned it into Englishe, I have kept it unpublished, hoping some one els of greater skill would not have let it lyen dead. But whether most men have that Nation in derision for their hollowe hearts and ungratefull mindes to this Countrey alwayes had (a people very subject to that infection), or thinking scorne of the authour or first inventer, let it passe, as frivolous and vaine matter: yet in my conceite there is learning for all sorts of people worthie of the memorie. Therefore, knowing not howe by any meanes to let you understand my good will towarde you, but by this meanes, at last putting all feare aside, I boldly presente this unto your worship, hoping, &c. — Yours at commandement. RICHARD SMITH.'

On the next leaf are 'The Contentes of the Booke;' after which is subjoined THE ARGUMENT BETWEEN ESOPE AND THE TRANSLATOUR.

LATE passing thorowe Paules Churchyarde
Aside I cast mine eye,
And ere I wist, to me appearde
Sir Esope by and by,
Apparelled both braue and fine,
After the Scottish guise.
I stoode then still, with ardent eyne
I viewde him twise or thrise.
'Behold,' quoth he, 'now am I here,
And faine would meete some one
To speake English that would me leare.'
With that quoth I anone:
'Why, English, Sir, you speake right well—
What more would you require?'
'Yea, that's in prose: my tales to tell
In verse I do desire.'
'Alasse! I am not for your tourne;
Ye must repayre unto
The Innes of Court and Chancery,
Where learned have to do.
At Helicon I never came—
The way I do not knowe;
(God Pan his servant, Sir, I am,
And duetie to him owe).

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On oaten pipe we still do play,—
  That's all that he teach can;
Of other lore he takes no way
  This Growtnole rusticke Pan.
Minervas impes they Orpheus keepe,
  In musicke they delite,
To serve your turne before they sleepe,
  In verse to make you dite,
Your Fables wise and eloquent
  With phrases feate and fine,
Endewed with Apollo gent
  That passeth muse of mine.'
'Content your selfe,' quoth Esope than,
  'Do thus much once for me,
To learne me verse so as ye can
  Myselfe as playne as ye;
They do not care for Scottish bookes,—
  They list not looke that way:
But if they would but cast their lookes
  Some time when they do play,
Somewhat to see perhaps they might
  That then would like them wel,
To teach them treade thair way aright,
  To blisse, from paines of hel.'
'Farewel, good Phrygian Poet, now,
  I may no more sojourne.'
'If not,' sayth Esope, 'then adew,
  Into Scotland I'le returne.'
'Nay, rather will I venture hard
  And bring your minde to passe,
If that I gaine to my rewarde
  King Midas eares of asse,
And have a thousand ill reports
  Still tumbling downe on me,
Than this to want unto all sorts
  And view of every eye.'
Wherefore have here, good Reader, now,
  My rurall skillesse skill;
I aske no more but this of you,—
  One ynche of your good will:
Which it to grant as I do crave,
That's even as much as I would have.

His Verdict on his Labour.

Orpheus once did walke abrode
  'Mong fragrant flowers t'encrease his glee,
To set his harpe in one accorde
  In tune to make his strings agree,
Whereby was heard such pleasant sounde
That all the woodes thereof rebound.

And playing thus in pleasant shade,
  Wild beastes and men to him did come;
With musicke strayte them stones he made,
  His gift was such, them to transforme.
He fell a sleepe, and or he wooke,
In hand a while his harpe I tooke.

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This Scottish *Orpheus* I meane,
That *Esops* tales hath made to gree
In Rethoricke both trim and cleane,
That all my wittes bereft hath hee.
His harpe, alas! I make to jarre,
And both his name and mine do marre;
But since I made them disagree,
Leave me the blame, the Laurel he.

The contents of the volume are as follows:—

The Argument or Prologue.

'Though fayned Fables of auncient poetry,' p. 1, 9 stanzas of 7 lines each.

The tale of the Grosshead, Chauntcleare the Cock, and precious Stone, p. 3.

'A cock sometime with feathers fresh and gay,' 8 stanzas of 7 lines. The Morall, p. 5, 6 stanzas, 'This gentle Jasp,' &c.

The prety tale of the playne countrey Mouse, and deyntie towne Mouse, p. 7.

'Esope mine Author maketh mention,' 29 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 14, 'Frendes ye may finde,' &c., 4 stanzas.

The pleasant tale of the Cock and the Foxe, how wyly beguyles himselfe.

'Though brutall beasts be irrationall,' 27 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 23, 'Now worthie folke,' &c., 4 stanzas.

The pleasant tale howe this false dissembling Tod made his confession to the hypocrite fryer Wolfe Waytskayth.

'Leaving this wydow glad I you assure,' p. 24, 23 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 30, 'This sudden death,' &c., 3 stanzas.

The Retoricall tale of the sonne and heyre of the foresayd Foxe called Father Wars, also the Parlement of foure footed Beastes, holden by the Lyon, p. 31.

'This foresayd Foxe, that dide for his misdeeds,' 42 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 42, 'Ryght as the myner,' &c., 7 stanzas.

The wofull tale of the playntif Dogge, agaynst the poore Sheepe, before Justice Wolfe, p. 44.

'Esope a tale puts in memory,' 16 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 49, 'This selly sheepe,' &c., 9 stanzas.

The exemplative tale of the Lion and the Mouse; with the Author's Prologue before, p. 51.

The prologue, p. 51, 'In mids of June that sweete season,' &c., contains 12 stanzas. The Tale, p. 54, 'A lion at his pray was overrunne,' 24 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 60, 'As I suppose,' &c., 7 stanzas.

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The notable tale of the preaching of the Swallow, p. 62.

'The hie prudence and working marvellous,' 38 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 72, 'Lo! worthy folke,' 9 stanzas.

The mery tale of the Wolf that wold haue had the Neckhering, through the wyles of the Foxe, that beguiled the Carrier, p. 77.

'Whylom there wound in a wildernes,' 36 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 84, 'This tale is mingled,' &c., 4 stanzas.

The excellent tale of the wyly Laurence Foxe that beguylde the covetous crafty Wolfe, with the shadow of the Moon, p. 86.

'In elder dayes as Esope can declare,' 28 stanzas; Moralitie, 'The Wolf I liken to a wicked man,' 4 stanzas.

The mery tale of the Wolfe and the Weather, p. 94.

'Whylom there was, as Esope can report,' 19 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 99, 'Esope the poet, first father of this Fable,' 4 stanzas.

The wofull tale of the cruell Wolfe and the innocent Lambe, p. 101.

'A cruell Wolfe, right ravenous and fell,' 13 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 104, 'The poore people this Lambe may signifie,' &c., 10 stanzas.

The tale of the wofull ende of the Paddocke and the Mouse: shewing the mischiefe of desemblers, p. 107.

'Upon a time (as Esope coulde report),' 19 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 112, 'My brother if thou,' &c., 9 stanzas.

The last stanza of this Moralitie may be quoted :—

Adew, my friend; and if that any aske
Of these Fables, so shortly I conclude,
Say thou I left the rest unto the learneds taske
To make example and some similitude.
Now Christ for us that died on the rood,
Of soule and life, as thou art Saviour,
Grant us to passe into a blessed houre.

Finished in the Vale of Aylesburie the thirtenth of August Anno Domini 1574.

The volume concludes with the Translator's Epilogue, 3 stanzas of 7 lines,—'Shewing (as Smith says in the Fable) that in a deformed creature God may and wil set forth his glorie.

Then love this worke, and reade it at your will;
I but eclipse his Tales of so great skill.'"

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Richard Smith was the printer of Gascoigne's *Steel Glas*, 1576, on the title-page of which the ornament described above also appears.

[2 (?). An edition of "Esope's fables in miter" is named in the Stationers' Registers, under the date 6 Nov. 1598, as the property of William Wood. "This may have been the version anglicized from Henryson and first printed in 1577" (Hazlitt, *Bibliographical Collections*, ii.).]

[3 (?). "In 1599 Robert Smyth, bookseller and printer in Edinburgh, obtained a grant of the privilege of printing 'The Fabillis of Esope,' with other books. After his death this privilege was transferred to Thomas Finlayson. In the inventory of stock of Robert Smith, librar (bookseller), who died May 1st, 1602, we find 743 copies of the 'Fabillis of Isope,' an edition now totally unknown" Laing, *u.s.*, p. 264).]

4. The | Morall Fables | of Esope the | Phrygian. | Compyled into eloquent and ornamentall | Meeter, by Robert Henrisoun | schoole-master of Dumfermeling | ¶ Dulcius arrident seria picta Jocis | ¶ Ut Naufragii levamen est portus: ita tranquillitas | animi, seu iocunditas est quasi vitæ portus | Newlie reuised and corrected | [*type ornament*] | Edinburgh: | Printed by Andro Hart, 1621.[1]

The only known copy of this edition, an octavo of 96 pages, is preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. (See next entry.)

5. The | Moral Fables | of | Robert Henryson | reprinted from the edition of | Andrew Hart || [*Maitland Club block*] | Edinburgh, MDCCCXXXII.

This edition, a reprint of No. 4, was presented to the Maitland Club by Duncan Stewart. The Preface, which is unsigned, was written by David Irving, author of *The History of Scotish Poetry*, issued posthumously in 1861. The Preface may be compared with the tenth chapter of that volume and with Irving's article on Henryson in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 7th edit. (1836).

[1] Referred to as 'Hart' in the footnotes *infra*.

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6. The | Poems and Fables | of | Robert Henryson, | now first collected. | With Notes, and a Memoir of his Life. | By David Laing. | Edinburgh: MDCCCLXV. | William Paterson, Princes Street. Sm. 8vo., 331 pages.

   The *Fables* are printed on pp. 101-217.

7. Henrisone's Fabeln; in *Anglia*, ix., pp. 342-390, 453-492, edited by A. R. Diebler, author of a dissertation entitled *Henrisone's Fabeldichtungen* (Halle, 1885). The text in *Anglia* is a reprint of the Harleian.

SELECTIONS.

1. Allan Ramsay printed 'The Borrowstoun Mous and the Landwart Mous' and 'The Lyon and the Mous' (including the Prologue to the latter) in the first volume of *The Ever Green* (1724), pp. 144-155, 185-199. These are free renderings of the Bannatyne text, which Ramsay acknowledges in his Preface to have been his source. They are of more interest to the student of Ramsay than to the student of Henryson.

2. In Lord Hailes's volume of *Ancient Scottish Poems, published from the MS. of George Bannatyne, MDLXVIII* (1770), the following portions are printed: (*a*) The Dog, the Wolf, and the Scheip (pp. 138-146); (*b*) The Wolfe and the Lame (pp. 147-154); (*c*) *Moralitas* of The Mouss and the Paddok (pp. 155-158); (*d*) *Moralitas* of The Cok and the Pretious Stone (pp. 159-161); (*e*) *Moralitas* of The Borrowistoun Mous and the Up-on-land Mouss (pp. 162-163); (*f*) *Moralitas* of The Lyon and the Mouss (pp. 164-166). Notes on these passages occupy pp. 328-331.

3. In J. Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, vol. i. (1802), there is a short account (pp. 87-90) of Henryson, followed by these texts: (*a*) The Prologue to the Lion and the Mouse (pp. 90-93); (*b*) The Wolf and the Lame (pp. 94-99); (*c*) The Dog, Wolf, and Sheep (pp. 100-106); (*d*) The Twa Mice (pp. 107-114). The editor claims for the last that "it is here for the first time given correctly from the Bannatyne MS." (p. 107). (*b*) and (*c*) also are taken,

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as in Hailes's volume, from the Bannatyne MS., and are, on the whole, given more accurately.

4. In the Appendix to G. F. Nott's edition of the Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt (1816), the Fable of the Two Mice is printed from the Harleian MS.
5. In *Mediæval Scottish Poetry* (Glasgow, 1892), edited by George Eyre-Todd, the Prologue to the Tale of the Lion and the Mouse (described, in error, as the 'Prologue to the Moral Fables') and the Tale of the Two Mice are reprinted from Laing's edition, *u.s.*
6. In the editor's *Specimens of Middle Scots* (1902) the Prologue and Tale of the Cock and Jewel are printed from the Makculloch MS. (pp. 1-7), and the Tale of the Paddock and the Mouse from the Bannatyne MS. (pp. 34-41). Notes on these extracts are printed on pp. 267-269, 277-280.

The texts have been transcribed and collated by Mr George Stevenson, M.A., who has, at every stage of the preparation of this volume, given invaluable aid. The editor, in offering his thanks for this assistance during a long task, desires to express his pleasure that the collaboration has been the means of securing Mr Stevenson as an independent contributor to the publications of the Society. The editor also desires to thank Mrs Christie-Miller of Britwell Court for her kindness in placing the unique copy of Charteris's edition at his disposal, and the librarians of the British Museum, the Advocates' Library, and the University of Edinburgh, for privileges readily granted.

Nov. 11, 1906.

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TABLE OF THE TEXTS

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TITLES.

I. Prolog . . . . . .

II. The Taill of the Cok and the Iasp . . . . . .
[The Cock & þe Iewell.—*Bann.*] . . . . . .

III. The Taill of the Uponlandis Mous and the Burges Mous . .
[The Twa Myss.—*Bann.*] . . . . . .
[The tale of þe wplandis mouſ and þe borrowstoun mouſ.—*Asloan-Chalmers*] . . . . . .

IV. The Taill of Schir Chantecleir and the Foxe . . . . .
[The Fox and the Cock.—*Bann.*] . . . . . .

V. The Taill how this foirsaid Tod maid his confessioun to Freir Wolf Waitskaith. . . . . .
[The Fox and the Wolf.—*Bann.*] . . . . . .

VI. The Taill of the sone and air of the foirsaid foxe, callit Father-Wer: Alswa the Parliament of fourfuttit beistis haldin be the Lyoun
[The Fox tryed before the Lyon.—*Bann.*] . . . . .

VII. The Taill of the Scheip and the Doig . . . . . .
[The Dog, þe Scheip, & þe Wolff.—*Bann.*] . . . . .

VIII. The Taill of the Lyoun and the Mous (Prologue) . . . .
[The Lyon & the Mouss.—*Bann.*] . . . . . .
The Taill of the Lyoun and the Mous . . . . .
[The Lyon and the Mous.—*Bann.*] . . . . . .

IX. The Preiching of the Swallow . . . . . .
[The Swallow & othir Birdis.—*Bann.*] . . . . .

X. The Taill of the Wolf that gat the nekhering throw the wrinkis of the Foxe that begylit the Cadgear . . . . .

XI. The Taill of the Foxe that begylit the Wolf in the Schadow of the Mone . . . . . .

XII. The Taill of the Wolf and the Wedder . . . . . .

XIII. The Tail of the Wolf and the Lamb . . . . . .
[The Wolff & þe Lamb.—*Bann.*] . . . . . .

XIV. The Taill of the Paddok and the Mous . . . . . .
[The Mouss and the Paddock.—*Bann.*] . . . . . .

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THE TEXTS.

CHARTERIS (Britwell Court).	HARLEIAN (British Museum).	MAKCULLOCH (Univ. of Edin.)	BANNATYNE (Advocates' Lib.)	ASLOAN-CHALMERS (Univ. of Edin.)
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CHARTERIS AND HARLEIAN TEXTS

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PROLOG.

THOCHT FENȝEIT FABILLIS of auld poetrie
Be nocht all groundit vpon treuth, ȝit than
Thair polite termis of sweit Rhetorie
Richt plesand ar vnto the eir of man;
And als the caus that thay first began
Wes to repreif the haill misleuing
Of man, be figure of ane vther thing.

¶ In lyke maner as throw the busteous eird,
Swa it be laubourit with greit diligence,
Springis the flouris and the corne abreird,
Hailsum and gude to mannis sustenance,
Sa dois spring ane Morale sweit sentence
Out of the subtell dyte of Poetry,
To gude purpois, quha culd it weill applie.

The Nuttis schell, thocht it be hard and teuch,
Haldis the kirnell, and is delectabill.
Sa lyis thair ane doctrine wyse aneuch,
And full of frute, vnder ane feinȝeit fabill.
And Clerkis sayis, it is richt profitabill
Amangis ernist to ming ane merie sport,
To licht the spreit, and gar the tyme be schort.

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F. 2 a.

Prolog.

Thocht feinzeit fabillis of ald poetrie
Be not all grunded vpon truth, zit than
Thair polite termes of sweit rethorie
Richt plesand ar vnto the eir of man;
And als the caus that thay first began
Wes to repreue the haill misleuing
Of man, be figure of ane vther thing.

In lyke maner as throw the bustious eird,
Swa it be laubourit with grit diligence,
Springis the flouris and the corne abreird,
Hailsum and gude to mannis sustenence,
Swa dois spring ane morale sweit sentence
Out of the subtell dyte of poetry,
To gude purpois, quha culd it weill apply.

The nuttis schell, thocht [it] be hard and teuch,
Haldis the kirnell, and is delectabill.
Sa lyis thair ane doctrine wyse aneuch,
And full of frute, vnder ane feinzeit fabill.
And clerkis sayis, it is richt profitabill
Amangis eirnist to ming ane mery sport,
To licht the spreit, and gar the tyme be schort.

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CHARTERIS]

Forther mair, ane Bow that is ay bent
Worthis vnsmart and dullis on the string
Sa gais the man that is ay diligent
In ernestfull[1] thochtis, and in studying:
With sad materis sum merines to ming
Acordis weill, thus Esope said, I wis,
Dulcius arrident seria picta Iocis.

℄ Of this author, my Maisteris, with ȝour leif,
Submitting me in ȝour correctioun,
In Mother toung of Latyne I wald preif
To mak ane mater of Translatioun;
Nocht of my self, for vane presumptioun,
Bot be requeist and Precept of ane Lord,
Of quhome the Name it neidis not record.[2]

In hamelie language and in termis rude
Me neidis wryte, for quhy of Eloquence
Nor Rethorike I neuer vnderstude.
Thairfoir meiklie I pray ȝour reuerence,
Gif that ȝe find it throw my negligence
Be deminute, or ȝit superfluous,
Correct it at ȝour willis gratious.

My Author in his Fabillis tellis ȝow,
That brutall beistis spak, and vnderstude,
In to guid purpois dispute, and maid argow,
In Philosophie propone, and eik conclude;
Put in exempill, and in similitude,
How mony men in operatioun
Ar lyke to beistis in conditioun.

[1] Orig. 'ernest full.' [2] Orig. 'decord.'

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[HARLEIAN

Forther mair, ane bow that is ay bent
F. 2 *b*. Worthis vnsmart and dullis on the string:
Sa dois the mynd that is ay diligent
In eirnistfull[1] thoc[h]tis, and in studying:
With sad materis sum merynes to myng
Acordis weill, thus esope said, I wis,
Dulcius arrident seria picta locis.

Of this authour, my maisteris, with 3our leif,
Submitting me in 3our correctioun,
In mother toung of Lating I wald preif
To mak ane maner of translatioun;
Not of my self, for vane presumptioun,
Bot be requeist and precept of ane lord,
Of quhome the name it neidis nocht record.

In hamelie language and in termes rude
Me neidis not, for quhy of eloquence
Nor rethorik I neuer vnderstude.
Thairfoir meiklie I pray 3our reuerence,
Gif that 3e find it throw my negligence
Be deminute, or 3it superfluous,
Correct it at 3our willis gratious.

F. 3 *a*. My author in his fabillis tellis how
That brut beist*is* spak, and vnderstude,
In to guid purpois dispute, and argow,
Ane sillogisme propone, and eik conclude;
Put in exempill, and in similitude,
How mony men in operatioun
Ar like to beistis in conditioun.

[1] MS. 'eirnist full.'

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CHARTERIS]

Na maruell is ane man be lyke ane Beist,
Quhilk lufis ay carnall and foull delyte;
That schame can not him renȝe nor arreist,
Bot takis all the lust and appetyte,
And that throw custum and daylie ryte.
Syne in thair myndis sa fast is Radicate
That thay in brutall beistis ar transformate.

¶ This Nobill Clerk Esope, as I haif tauld,
In gray vestiment, and in facound purpurate,
Be figure wrait his buik; for he nocht wald
Lak the wisedome of hie nor law estait.
And to begyn, first of ane Cok he wrait,
Seikand his meit, quhilk fand ane Iolie stone,
Of quhome the Fabill ȝe sall heir anone.

ANE COK, SUMTYME, with feddrame fresche and gay,
Richt cant and Crous, albeit he was bot pure,
Flew furth vpon ane dounghill sone be day;
To get his dennar set wes all his cure:
Scraipand amang the as, be auenture
He fand ane Iolie Iasp, richt precious,
Wes castin furth in sweping of the hous.

As Damysellis wantoun and Insolent,
That fane wald play, and on the streit be sene,
To swoping of the hous thay tak na tent:
Thay cair na thing swa that the flure be clene;
Iowellis ar tint, as oftymis hes bene sene,
Upon the flure, and swopit furth anone—
Peraduenture, sa wes the samin stone.

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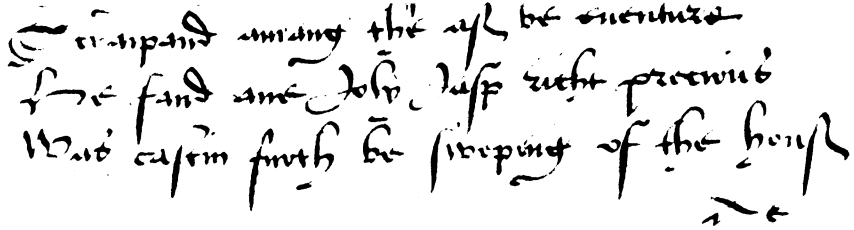

HARLEIAN MS. No. 3865, FOL. 3b
(BRITISH MUSEUM)

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[HARLEIAN

Na mervell is ane man be like ane beist,
Quhilk luifis ay carnall and foull delite;
That schame can not him reinȝe nor arreist,
Bot takis all the lust and appetyte,
And that throw custum and dalye ryte.
Syne in thair myndis sa fast is radicate
That thay in brutall beistis ar transformate.

This nobill clerk esope, as I haif tald,
In gay meter, as poete lawriate,
Be figure wrait his buik; for he not wald
Lack the disdane of hie nor law estait.
And to begin, first of ane cok he wrate,
Seikand his meit, quhilk fand ane Ioly stone,
Of quhome the fabill ȝe sall heir anone.

F. 3 b. The Taill of the Cok and the Iasp.

Ane Cok, sum tyme, with feddram fresch & gay,
Richt cant and crouß, albeit he was bot pure,
Flew furth vpoun ane dung hill sone be day;
To get his dennar set was all his cure:
Scraipand amang the aß, be euenture
He fand ane Ioly Iasp, richt precious,
Was castin furth be sweping of the houß.

F. 4 a. As damesellis wantoun and insolent,
That fane wald play, and on the streit be sene,
To sweping of the houß thay tak na tent;
Thay cair na thing swa that the flure be clene;
Iowellis ar tint, as oftymes hes bene sene,
Vpon the flure, and swopit furth anone—
Peraduenture, sa was the samyn stone.

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CHARTERIS]

Sa meruelland vpon the stane, quod he,
'O gentill Iasp! O riche and Nobill thing!
Thocht I the find, thow ganis not for me;
Thow art ane Iowell for ane Lord, or king.
Pietie it wer thow suld ly in this midding,
And buryit be thus on this muke on mold,[1]
And thow so fair, and worth sa mekill gold.

'It is pietie I suld the find, for quhy
Thy greit vertew, nor ȝit thy cullour cleir,
It may me nouther extoll nor magnifie;
And thow to me may mak bot lytill cheir.
To greit Lordis thocht thow be leif and deir,
I lufe fer better thing of les auaill,
As draf, or corne, to fill my tume Intraill.

'I had leuer haif scrapit heir with my naillis
Amangis this mow, and luke my lyfis fude,
As draf, or corne, small wormis, or snaillis,
Or ony meit wald do my stomok gude,
Than of Iaspis ane mekill multitude:
And thow agane, vpon the samin wyis,
For thyne auaill may me as now despyis.

'Thow is na corne, and thairof haif I neid;
Thy cullour dois bot confort to the sicht,
And that is not aneuch my wame to feid;
For wyfis sayis lukand werkis ar licht.
I wald haif sum meit, get it gif I micht,
For houngrie men may not leif on lukis:
Had I dry breid, I compt not for na cukis.

[1] Cf. p. 226.

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[HARLEIAN

Sa mervelland vpon this stane, quod he,
'O gentill Iasp! o riche and noble thing!
Thocht I the find, thow ganis not for me;
Thow art ane Iowell for ane lord, or king.
Pietie it war thow suld ly in this midding,
Be buryit thus amang this muk on mold,[1]
And thow sa fair, and worth sa mekle gold.

'It is pietie I suld the fynd, for quhy
Thy gret vertue, nor ȝit thy cullour cleir,
It may me nouther extoll nor magnify;
And thow to me may mak bot litill cheir.
To gret lordis thocht thow be leif and deir,
I luif fer better thing of les auaill,
As draf, or corne, to fill my tume Intraill.

F. 4 *b*. 'I had leuer ga scrapit heir *with* my naillis
Amangis this mow, and luik my lyfis fude,
As draf, or corne, small wormes, or snaillis,
Or ony meit wald do my stomok gude,
Than of Iaspis ane mekle multitude:
And thow agane, vpoun the samyn wyse,
For les auaill may me as now dispyis.

'Thow hes na corne, and thairof I haif neid;
Thy cullour dois but confort to the sicht,
And that is not enewch my wame to feid;
For wyfis sayis luikand workis ar licht.
I wald haif sum meit, get it gif I *mycht*,
For hungrie men may not leue on luikis:
Had I dry breid, I compt not for na cuikis.

[1] Cf. p. 226.

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CHARTERIS]

'Quhar suld thow mak thy habitatioun?
Quhar suld thow dwell, bot in ane Royall Tour?
Quhar suld thow sit, bot on ane Kingis Croun,
Exaltit in worschip and in greit honour?
Ryse, gentill Iasp, of all stanis the flour,
Out of this midding, and pas quhair thow suld be;
Thow ganis not for me, nor I for the.'

Leuand this Iowell law vpon the ground,
To seik his meit this Cok his wayis went;
Bot quhen, or how, or quhome be it wes found,
As now I set to hald na Argument:
Bot of the Inward sentence and Intent
Of this, as myne Author dois write,
I sall reheirs in rude and hamelie dite.

MORALITAS.[1]

¶ This Iolie Iasp had properteis seuin:
The first, of cullour it wes meruelous,
Part lyke the fyre, and part like to the heuin:
It makis ane man stark and victorious;
Preseruis als fra cacis perrillous:
Quha hes this stane sall haif gude hoip to speid,
Or fyre nor watter him neidis not to dreid.

This gentill Iasp, richt different of hew,
Betakinnis perfite prudence and cunning,
Ornate with mony deidis of vertew,
Mair excellent than ony eirthlie thing,
Quhilk makis men in honour for to Ring,
Happie, and stark to wyn the victorie
Of all vycis and Spirituall enemie.

[1] In the original this heading introduces the next stanza.

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[HARLEIAN

'Quhair suld thow mak thy habitatioun?
Quhair suld thow duell, bot in ane royell tour?
Quhair suld thow sit, bot on ane kingis croun,
Exaltit in worschip and in gret honour?
Ryse, gentill Iasp, of all stanis the flour,
Out of this midding, and pas quhair thow suld be;
Thow ganis not for me, nor I for the.'

F. 5 a. Leuand this Iowell law vpoun the ground,
To seik his meit this cok his wayis went;
Bot quhen, or how, or quhome be it was found,
As now I set to hald na argument:
Bot of the inwart sentence and intent
Of this, as myne author dois wryte,
I sall reheirs in rude and hamelie dyte.

Moralitas.[1]

This Ioly Iasp had properteis sevin:
The first, of cullour it was meruellous,
Part lyke the fyre, and part like to the hevin:
It makis ane man stark and victorious;
Preseruis als fra cacis perrilous:
Quha hes this stane sall haif gude hap to speid,
Or fyre nor water him neidis not to dreid.

This gentill Iasp, richt different of hew,
Betakynnis perfite prudence and cunning,
Ornate with mony deidis of vertew,
Mair excellent than ony eirthlie thing,
F. 5 b. Quhilk makis men in honour for to ring,
Happie, and stark to win the victorie
Of all vicis and spirituale Enemie.

[1] In the MS. this heading introduces the next stanza.

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CHARTERIS]

Quha may be hardie, riche, and gratious?
Quha can eschew perrell and auenture?
Quha can Gouerne in ane Realme or hous
Without science? ouer all thing, I ȝow assure,
It is riches that euer sall Indure,
Quhilk Maith, nor moyst, nor vther rust can freit:
To mannis Saule it is Eternall meit.

This Cok, desyrand mair the sempill corne
Than ony Iasp, may till ane fule be peir,
Quhilk at science makis bot ane moik and scorne,
And na gude can; als lytill will he leir;
His hart wammillis wyse argument to heir,
As dois ane Sow, to quhome men for the nanis
In hir draf troich wald saw precious stanis.

℄ Quha is enemie to science and cunning,
Bot Ignorance that vnderstandis nocht?
Quhilk is sa Nobill, sa precioufs, and sa ding,
That it may not with eirdlie thing be bocht.
Weill war that man ouer all vther, that mocht
All his lyfe dayis in perfite studie wair
To get science; for him neidis na mair.

Bot now, allace, science is tint and hid:
We seik it nocht, nor preis it for to find.
Haif we riches, na better lyfe we bid,
Of science thocht the Saull be bair and blind.
Of this mater to speik it wer bot wind;
Thairfoir I ceis, and will na forther say:
Ga seik the iasp quha will, for thair it lay.

FINIS.

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[HARLEIAN

Quha may be hardie, riche, and gratious?
Quha can eschew perrell and euenture?
Quha can gouerne ane realme, citie, or houß
Without science? na man, I ȝow assure.
It is riches that euer sall indure,
Quhilk maith, nor moist, nor vther rust can screit[1]:
To mannis saule it is Eternale meit.

This cok, desirand mair the sempill corne
Than ony Iasp, vnto ane fule is peir,
Quhilk at science makis bot ane mok and scorne,
And na gude can; als litill will he leir;
His hart wammillis wyse argument to heir,
As dois ane sow, to quhome men for the nanis
In hir draf troch wald saw precious stanjs.

F. 6 a. Quha is enemie to science and cunning,
Bot ignorantis that vnderstandis nocht?
Quhilk is sa noble, sa precioußs, and sa ding,
That it may not with eirdlie thing be bocht.
Weill war that man ouer all vther, that mocht
All his lyfe dayis in perfite studie wair
To get science; for him neidis na mair.

Bot now, [allace], this Iasp is tint and hid:
We seik it nocht, nor preis it for to find.
Haif we riches, na better lyfe we bid,
Of science thocht the saule be bair and blind.
Of this mater to speik it war but wind;
Thairfoir I ceis, and will na ferther say:
Ga seik the iasp quha will, for thair it lay.

Finis.

[1] So MS. See pp. 12, 228; also cf. p. 275.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ THE TAILL OF THE UPONLANDIS MOUS AND THE BURGES MOUS.

ESOPE, myne Author, makis mentioun
Of twa Myis, and thay wer Sisteris deir,
Of quham *the* eldest dwelt in ane Borrous to*u*n,
The vther wynnit Uponland, weill neir,
Soliter, quhyle vnder busk, quhyle vnder breir,
Quhylis in the corne, and vther mennis skaith,
As outlawis dois and leuis on thair waith.

This rurall Mous in to the wynter tyde
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit greit distres.
The vther Mous that in the Burgh can byde
Wes Gild brother and maid ane fre Burges;
Toll fre als, but custum mair or les,
And fredome had to ga quhair euer scho list,
Amang the cheis in Ark, and meill in kist.

Ane tyme quhen s[c]ho wes full and vnfute sair,
Scho tuik in mynde hir sister vponland,
And langit for to heir of hir weilfair,
To se quhat lyfe scho had vnder the wand:
Bairfute, allone, with pykestalf in hir hand,
As pure Pilgryme scho passit out of toun,
To seik hir sister baith our daill and doun.

¶ Furth mony wilsum wayis can scho walk,
Throw mosse & muir, throw ba*n*kis, balk,[1] and breir,
Scho ranne with mony ane hiddeous quaik,
'Cum furth to me, my awin Sister deir;
Cry peip anis!' With that the Mous cryit 'heir,'
And knew hir voce, as kinnisman will do,
Be verray kynd; and furth scho come hir to.

[1] Orig. 'blak'; Hart, 'balke.' See p. 15.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 6 *b*.

The Taill of the vponlandis Mous and the burges Mous.

Esope, my author, makis mentioun
Of twa myis, and thay wer sisteris deir,
Of quhome the eldest duelt in ane borous toun,
The vther wynnit vponland, weill neir,
Soliter, quhile vnder busk, quhile vnder breir,
Quhilis in the corne, and vther mennis skaith,
As outlawis dois and leuis on thair waith.

This rurall mouß in to the winter tyde
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit gret distres.
The vther mous that in the burgh can byde
Was gild brother and maid ane fre burgeß;
Toll fre als, but custum mair or les,
And fredome had to ga quhair euer scho list,
Amang the cheis in ark, and meill in kist.

Ane tyme quhen scho was full and vnfute sair,
Scho tuik in mynde hir sister vponland,
And langit for to heir of hir weilfair,
F. 7 *a*. To se quhat lyfe scho had vnder the wand:
Bairfute, allone, with pykestalf in hir hand,
As pure pilgryme scho passit out of toun,
To seik hir sister baith ouer daill and doun.

Furth mony wilsum wayis can scho walk,
Throw moß and mure, throw bankis, [busk [1]] and breir,
Scho ran cryand, quhill scho come to ane balk:
'Cum furth to me, my awin sister deir;
Cry peip anis!' With that the mousse culd heir,
And knew hir voce, as kynnisman will do,
Be verray kynd; and furth scho come hir to.

[1] Cf. pp. 284, 320; also p. 14.

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CHARTERIS]

The hartlie ioy, God! gif ȝe had sene,
Beis kith quhen that thir Sisteris met;
And greit kyndenes wes schawin thame betuene,
For quhylis thay leuch, and quhyllis for ioy thay gret,
Quhyle kissit sweit, quhylis in armis plet;
And thus thay fure, quhill soberit wes thair mind,
Syne fute for fute vnto the Chalmer wend.

As I hard say, it was ane sober wane,
Of fog and fairn full febillie wes maid,
Ane sillie scheill vnder ane steidfast stane,
Of quhilk the entres was not hie nor braid;
And in the samin thay went but mair abaid,
Without fyre or candill birnand bricht,
For commounlie sic pykeris lufes not licht.

Quhen thay wer lugit thus, thir selie Myse,
The ȝoungest sister into hir butterie ȝeid,
And brocht furth nuttis and candil in steid of spyce;
Gif this wes gude fair, I do it on thame besyde.
The Burges Mouſs prompit furth in pryde,
And said, 'sister, is this ȝour daylie fude?'
'Qyhy not,' quod scho, 'is not this meit rycht gude?'

'Na, be my saull, I think it bot ane scorne.'
'Madame,' quod scho, 'ȝe be the mair to blame;
My mother said, sister, quhen we wer borne,
That I and ȝe lay baith within ane wame:
I keip the rate and custume of my dame,
And of my leuing in to pouertie,
For landis haif we nane in propertie.'

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[HARLEIAN

The hartlie Ioy, [1] god! gif ȝe had sene,
Beis kyth quhen that thir sisteris met;
And gret kyndnes was schawin thame betuene,
For quhillis thay leuch, and quhillis for ioy thay gret,
Quhile kissit sweit, quhillis in armes plet;
And thus thay fure, quhill soberit was *þair* mude,
Syne fute for fute vnto the chalmer ȝude.

F. 7 *b.* As I hard say, it was ane sober wane,
Of fog and fairne [2] full febilie was maid,
Ane sillie scheill vnder ane steidfast stane,
Of quhilk the entres was not hie nor braid;
And in the samyn thay went but mair abaid,
Without fire or candill birnand bricht,
For co*m*monlie sic pykeris luifes nocht licht.

Quhen thay war lugeit thus, thir sillie myis,
The ȝoungest sister in to hir butterie glide,
And brocht furth nuttis and candill in steid of spyce;
Gif this was gude fair, I do it on thame beside.
The burges mouß prompit furth in pride,
And said, 'sister, is this ȝour daylie fude?'
'Quhy not,' quod scho, 'is not this meit richt gude?'

'Na, be my saule, I think it bot ane scorne.'
'Madame,' quod scho, 'ȝe be the mair to blame;
My mother said, sister, quhen we war borne,
That I and ȝe lay baith within ane wame:
I keip the rait and custome of my dame,
And of my leving in to pouertie,
For landis haif we nane in propertie.'

[1] See p. 284, l. 29, and p. 320, l. 29.

[2] MS. farine.

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CHARTERIS]

'My fair sister,' quod scho, 'haif me excusit,
This rude dyet and I can not accord;
To tender meit my stomok is ay vsit,
For quhylis I fair als weill as ony Lord;
Thir widderit peis and nuttis, or thay be bord,
Will brek my teith, & mak my wame full sklender,
Quhilk wes befoir vsit to meittis tender.'

'Weill, weill, sister,' quod the rurall Mous,
'Gif it pleis ȝow, sic thingis as ȝe se heir,
Baith meit and drink, harberie and hous,
Salbe ȝour awin, will ȝe remane all ȝeir;
ȝe sall it haif with blyith and merie cheir,
And that suld mak the maisses that ar rude,
Amang freindis, richt tender and wonder gude.

'Quhat plesure is in the Feistis delicate,
The quhilkis ar geuin with ane glowmand brow?
Ane gentill hart is better recreat
With blyith curage, than seik to him ane kow:
Ane Modicum is mair for till allow,
Swa that gude will be keruer at the dais,
Than thrawin will and mony spycit mais.'

For all hir merie exhortatioun,
This Burges Mous had lytill will to sing,
Bot heuilie scho kest hir browis doun,
For all the daynteis that scho culd hir bring.
ȝit at the last scho said, half in hething,
'Sister, this victuall and ȝour royall feist
May weill suffice vnto ane rurall beist.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 8 *a*. 'My fair sister,' quod scho, 'haif me excusit,
This rude dyat and I can not accord;
To tender meit my stomok is ay vsit,
For quhilis I fair als weill as ony lord;
Thir widderit peis and nuttis, or thay be bord,
Will brek my teith, and mak my wame full sklender,
Quhilk was befoir vsit to meitis tender.'

'Weill, weill, sister,' quod the rurale mouß,
'Gif it pleis ȝow, sic thing as ȝe se heir,
Baith meit and drink, herberie and houß,
Sall be ȝour awin, will ȝe remane all ȝeir;
ȝe sall it haif with blith and mery cheir,
And that sould mak the maissis that ar rude,
Amang freindis, richt tender and wonder gude.

'Quhat plesure is in the feistis delicate,
The quhilk ar gevin with ane glowmand brow?
Ane gentill hart is better recreate
With blith courage, than seith to him ane kow:
Ane modicum is mair for till allow,
Sua that gude will be caruer at the dais,
Than thrawin vult and mony spycit maiß.'

F. 8 *b*. For all hir mery exhortatioun,
This burges mous had litill will to sing,
Bot heuilie scho kest hir browis doun,
For all the daynteis that scho culd hir bring.
ȝit at the last scho said, half in hething,
'Sister, this victuall and ȝour royell feist
May weill suffice vnto ane rurall beist.

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CHARTERIS]

'Lat be this hole, and cum into my place;
I sall to ȝow schaw be experience
My gude fryday is better nor ȝour Pace;
My dische weschingis is worth ȝour haill expe*n*ce;
I haif housis anew of greit defence;
Of Cat nor fall-trap I haif na dreid.'
'I grant,' quod scho; and on togidder thay ȝeid.

In stubbill array throw gers and corne,
And vnder buskis preuelie couth thay creip,
The eldest wes the gyde and vent beforne,
The ȝounger to hir wayis tuke gude keip.
On nicht thay ran, and on the day can sleip;
Quhill in the morning, or the Lauerok sang,
Thay fand the toun, and in blythlie couth gang.

Not fer fra thyne vnto ane worthie vane
This burges brocht thame sone quhar thai suld be;
Without God speid thair herberie wes tane,
In to ane spence with vittell greit plentie;
Baith Cheis and Butter vpone thair skelfis hie,
And fleshe and fishe aneuch, of freshe and salt,
And sekkis full of meill and eik of malt.

Efter quhen thay disposit war to dyne,
Withouttin grace thay wesche and went to meit,
With all coursis that Cukis culd deuyne,
Muttoun and beif strikin in tailȝeis greit;
Ane Lordis fair thus couth thay counterfeit,
Except ane thing, thay drank the watter cleir
In steid of wyne, bot ȝit thay maid gude cheir.

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[HARLEIAN

'Let be this hole, and cum vnto my place;
I sall to ȝow schaw be experience
My gude fryday is better nor ȝour pace;
My dische likkingis is wirth ȝour haill expence.
I haif housis anew to grit defence;
Of cat nor fall-trap I haif na dreid.'
'I grant,' quod scho; and on togidder thay ȝeid.

In stubbill array throw gres and corne,
And vnder buskis preuilie culd thay creip,
The eldest was the gide and went beforne,
The ȝounger to hir wayis tuik gude keip.
On nycht thay ran, and on the day can sleip;
Quhill in the morning, or the lauerok sang,
Thay fand the toun, and in blithlie culd gang.

F. 9 *a*. Not fer fra thine vnto ane wirthie wane
This burges brocht thame sone quhair thay suld be;
Without god speid thair herberie was tane,
In to ane spence with victuell grit plentie;
Baith cheis and butter vpoun thair skelfis hie,
And flesche and fische aneuch, baith fresche & salt,
And sekkis full of meill and eik of malt.

Efter quhen thay disposit war to dyne,
Without grace thay wesche and went to meit,
With all coursis that cuikis culd defyne,
Muttoun and beif strukkin in tailȝeis greit;
Ane lordis fair thus culd thay counterfeit,
Except ane thing, thay drank the watter cleir
In steid of wyne, bot ȝit thay maid gude cheir.

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CHARTERIS]

With blyith vpcast and merie countenance,
The eldest Sister sperit at hir gaist,
Gif that scho be ressone fand difference
Betuix that chalmer and hir sarie nest.
'ȝe, dame,' quod scho, 'how lang will this lest?'
'For euermair, I wait, and langer to.'
'Gif it be swa, ȝe ar at eis,' quod scho.

Till eik thair cheir ane subcharge furth scho brocht,
Ane plait of grotis, and ane dische full of meill;
Thraf caikkis als I trow scho spairit nocht,
Aboundantlie about hir for to deill;
And mane full fyne scho brocht in steid of geill,
And ane quhyte candill out of ane coffer stall,
In steid of spyce to gust thair mouth withall.

This maid thay merie quhil thay micht na mair,
And 'haill ȝuill, haill!' cryit vpon hie.
ȝit efter ioy oftymes cummis cair,
And troubill efter greit prosperitie.
Thus as thay sat in all thair iolitie,
The spenser come with keyis in his hand,
Oppinnit the dure, and thame at denner fand.

¶ Thay taryit not to wesche, as I suppose,
Bot on to ga quha that micht formest win.
The Burges had ane hoill, and in scho gois;
Hir sister had na hole to hyde hir in:
To se that selie Mous it wes greit sin,
So desolate and will of ane gude reid;
For verray dreid scho fell in swoun neir deid.

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[HARLEIAN

With blith vpcast and merie countenance,
The eldest sister sperit at hir gaist,
Gif that scho be ressone fand differrence
Betuix that chalmer and hir sarie nest.
'3e, dame,' quod scho, 'how lang will this lest?'
'For euermair, I wait, and langer to.'
'Gif it be swa, 3e ar at eis,' quod scho.

F. 9 *b*. Till eik thair cheir ane subcharge furth scho bro*ch*t,
Ane plait of grottis, and ane dische full of meill;
Thraf caikis als I trow scho spairit no*ch*t,
Aboundantlie about hir for to deill;
And man fulle fyne[1] scho bro*ch*t in steid of geill,
And ane quhite candill out of ane coffer stall,
In steid of spyce to gust thair mouth w*ith* all.

This maid thay merie quhill thay my*ch*t na mair,
And 'haill 3uill, haill!' cryit vpone hie.
3it efter Ioy oftymes cu*m*is cair,
And troubill efter grit prosperitie.
Thus as thay sat in all thair iolitie,
The spensar come w*ith* keyis in his hand,
Oppynnit the dur, and thame at denner fand.

Thay taryit not to wasche, as I suppois,
Bot on to ga quha that mycht formest win.
The burges had ane hoill, and in scho gois;
Hir sister had na hoill to hide hir in:
To se that selie mouß it was grit sin,
So desolate and will of ane gude reid;
For verray dreid scho fell in swoun neir deid.

[1] MS. manfulle syne.

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CHARTERIS]

Bot as God wald, it fell ane happy cace;
The Spenser had na laser for to byde,
Nouther to seik nor serche, to sker nor chace,
Bot in he went, and left the dure vp wyde.
The bald Burges his passing weill hes spyde;
Out of hir hole scho come and cryit on hie,
'How fair ȝe sister? cry peip, quhair euer ȝe be!'

This rurall Mous lay flatling on the ground,
And for the deith scho was full sair dredand,
For till hir hart straik mony wofull stound,
As in ane feuer scho trimbillit fute and hand;
And quhan hir sister in sic ply hir fand,
For verray pietie scho began to greit,
Syne confort hir with wordis humbill & sweit.

'Quhy ly ȝe thus? ryse vp my sister deir,
Cum to ȝour meit, this perrell is ouerpast.'
The vther answerit hir *with* heuie cheir,
'I may not eit, sa sair I am agast;
I had leuer thir fourtie dayis fast,
With watter caill and to gnaw benis and peis,
Than all ȝour feist in this dreid and diseis.'

¶ With fair tretie ȝit scho gart hir vpryse,
And to the burde thay went and togidder sat;
And scantlie had thay drunkin anis or twyse,
Quhen in come Gib hunter, our Iolie Cat,
And bad God speid: the Burges vp with that,
And till the hole scho went as fyre on flint:
Bawdronis the vther be the bak hes hint.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 10 *a*. Bot as god wald, it fell ane happie cace;
The spensar had na laser for to bide,
Nouther to seik nor serche, to skar nor chace,
Bot on he went, and left the dur vp wyde.
The bald burges his passing weill hes spyde;
Out of hir hoill scho come and cryit on hie,
'How fair ȝe sister? cry peip, quhair euer ȝe be!'

This rurall mouß lay flatling on the ground,
And for the deith scho was full sair dreidand,
For till hir hart straik mony wofull stound,
As in ane feuer scho trimblit fute and hand;
And quhen hir sister in sic ply hir fand,
For verray pietie scho began to greit,
Syne confort hir with wordis hunny sweit.

'Quhy ly ȝe thus? ryse vp my sister deir,
Cum to ȝour meit, this perrell is ouer past.'
The vther answerit hir *with* heuie cheir,
'I may not eit, sa sair I am agast;
I had leuer thir fourtie dayis fast,
With watter caill and to gnaw benis and peis,
Than all ȝour feist in this dreid and diseis.'

F. 10 *b*. With fair tretie ȝit scho gart hir ryse,
And to the burde thay went and to gidder sat;
And skantlie had thay drunkin anis or twyse,
Quhen in come gib hunter, *our* Iolie cat,
And bad god speid: the burges vp with that,
And till hir hoill scho went as fyre on flint:
Bawdronis the vther be the bak hes hint.

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CHARTERIS]

Fra fute to fute he kest hir to and fra,
Quhylis vp, quhylis doun, als cant as ony kid;
Quhylis wald he lat hir rin vnder the stra,
Quhylis wald he wink, and play with hir buk heid.
Thus to the selie Mous greit pane he did,
Quhill at the last, throw fortune and gude hap,
Betuix ane burde and the wall scho crap.

And vp in haist behind ane parralling
Scho clam so hie, that Gilbert micht not get hir,
Syne be the cluke thair craftelie can hing,
Till he wes gane, hir cheir wes all the better.
Syne doun scho lap quhen thair wes nane to let hir,
And to the Burges Mous loud can scho cry:
'Fairweill, sister, thy Feist heir I defy!

'Thy mangerie is mingit all with cair,
Thy guse is gude, thy gansell sour as gall;
The subcharge of thy seruice is bot sair,
Sa sall thow find efterwart na faill.
I thank 3one courtyne and 3one perpall wall
Of my defence now fra ane crewell beist.
Almychtie God, keip me fra sic ane Feist!

'Wer I into the kith that I come fra,
For weill nor wo suld neuer cum agane.'
With that scho tuke hir leif and furth can ga,
Quhylis throw the corne, & quhylis throw the plane;
Quhen scho wes furth and fre, scho wes full fane,
And merilie markit vnto the mure:
I can not tell how weill thairefter scho fure.

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Fra fute to fute he kest hir to and fra,
Quhilis vp, quhilis doun, als cant as ony kid;
Quhilis wald he lat hir rin vnder the stra,
Quhilis wald he wink, and play *with* hir bukheid.
Thus to the selie mous grit pane he did,
Quhill at the last, throw fortoun and gude hap,
Betuix ane burde and the wall scho crap.

And vp in haist behind ane parraling
Scho clam sa hie, that gilbert my*ch*t not get hir,
Syne be the cluke thair craftelie can hing,
Till he was gane, hir cheir was all the better.
Syne doun scho lap quhen thair was nane to lat hir,
And to the burges mouß loud can scho cry:
'Fairweill, sister, thy feist heir I defy!

F. 11 *a*. 'Thy mangerie is mingit all *with* cair,
Thy guse is gude, thy gansell sour as gall;
The subcharge of thy seruice is bot sair,[1]
Sa sall thow find heirefterwart na fall.
I thank 3one courtyne and 3one perpall wall
Of my defence now fra 3one crewell beist.
Almy*ch*tie god, keip me fra sic ane feist!

'Wer I in to the kith that I come fra,
For weill nor wa suld I neuer cum agane.'
With that scho tuik hir leue and furth can ga,
Quhilis throw the corne, and quhilis throw the plane;
Quhen scho was furth and fre, scho was full fane,
And merilie merkit vnto the mure:
I can not tell how weill thairefter scho fure.

[1] MS. fair.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ Bot I hard say scho passit to hir den,
Als warme as woll,[1] suppose it wes not greit,
Full beinly stuffit, baith but and ben,
Of Beinis, and Nuttis, Peis, Ry, and Quheit;
Quhen euer scho list, scho had aneuch to eit,
In quyet and eis, withoutin ony dreid:
Bot to hir sisteris feist na mair scho ȝeid.

MORALITAS.

FREINDIS, ȝe may find, and ȝe will tak heid,
In to this fabill ane gude moralitie;
As fitchis myngit ar with nobill seid,
Swa intermynglit is aduersitie
And als troubill, and sum vexatioun,
With eirthlie ioy, swa that na estait is fre,
That ar not content of small possessioun,
And namelie thay quhilk climmis vp maist hie.[2]

Blissit be sempill lyfe withoutin dreid;
Blissit be sober feist in quietie:
Quha hes aneuch, of na mair hes he neid,
Thocht it be lytill into quantitie.
Greit aboundance and blind prosperitie
Oftymes makis ane euill conclusioun;
The sweitest lyfe, thairfoir, in this cuntrie
Is sickernes, with small possessioun.

[1] Orig. 'weill.'

[2] Cf. the order of ll. 369-372 with that of ll. 369-372 on p. 29.

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[HARLEIAN

Bot I hard say scho passit to hir den,
Als warme as woll, suppois it was not greit,
Full benelie stuffit, baith but and ben,
Of beinis, and nuttis, peiß, ry, and quhite;
Quhen euer scho list, scho had aneuch to eit,
In quiet and eis, withouttin ony dreid:
Bot to hir sisteris feist na mair scho ȝeid.

F. 11 *b*. **Moralitas.**

Freindis, ȝe may find, and ȝe will tak heid,
In to this fabill ane gude moralitie;
As fytchis myngit ar with noble seid,
Swa intermynglit is aduersitie
With eirdlie Ioy; swa that na estait is fre,
Without trubill and sum vexatioun:
As namelie thay quhilk cly*m*mis vp maist hie,
That ar not content with small possessioun.

Blissit be sempill lyfe withouttin dreid;
Blissit be sober feist in quietie:
Quha hes aneuch, of na mair hes he neid,
Thocht it be litill in to quantitie.
Grit aboundance and blind prosperitie
Oftymes makis ane euill conclusioun;
The sweitest lyfe, thairfoir, in this cuntrie
Is sickernes, with small possessioun.

O wantoun man! that vsis for to feid
Thy wambe, and makis it ane god to be,
Luik to thy self; I warne the weill, but dreid,
The cat cu*m*mis, and to the mouß hes ee:
Quhat vaillis than thy feist and ryaltie,
F. 12 *a*. With dreidfull hart and tribulatioun?
Best thing in eird thairfoir, I say, for me,
Is blyithnes in hart, w*ith* small possessioun.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ Thy awin fyre, my freind, sa it be bot ane gleid,
It warmis weill, and is worth Gold to the;
And Solomon sayis, gif that thow will reid,
'Vnder the heuin thair can not better be,
Than ay be blyith and leif in honestie.'
Quhairfoir I may conclude be this ressoun:
Of eirthly ioy it beris maist degre,
Blyithnes in hart, with small possessioun.

FINIS.

THE TAILL OF SCHIR CHANTECLEIR AND THE FOXE.

THOCHT brutall beistis be Irrationall,[1]
That is to say, wantand discretioun,
3it ilk ane in thair kynde naturall
Hes mony diuers inclinatioun;
The Bair busteous, the Wolf, the wylde Lyoun,
The Foxe semis craftie and cautelous,
The Dog to bark on nicht and keip the hous.

Sa different thay ar in properteis,
Unknawin to man, and sa infinite,
In kynd hauand sa fell diuersiteis,
My cunning is excludit for to dyte;
For thy as now I purpose for to wryte
Ane cais I fand, quhilk fell this ather 3eir,
Betuix ane Foxe and ane gentill Chantecleir.

[1] Orig. 'Irrationabill.'

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[HARLEIAN

Thy awin fire, my freind, sa it be bot ane gleid,
It warmes weill, and is wirth gold to the;
And salomon sayis, gif that thow will reid,
'Vnder the heuin thair can not better be,
Than ay be blyith and leue in honestie.'
Quhairfoir I may conclude be this ressoun:
Of eirdlie Ioy it beris maist degre,
Blithnes in hart, with small possessioun.

Finis.

F. 12 b.

The taill of schir chantecleir and the Foxe.

Thocht brutall beistis be Irrationall,
That is to say, wantand discretioun,
3it ilk ane in thair kynde naturale
Hes mony diueris inclinatioun;
The bair boustious, the wolf, the wylde lyoun,
The fox fein3eit, craftie and cawtelous,
The dog to bark on nycht and keip the houß.

Sa different thay ar in properteis,
Vnknawin to man, and sa infinite,
In kynd havand sa fell deuersiteis,
My cun3ning is excludit for to dyte;
Forthy as now I purpois for to write
Ane cais I fand, quhilk fell this ather 3eir,
Betuix ane foxe and ane gentill chantecleir.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ Ane Wedow duelt in till ane drop thay dayis,
Quhilk wan hir fude of spinning on hir Rok;
And na mair had forsuth, as the fabill sayis,
Except of hennis scho had ane lytill flok;
And thame to keip scho had ane iolie Cok,
Richt curageous, that to this wedow ay
Deuydit nicht, and crew befoir the Day.

¶ Ane lytill fra this foirsaid Wedowis hous,
Ane thornie schaw thair wes of greit defence,
Quhairin ane Foxe, craftie and cautelous,
Maid his repair and daylie residence:
Quhilk to this Wedow did greit violence,
In pyking of pultrie baith day and nicht,
And na way be reuengit on him scho micht.

This wylie Tod, quhen that the Lark couth sing,
Full sair hungrie vnto the Toun him drest,
Quhair Chantecleir in to the gray dawing,
Werie for nycht, wes flowin fra his nest.
Lowrence this saw, and in his mynd he kest
The Ieperdie, the wayis, and the wyle,
Be quhat menis he micht this Cok begyle.

Dissimuland in to countenance and cheir,
On kneis fell, and simuland this he said:
'Gude morne, my maister, gentill Chantecleir!'
With that the Cok start bakwart in ane braid.
'Schir, be my Saule, ȝe neid not be effrayit,
Nor ȝit for me to start, nor fle abak;
I come bot heir, seruice to ȝow to mak.

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[HARLEIAN

Ane wedow duelt in to ane drop thay dayis,
Quhilk wan hir fude of spinning on hir rok;
And na mair had forsuith, as the fabill sayis,
Except of hennis scho had ane litill flok;
And thame to keip scho had ane iolie cok,
F. 13 *a*. Richt curagious, that to this wedow ay
Deuidit nycht, and crew before the day.

Ane litill fra this foirsaid wedowis houß,
Ane thornie schaw thair was of grit defence,
Quhairin ane fox, craftie and cautelous,
Maid his repair and daylie residence:
Quhilk to the wedow did grit violence,
In pyking of pultrie baith day and nycht,
And na way be reuengit on him scho mycht.

This wylie tod, quhen that the lark couth sing,
Full sair hungrie vnto the toun him drest,
Quhair chantecleir in to the gray dawing,
Werie for nycht, was flowin fra his nest.
Lowrence this saw, and[1] in his mynde he kest
The Ieperdie, the wayis, and the wyle,
Be quhat menis he my*cht* this cok begile.

Dissimuland in to countenance and cheir,
On kneis fell, and simuland thus he said:
'Gude morne, my maister, gentill chantecleir!'
F. 13 *b*. With that the cok start bakwart in ane braid.
'Schir, be my saule, ȝe neid not be affraid,
Nor ȝit for me to start, nor fle abak;
I come bot heir, seruice to ȝow to mak.

[1] Repeated twice in the MS.

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CHARTERIS]

'Wald I not serue to ȝow, it war bot blame,
As I haif done to ȝour progenitouris:
ȝour Father full oft fillit hes my wame,
And send me meit fra midding to the muris;
And at his end I did my besie curis,
To hald his heid, and gif him drinkis warme
Syne at the last, the Sweit swelt in my arme.'

'Knew ȝe my Father?' quod the Cok, and leuch.
'ȝea, my fair Sone, I held vp his heid,
Quhen that he deit vnder ane birkin beuch;
Syne said the Dirige, quhen that he wes deid.
Betuix vs twa how suld thair be ane feid?
Quhame suld ȝe traist bot me, ȝour Seruitour,
That to ȝour Father did sa greit honour?

'Quhen I behald ȝour fedderis fair and gent,
ȝour beik, ȝour breist, ȝour hekill, and ȝour came,
Schir, be my Saull, and the blissit Sacrament,
My hart is warme; me think, I am at hame:
To mak ȝow blyith, I wald creip on my wame
In froist, in snaw, in wedder wan and weit,
And lay my Lyart loikkis vnder ȝour feit.'

This fenȝeit Foxe, fals and dissimulate,
Maid to this Cok ane cauillatioun:
'ȝe ar, me think, changit and degenerate
Fra ȝour Father of his conditioun;
Of craftie crawing he micht beir the Croun,
For he wald on his tais stand and craw;
This was na le; I stude besyde and saw.'

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[HARLEIAN

Wald I not serue to ȝow, it war bot blame,
As I haif done to ȝour progenitouris:
ȝour father full oft fillit hes my wame,
And send me meit fra midding to the muris;
And at his end I did my besie curis,
To hald his heid, and gif him drinkis warme;
Syne at the last, the sweit swelt in my arme.'

'Knew ȝe my father?' quod the cok, and leuch.
'ȝe, my fair sone, I held vp his heid,
Quhen that he deit vnder ane birkin beuch;
Syne said the dirigie, quhen that he was deid.
Betuix ws twa how suld thair be ane feid?
Quhome suld ȝe traist bot me, ȝour seruitour,
That to ȝour father did sa grit honour?

'Quhen I behald ȝour fedderis fair & gent,
ȝour beik, ȝour breist, ȝour hekill, and ȝour kame,
F. 14 *a*. Schir, be my saule, and the blissit sacrament,
My hart is warme; me think, I *am* at hame:
To mak ȝow blyith, I wald creip on my wame
In frost, in snaw, in wedder wan and weit,
And lay my lyart loikkis vnder ȝour feit.'

This feinȝeit foxe, fals and dissimulate,
Maid to this cok ane cauellatioun:
'ȝe ar, me think, changit and degenerate
Fra ȝour father of his conditioun;
Of craftie crawing he mycht beir the croun,
For he wald on his tais stande and craw;
This was na le; I stuid beside and saw.'

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CHARTERIS]

With that the Cok, vpon his tais hie,
Kest vp his beik, and sang with all his micht.
Quod Schir Lowrence, 'weill said, sa mot I the,
3e ar 3our Fatheris Sone and air vpricht;
Bot of his cunning 3it 3e want ane slicht,
For,' quod the Tod, 'he wald, and haif na dout,
Baith wink and craw and turne him thryis about.'

The Cok, infect with wind and fals vanegloir,
That mony puttis vnto confusioun,
Traisting to win ane greit worschip thairfoir,
Vnwarlie winkand, wawland vp and doun,
And syne to chant and craw he maid him boun.
And suddandlie, be he had crawin ane note,
The Foxe wes war and hint him be the throte.

¶ Syne to the woid but tarie with him hyit,
Of that cryme haifand but lytill dout.
With that Pertok, Sprutok, and Toppok cryit;
The Wedow hard,[1] and with ane cry come out;
Seand the cace, scho sichit and gaif ane schout:
'How, murther, hay!' with ane hiddeous beir,
'Allace, now lost is gentill Chantecleir!'

As scho wer woid, with mony 3ell and cry,
Ryuand hir hair, vpon hir breist can beit,
Syne paill of hew, half in ane extasie,
Fell doun for cair in swoning and in sweit.
With that the selie hennis left thair meit,
And, quhill this wyfe wes lyand thus in swoun,
Fell in that cace in disputatioun.

[1] MS. 'cryit.' See pp. 37, 246.

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[HARLEIAN

With that the cok, vpoun his tais he,
Kest vp his beik, and sang with all his mycht.
Quod schir lowrence, 'weill said, sa mot I the,
3e ar 3our fatheris sone and air vpricht;
Bot of his cunning 3it 3e want ane slicht,
For,' quod the tod, 'he wald, and haif na dout,
Baith wink and craw and turne him thryis about.'

The cok, infect with wind and fals vane gloir,
F. 14 *b*. That mony puttis vnto confusioun,
Traisting to win ane grit worschip thairfoir,
Vnwarlie winkand, wawland vp and doun,
And syne to chant and craw he maid him boun.
And suddantlie, be [he] had crawin ane note,
The fox was wer and hint him be the throte.

Syne to the wode but tarie *with* him hyit,
Of that cryme haifand but litill dout.
With [that] pertok, sprutok, and toppok cryit;
The wedow hard, and *with* ane cry come out;
Seand the cace, scho sichit and gaif ane schout:
'How, murthour, hay!' *with* ane hiddious beir,
'Allace, now lost is gentill chantecleir!'

As scho war wod, *with* mony 3ell and cry,
Rywand hir hair, vpoun hir breist can beit,
Syne pale of hew, half in ane extasie,
Fell doun for cair in swoning and in sweit.
With that the selie hennis left thair meit,
And, quhill this wyfe wes liand this in swoun,
Fell in that cace in disputatioun.

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CHARTERIS]

'Allace,' quod Pertok, makand sair murning,
With teiris greit attour hir cheikis fell,
'Ȝone wes our drowrie, and our dayis darling,
Our Nichtingaill, and als our Orlege bell,
Oure walkryfe watche, vs for to warne and tell,
Quhen that Aurora, with hir curcheis gray,
Put vp hir heid betuix the nicht and day.

'Quha sall our Lemman be? quha sall vs leid?
Quhen we ar sad, quha sall vnto ws sing?
With his sweit Bill he wald brek vs the breid:
In all this warld wes thair ane kynder thing?
In paramouris he wald do vs plesing
At his power, as nature did him geif;
Now efter him, allace, how sall we leif?'

Quod Sprutok than: 'Ceis sister of ȝour sorrow;
Ȝe be to mad for him; sic murning mais:
We sall fair weill; I find, Sanct Iohne to borrow,
The Prouerb sayis, "als gude lufe cummis as gais":
I will put on my haly dayis claithis,
And mak me fresche agane this Iolie May,
And chant this sang, "wes neuer Wedow sa gay!"

'He wes angrie and held vs ay in aw,
And woundit with the speir of Ielowsie;
Of chalmerglew, Pertok, full weill ȝe knaw,
Waistit he wes, of Nature cauld and dry.
Sen he is gone, thairfoir, Sister, say I,
Be blyith in baill, for that is best remeid:
Let quik to quik, and deid ga to the deid.'

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[HARLEIAN

F. 15 *a*. 'Allace,' quod pertok, makand sair[1] murni*n*g,
With teiris grit attour hir cheikis fell,
'3one wes oure drowrie, and oure dayis darling,
Oure nichtingall, and als oure orlege bell,
Oure walkryfe watche, ws for to warne and tell,
Quhen that aurora, *wit*h hir curcheis gray,
Put vp hir heid betuix the nicht and day.

'Quha sall o*ur* lammen be? quha sall ws leid?
Quhen we ar sad, quha sall vnto ws sing?
With his sweit bill he wald brek ws the breid:
In all this warld was thair ane kynder thing?
In paramouris he wald do ws pleising
At his powar, as nature did him geif;
Now efter him, allace, how sall we leif?'

Quod sprutok than: 'ceis sister of 3our sorrow;
3e be to mad for him; sic murning mais:
We sall fair weill; I find, sanct Iohnne to borrow,
The prouerbe sayis, "als gude luif cu*m*mis as gais":
I will put on my haly dayis clais,
And mak me fresche agane this Iolie may,
And chant this sang, "was neuer wedow sa gay!"

F. 15 *b*. 'He was angrie and held ws ay in aw,
And woundit *wit*h the speir of Ielowsie;
Of chalmer glew, full weill, pertok, 3e knaw,
Waistit he was, of nature cauld and dry.
Sen he is gone, thairfoir, sister, say I,
Be blyith in baill, for that is best remeid:
Let quik to quik, and deid ga to the deid.'

[1] MS. ? 'fair.'

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CHARTERIS]

Than Pertok spak with fenʒeit faith befoir:
'In lust but lufe he set all his delyte[1];
Sister, ʒe wate, of sic as him ane scoir
Wald not suffice to slaik our appetyte.
I hecht[2] be my hand, sen he is quyte,
Within ane oulk, for schame and I durst speik,
To get ane berne suld better claw my breik.'

Than Toppok lyke ane Curate spak full crous:
'ʒone wes ane verray vengeance from the heuin;
He wes sa lous, and sa lecherous;
He had,' quod scho, 'kittokis ma than seuin;
Bot rychteous God, haldand the balandis euin,
Smytis richt sair, thocht he be patient,
For Adulterie that will thame not repent.

'Prydefull he wes, and ioyit of his sin,
And comptit not for Goddis fauour nor feid,
Bot traistit ay to rax and sa to rin,
Quhill at the last his sinnis can him leid
To schamefull end, and to ʒone suddand Deid;
Thairfoir it is the verray hand of God
That causit him be werryit with the Tod.'

Quhen this wes said, this Wedow fra hir swoun
Start vp on fute, and on hir kennettis cryit,
'How! berk,[3] Berrie, Bausie Broun,
Rype schaw, Rin weill, Curtes, Nuttieclyde,
To gidder all but grunching furth ʒe glyde!
Reskew my Nobill Cok, or he be slane,
Or ellis to me se ʒe cum neuer agane.'

[1] Cf. p. 247, l. 128. [2] See p. 247, l. 131. [3] Cf. p. 248, l. 150.

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[HARLEIAN

Than pertok spak with feinȝeit faith befoir:
'In lust but lufe he set all his delite[1];
Sister, ȝe wate, of sic as him ane scoir
Wald not suffice to slaik oure appetyte.
I hecht[2] be my hand, sen he is quite,
Within ane oulke, for schame and I durst speik,
To get ane berne suld better claw our breik.'

Than tappok like ane curate spak full crous:
'Ȝone was ane verray vengeance frome the hevin;
He was sa louß, and sa lecherous;
He had,' quod scho, 'kittokis ma than sevine;
Bot rychtiouß god, haldand the ballandis evin,
Smytis richt sair, thocht he be patient,
For adulterie that will thame not repent.

F. 16 a. 'Prydfull he was, and Ioyit of his sin,
And comptit not for goddis fauour nor feid,
Bot traistit ay to rax and sa to rin,
Quhill at the last his sinnis can him leid
To schamefull end, and to ȝone suddane deid;
Thairfoir it is the verray hand of god
That causit him be werryit with the tod.'

Quhen this was said, this wedow fra hir swoun
Start vp on fute, and on hir kennettis cryde,
'How! bark,[3] berrie, bawsie broun,
Rypeschaw, rinweill, curtes, nuttieclyde,
To gidder all but grunching furth ȝe glide!
Reskew my noble cok, or he be slane,
Or ellis to me se ȝe cum neuer agane.'

[1] Cf. p. 247, l. 128. [2] See p. 247, l. 131. [3] Cf. p. 248, l. 150.

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CHARTERIS]

With that, but baid, thay braidit ouer the bent;
As fyre of flint thay ouer the feildis flaw,
Full wichtlie thay throw woid and watteris went,
And ceissit not schir Lowrence quhill thay saw.
Bot quhen he saw the kennetis cum on raw,
Unto the Cok in mynd he said: 'God sen
That I and thow wer fairlie in my den.'

Than said the Cok, with sum gude Spirit inspyrit,
'Do my counsall, and I sall warrand the;
Hungrie thow art, and for greit trauell tyrit,
Richt faint of force, and may not ferther fle:
Swyith turne agane, and say, that I and ȝe
Freindis ar maid and fellowis for ane ȝeir;
Than will thay stint, I stand for it, and not steir.'

This Tod, thocht he wes fals and friuolous,
And had frawdis[1] his querrell to defend,
Desauit wes be menis richt meruelous;
For falset failȝeis ay at the latter end.
He start about and cryit as he wes kend;
With that the Cok he braid out of[2] the beuch.
Now Iuge ȝe all quhairat Schir Lowrence leuch.

Begylit thus, the Tod vnder the tre
On kneis fell, and said, 'gude Chantecleir,
Cum doun agane, and I, but meit or fey,
Salbe ȝour man and seruand for ane ȝeir.'
'Na, fals theif and reuar, stand not me neir;
My bludie hekill and my nek sa bla
Hes partit freindschip for euer betwene vs twa.

[1] Orig. 'freindis.' [2] See p. 249, l. 174.

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[HARLEIAN

With that, but baid, thay braidit ouer the bent;
As fyre of flint thay ouer the feildis flaw,
Full[1] wichtilie thay throw wod and watteris went,
And ceissit not schir lawrence quhill thay saw.
Bot quhen he saw the kennetis cum on raw,
Vnto the cok he said in mynde: 'god sen
That I and thow wer fairlie in my den.'

F. 16 b. Than said the cok, with sum gude spreit inspyrit,
'Do my counsale, and I sall warrand the;
Hungrie thow art, and for grit trauell tyrit,
Richt faint of force, and may not ferther flie:
Swyith turne agane, and say, that I and ȝe
Freindis ar maid and fellowis for ane ȝeir;
Than will thay stint, I stand for it, and not steir.'

This tod, thocht he was fals and friuolous,
And had frawdis his querell to defend,
Dissauit was be menis richt meruelous;
For falset failȝeis ay at the letter end.
He start about and cryit as he was kend;
With that the cok he braid out of[2] the bewche.
Now Iuge ȝe all quhair at schir [lowrence] lewche.

Begylit thus, the tod vnder the tre
On kneis fell, and said, 'gude chantecleir,
Cum doun agane, and I, but meit or fe,
Sall be ȝour man and seruand for ane ȝeir.'
'Na, fals theif and reuar, stand not me neir;
My bludy hekill and my nek sa bla
Hes pairtit freindschip for euer betwene ws twa.

[1] MS. 'throw.' See p. 42.

[2] See p. 249, l. 174.

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CHARTERIS]

'I wes vnwyse that winkit at thy will,
Quhairthrow almaist I loissit had my heid.'
'I wes mair fule,' quod he, 'to be sa still,[1]
Quhairthrow to put my play in to pleid.'
'Fair on, fals theif, God keip me fra thy feid.'
With that the Cok ouer the feildis tuke his flicht,
And in at the Wedowis Luwer couth he licht.

MORALITAS.

NOW, worthie folk, suppose this be ane Fabill,
And ouerheillit with typis figurall,
ȝit may ȝe find ane sentence richt agreabill,
Under thir fenȝeit termis textuall:
To our purpose this Cok weill may we call
Nyse proud men, woid and vanegloreous
Of kin and blude, quhilk is presumpteous.

Fy! puft vp pryde, thow is full poysonabill;
Quha fauoris the on force man haif ane fall.
Thy strenth is nocht, thy stule standis vnstabill;
Tak witnes of the Feyndis Infernall,
Quhilk houndit doun wes fra that heuinlie hall
To Hellis hole, and to that hiddeous hous,
Becaus in pryde thay wer presumpteous.

This fenȝeit Foxe may weill be figurate
To flatteraris *with*[2] plesand wordis quhyte,
With fals mening and mynd maist toxicate,
To leif and le that settis thair haill delyte.
All worthie folk at sic suld haif despyte;
For quhair is thair mair perrillous pestilence
Nor[3] gif to learis haistelie credence?

[1] See p. 249, l. 185. [2] Orig. 'richt.' [3] See p. 250.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 17 a. 'I was vnwyse that winkit at thy will,
Quhairthrow almaist I loissit had my heid.'
'I was mair fule,' quod he, 'to be sa still,[1]
Quhairthrow to put my pray in to pleid.'
'Fair on, fals theif, god keip me fra thy feid.'
With that the cok ouer the feildis tuke his flicht,
And in at the wedowis lewer couth he lycht.

Moralitas.

Now, worthie folk, suppois this be ane fabill,
And ouerheillit with typis figurall,
3it may 3e find ane sentence richt agreable,
Vnder thair fein3eit termes textuale:
To oure purpois this cok weill may we call
Nyse proud men, wod and vane glorious
Of kin and blude, quhilk ar presumpteous.

This fein3eit fox may weilbe figurate
To flatteraris with plesand wordis quhite,
With fals menin3 and mynd maist toxicate
To loif and le that settis thair haill delite.
F. 17 b. All worthie folk at sic sould haif dispite;
For quhair is thair mair perrelous pestilence
Nor[2] gif to learis haistelie credence?

[1] See p. 249, l. 185. [2] See p. 250.

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CHARTERIS]

The [1] wickit mynd and Adulatioun,
Of sucker sweit haifand the similitude,
Bitter as gall, and full of poysoun,
To taist [2] it is, quha cleirlie vnderstude.
For thy, as now schortlie to conclude,
Thir twa sinnis, flatterie and vaneglore,
Ar mannis enemeis; gude folk, fle thame thairfoir!

FINIS.

¶ THE TAILL HOW THIS FOIRSAID TOD MAID HIS CONFESSIOUN TO FREIR WOLF WAITSKAITH.

LEIF we this Wedow glaid, I 3ow assure,
Of Chantecleir mair blyith than I can tell,
And speik we of the subtell auenture
And destenie that to this Foxe befell,
Quhilk durst na mair with waiting Intermell,
Als lang as leme or licht wes of the day,
Bot, bydand nicht, full still lurkand he lay,

¶ Quhill that [3] the Goddes of the flude
Phebus had callit to the harberie,
And Hesperous put up his cluddie heid,
Schawand his lustie wisage in the sky.
Than Lowrence luikit vp, quhair he couth ly,
And kest his hand vpon his Ee on hicht,
Merie and glaid that cummit wes the nicht.

[1] Orig. 'Hie.' [2] Orig. 'traist.' [3] See p. 251, l. 8.

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[HARLEIAN

The wickit mynd and adullatioun,
Of sucker sweit haifand the similitude,
Bitter as gall, and full of poysoun,
To taist it is, quha cleirlie vnderstude.
For thy, as now schortlie to conclude,
Thir twa sinnis, flatterie and vane gloir,
Ar vennomous; gude folk, flie thame thairfoir!

Finis.

F. 18 *a*.

The taill how this foirsaid Tod maid his confessioun to freir wolf waitskaith.

Leif we this wedow glaid, I 3ow assure,
Of chantecleir mair blyth than I can tell,
And speik we of the subtell auenture
And destenie that to this foxe befell,
Quhilk durst na mair with wayting intermell,
Als lang as leme or licht was of the day,
Bot, bydand nicht, full still lurkand he lay,

Quhill that[1] the goddes of the flude
Phebus had callit to the harberie,
And hesperous put up his cluddie hude,
Schawand his lustie visage in the sky.
Than lawrence luikit up, quhair he culd ly,
And kest his hand upoun his Ee on hicht,
Merie and glaid that cu*m*mit wes the ny*ch*t.

[1] See p. 251, l. 8.

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CHARTERIS]

Out of the wod vnto ane hill he went,
Quhair he micht se the tuinkling sternis cleir,
And all the Planetis of the firmament,
Thair cours, and eik thair mouing in the Spheir,
Sum Retrograde, and sum Stationer,
And of the ȝodiak, in quhat degre
Thay wer ilk ane, as Lowrence leirnit me.

Than Saturne auld was enterit in Capricorne,
And Iuppiter mouit in Sagittarie,
And Mars vp in the Rammis heid wes borne,
And Phebus in the Lyoun furth can carie;
Venus the Crab, the Mone wes in Aquarie;
Mercurius, the God of Eloquence,
Into the Uirgyn maid his residence.

Bot Astrolab, Quadrant, and Almanak,
Teichit of nature be Instructioun,
The mouing of the heuin this Tod can tak,
Quhat influence and Constellatioun
Wes like to fall vpon the eirth adoun;
And to him self he said, withouttin mair,
'Weill worth my Father, that send me to the lair.

'My destenie and eik my weird I ken[1];
My auentour is cleirlie to me kend;
With mischeif myngit is my mortall Ene[2];
My misleuing the soner bot gif I mend:
It is rewaird of sin ane schamefull end.
Thairfoir I will ga seik sum Confessour,
And schryif me clene of my sinnis to this hour.

[1] See p. 252. [2] See pp. 49, 252.

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[HARLEIAN

Out of the wod in to ane hill he went,
Quhair he micht se the tuinkling sterris cleir,
F. 18 *b*. And all the planeitis of the firmament,
Thair courß, and eik thair moving in the spheir,
Sum retrograde, and sum stationeir,
And of the ȝodiake, in quhat degre
Thay wer ilkane, as lowrence leirnit me.

Than saturne auld was enterit in capricorne,
And Iuppiter movit in sagittarie,
And mars up in the ramms heid was borne,
And phebus in the lyoun furth can carie;
Venus the crab, the mone was in aquarie;
Mercurius, the god of eloquence,
In to the virgyne maid his residence.

Bot astrolab, quadrant, and almanak,
Teichit of nature be instructioun,
The moving of the heuin this [tod] can tak,
Quhat influence and constellatioun
Was like to fall vpoun the eirth adoun;
And to him self he said, withouttin mair,
'Weill worth my father, that send me to the lair.

F. 19 *a*. 'My destenie and eik my weird I ken[1];
My auenture is cleirlie to me kend;
With mischeif myngit is my mortale men[2];
My misleuiȝng the soner bot gif I mend:
It is rewaird of sin ane schamefull end.
Thairfoir I will ga seik sum confessour,
And schryif me clene of my synnis to this hour.

[1] See p. 252. [2] See pp. 48, 252.

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CHARTERIS]

'Allace,' quod he, 'richt waryit ar we theifis;
Our lyifis set ilk nicht in auenture;
Our cursit craft full mony man mischeuis;
For euer we steill, and euer ar lyke pure:
In dreid and schame our dayis we Indure;
Syne widdinek and Crakraip callit als,
And till our hyre hangit vp be the hals.'

Accusand thus his cankerit conscience,
In to ane Craig he kest about his Ee;
So saw he cummand, ane lytill than from [t]hence,
Ane worthie Doctour in diuinitie,
Freir Wolf Waitskaith, in science wonder sle,
To preiche and pray wes new cummit fra the Cloister,
With Beidis in hand, sayand his Pater noster.

Seand this Uolf, this wylie tratour Tod
On kneis fell, with hude in to his nek:
'Welcome, my Goistlie Father vnder God,'
Quod he, with mony binge and mony bek.
'Ha,' quod the wolf, 'Schir Tod, for quhat effek
Mak ȝe sic feir? ryse vp, put on ȝour hude.'
'Father,' quod he, 'I haif greit cause to dude.

'ȝe ar Mirrour, Lanterne, and sicker way,
Suld gyde sic sempill folk as me to grace;
ȝour bair feit, and ȝour Russet Cowll of gray,
ȝour lene cheik, ȝour paill pieteous face,
Schawis to me ȝour perfite halines;
For weill wer him, that anis in his lyue
Had hap to ȝow his sinnis for to schryue.'

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[HARLEIAN

'Allace,' quod he, 'richt waryit ar we theuis;
Our lyfis set ilk nycht in auenture;
Our cursit craft full mony man mischeuis;
For euer we steill, and euer ar like pure:
In dreid and schame our dayis we indure;
Syne widdienek and crakraip callit als,
And till oure hire hangit vp be the hals.'

Accusand this his cankerit conscience,
In to ane craig he kest about his Ee;
Sa saw he cummand, ane litill than frome thence,
Ane wirthie doctour of diuinitie,
Freir wolf waitskaith, in science wonder slie,
To preich and pray wes new cummit fra the closter,
With beidis in hand, sayand his pater noster.

F. 19 *b*. Seand this wolf, this wylie tratour tod
On kneis fell, with hude in to his nek:
'Welcome, my father, gostliest vnder god,'
Quod he, with mony binge and mony bek.
'Ha,' quod the wolf, 'schir tod, for quhat effek
Mak ȝe sic feir? Ryse vp, put on ȝour hude.'
'Father,' quod he, 'I haif grit caus to dude.

'ȝe ar mirrour, lanterne, and sicker way,
Suld gide sic sempill folk as me to grace;
ȝour bairfeit, and ȝour russat coule of gray,
ȝour lene cheik, ȝour paill pietious face,
Schawis to me ȝour perfite halienes;
For weill war him, that anis in his lyfe
Had hap to ȝow his sinnis for to schriue.'

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CHARTERIS]

¶ 'Na, selie Lowrence,' quod the Uolf, and leuch:
'It plesis me that ȝe ar penitent.'
'Of reif and stouth, schir, I can tell aneuch,
That causis me full sair for to repent;
Bot, Father, byde still heir vpon the bent,
I ȝow beseik, and heir me to declair
My conscience that prikkis me sa sair.'

'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'sit doun vpon thy kne.'
And he doun bair heid sat full humillie,
And syne began with Benedicite.
Quhen I this saw, I drew ane lytill by,
For it effeiris nouther to heir nor spy,
Nor to reueill thing said vnder that seill:
Unto the Tod this Gait the Wolf couth tell.

'Art thou contrite and sorie in thy Spreit
For thy Trespas?' 'Na, Schir, I can not doid:
Me think that hennis ar sa honie sweit,
And Lambis flesche that new ar lettin bluid;
For to repent my mynd can not concluid,
Bot of this thing, that I haif slane sa few.'
'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'in faith, thow art ane schrew.

'Sen thow Can not forthink thy wickitnes,
Will thow forbeir in tyme to cum, and mend?'
'And I forbeir, how sall I leif, allace,
Haifand nane vther craft me to defend?
Neid causis me to steill quhair euer I wend.
I eschame to thig, I can not wirk, ȝe wait,
Ȝit wald I fane pretend to gentill stait.'

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[HARLEIAN

'Na, selie lawrence,' quod the wolf, and leuch:
'It plesis me that ȝe ar penitent.'
'Of reif and stouth, schir, I can tell aneuch,
That causis me full sair for to repent;
Bot, father, byde still heir vpoun the bent,
I ȝow beseik, and heir me to declair
My conscience that prikkis me sa sair.'

F. 20 *a*. 'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'sit doun on thy kne.'
And he doun bairheid sat full humilly,
And syne began with benedicitie.
Quhen I this saw, I drew a litill by,
For it effeiris nouther to heir nor spy,
Nor to reuele thing said vnder that seill:
Vnto the tod this gait the wolf couth kneill.[1]

'Art thou contreit and sorie in thy spreit
For thy traspas?' 'Na, schir, I can not dude:
Me think that hennis ar sa honie sweit,
And lambes flesche that new ar lattin blude;
For to repent my mynde can not conclude,
Bot of this thing, that I haif slane sa few.'
'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'in faith, thow art ane schrew.

'Sen thow can not forthink thy wickitnes,
Will thow forbeir in tyme to cum, and mend?'
'And I forbeir, how sall I leif, allace,
Haifand na vther craft me to defend?
Neid causis me to steill quhair euer I wend.
I eschame to thig, I can not wirk, ȝe wait,
ȝit wald I fane pretend to gentill stait.'

[1] So MS. Cf. pp. 52, 254.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ 'Weill,' quod the Wolf, 'thow wantis pointis twa,
Belangand to perfyte Confessioun.
To the thrid part of penitence let vs ga:
Will thow tak pane for thy transgressioun?'
'Na, Schir, considder my Complexioun,
Selie and waik, and of my Nature tender,
Lo, will ȝe se, I am baith lene and sklender.

'ȝit, neuertheles, I wald, swa it wer licht,
Schort, and not greuand to my tendernes,
Tak part of pane, fulfill it gif I micht,
To set my selie Saull in way of grace.'
'Thow sall,' quod he, 'forbeir flesche vntill Pasche,
To tame this Corps, that cursit Carioun;
And heir I reik the full Remissioun.'

'I grant thairto, swa ȝe will gif me leif
To eit puddingis, or laip ane lytill blude,
Or heid, or feit, or paynchis let me preif,
In cace I falt of flesche in to my fude.'
'For greit mister I gif the leif to dude
Twyse in the oulk, for neid may haif na Law.'
'God ȝeild ȝow, Schir, for that Text weill I knaw.'

Quhen this wes said, the Wolf his wayis went.
The Foxe on fute he fuir vnto the flude—
To fang him fische haillelie wes his intent;
Bot quhen he saw the watter and[1] wallis wod,
Astonist all still in to ane stair he stude,
And said: 'better that I had biddin at hame,
Nor bene ane Fischar in the Deuillis Name.

[1] Cf. p. 255, l. 123.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 20 *b*. 'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'thow wantis pointis twa,
Belangand to perfite confessioun.
To the thrid pairt of penitence let ws ga:
Will thow tak pane for thy transgressioun?'
'Na, schir, considder my complexioun,
Selie and waik, and of my nature tender,
Lo, will ȝe se, I am baith lene and sklender.

'ȝit, neuertheles, I wald, sa it war licht,
Schort, and not greuand to my tendernes,
Tak pairt of pane, fulfill it[1] gif I mycht,
To set my selie saule in way of grace.'
'Thow sall,' quod he, 'forbeir flesche vntill pace,
To tame this corps, that cursit carioun;
And heir I reik the full remissioun.'

'I grant thairto, swa ȝe will gif me leif
To eit puddingis, or laip ane litill blude,
Or heid, or feit, or panchis let me preif,
In cace na flesche vnto my fude I fall.'
'I gif the leif to gust thy mouth *with* all
Twyis in the oulk, for neid may haif na law.'
'God ȝeild ȝow, schir, for that text weill I knaw.'

F. 21 *a*. Quhen this wes said, the wolf his wayis went.
The foxe on fute he fuir vnto the flude—
To fang him fische haillelie wes his intent;
Bot quhen he saw the watter and[2] wallis woude,
Astonist all still in to ane stair he stude,
And said: 'better that I had biddin at hame,
Nor bene ane fischar in the deuillis name.

[1] MS. fulfillit. [2] Cf. p. 255, l. 123.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ 'Now man I scraip my meit out of the sand,
And I haif nouther boittis nor ȝit Net.'
As he wes thus for falt of meit murnand,
Lukand about his leuing for to get,
Under ane tre he saw ane trip of Gait;
Than wes he blyith, and in ane heuch him hid,
And fra the Gait he stall ane lytill Kid.

¶ Syne ouer the heuch vnto the see he hyis,
And tuke the Kid be the hornis twane,
And in the watter outher twyis or thryis
He dowkit him, and till him can he sayne:
'Ga doun Schir Kid, cu*m* vp Schir Salmond agane!'
Quhill he wes deid; syne to the land him dreuch,
And of that new maid Salmond eit anewch.

Thus fynelie fillit with ȝoung tender meit,
Unto ane derne for dreid he him addrest,
Under ane busk, quhair that the sone can beit,
To beik his breist and bellie he thocht best;
And rekleslie he said, quhair he did rest,
Straikand his wame aganis the sonis heit,
'Upon this wame set wer ane bolt full meit.'

Quhen this wes said, the keipar of the Gait,
Cairfull in hart his kid wes stollin away,
On euerilk syde full warlie couth he wait,
Quhill at the last he saw quhair Lowrence lay;
Ane Bow he bent, ane flane with fedderis gray
He haillit to the heid, and, or he steird,
The Foxe he prikkit fast vnto the eird.

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[HARLEIAN

'Now mon I scraip my meit out of the sand,
And I haif nather boittis, net, nor[1] bait.'
As he was thus for falt of meit murnand,
Luikand about his leuing for to lait,
Vnder ane tre he saw ane trip of gait;
Than wes he blithe, and in ane heuch him hid,
And fra the gait he stall ane litill kid.

Syne ouer the heuch vnto the see he hyis,
And tuik the kid be the hornis twane,
And in the watter outher twyis or thryis
He doukit him, and till him can he sayne:
'Ga doun schir kid, cum vp schir salmond agane!'
Quhill he wes deid; syne to the land him drewch,
And of that new maid salmond eit enewch.

F. 21 *b*. Thus fynelie fillit with 3oung tender meit,
Vnto ane derne for dreid he him addrest,
Vnder ane busk, quhair that the sone can beit,
To beik his breist and bellie he thocht best;
And rekleslie he said, quhair he did rest,
Straikand his wame aganis the sonis heit,
'Vpoun this wame set war ane bolt full meit.'

Quhen this was said, the keipare of the gait,
Cairfull in hart his kid wes stollen away,
On euerie side full warlie couth he wait,
Quhill at the last he saw quhair lawrence lay;
Ane bow he bent, ane flane with fedderis gray
He haillit to the heid, and, or he steird,
The fox he prikkit fast vnto the eird.

[1] MS. 'boittis nor net bait.' Cf. p. 255.

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CHARTERIS]

'Now,' quod the Foxe, 'allace and wallaway!
Gorrit I am and may na forther gang[1];
Me think na man may speik ane word in play,
Bot now on dayis in ernist it is tane.'
He harlit him, and out he drew his flane;
And for his kid, and vther violence,
He tuik his skyn, and maid ane recompence.

MORALITAS.

THIS suddand deith and vnprouysit end
Of this fals Tod, without prouisioun,
Exempill is exhortand folk to amend,
For dreid of sic ane lyke confusioun;
For mony now hes gude professioun,
3it not repentis, nor for thair sinnis greit,
Because thay think thair lustie Lyfe sa sweit.

Sum bene also throw consuetude and ryte
Uincust with carnall sensualitie;
Suppose thay be as for the tyme contreyte,
Can not forbeir, nor fra thair sinnis fle;
Use drawis Nature swa in propertie
Of beist and man, that neidlingis thay man do,
As thay of lang tyme hes bene hantit to.

Be war, gude folk, and feir this suddane schoit,
Quhilk smytis sair withouttin resistence;
Attend wyislie, and in 3our hartis be noit,
Aganis deith may na man mak defence;
Ceis of 3our sin, Remord 3our conscience,
Obey vnto 3our God, and 3e sall wend,
Efter 3our deith, to blis withouttin end.

FINIS.

[1] Cf. p. 256.

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[HARLEIAN

'Now,' quod the foxe, 'allace and wallaway!
Gorrit I am and may na ferther gang[1];
Me think na man may speik ane worde in play,
Bot now on dayis in eirnist it is tane.'
He harlit him, and out he drew his flane;
And for his kid, and vther violence,
He tuik his skin, and maid ane recompence.

F. 22 *a*. **Moralitas.**

This suddane deith and vnprouisit end
Of this fals tod, without prouisioun,
Exempill is exhortand folk to mend,
For dreid of sic ane like confusioun;
For mony now hes gude professioun,
3it not repentis, nor for thair synnis greit,
Becauſs thay think thair lustie lyfe sa sweit.

Sum bene also throw consuetude and ryte
Vincust be carnale sensualitie;
Suppois thay be as for the tyme contreit,
Can not forbeir, nor fra thair sinnis fle;
Vse drawis nature sa in propertie
Of beist and man, that neidlingis thay mon do,
As thay of lang tyme hes bene hantit to.

Bewar, gude folk, and fle this suddane schot,
Quhilk smytis sair withoutin resistence;
Attend wyselie, and in 3our hartis be note,
Aganis deith may na man mak defence;
F. 22 *b*. Ceis of 3our sin, remord 3our conscience,
Obay vnto 3our god, and 3e sall wend,
Efter 3our deith, to blis withoutin end.

Finis.

[1] Cf. p. 256.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ THE TAILL OF THE SONE AND AIR OF THE FOIRSAID FOXE, CALLIT FATHERWER: ALSWA THE PARLIAMENT OF FOURFUTTIT BEISTIS HALDIN BE THE LYOUN.

THIS foirsaid Foxe, that deit for his misdeid,
Had not ane barne wes gottin richteouslie,
Till airschip be Law that micht succeid,
Except ane Sone, quhilk in Adulterie
He gottin had in purches priuelie,
And till his Name wes callit Fatherwar,
That luifit weill with pultrie to tig and tar.

It followis weill be resoun naturall,
And gre be gre of richt comparisoun,
Of euill cummis war, of war cummis werst of all,
Of wrangous geir cummis fals possessioun.[1]
This Foxe, Bastard of generatioun,
Of verray kynde behufit to be fals;
Swa wes his Father and his Grandschir als.

As Nature will, seikand his meit be sent,
Of cace he fand his Fatheris Carioun,
Nakit, new slane; and till him hes he went,
Tuke vp his heid, and on his kne fell doun,
Thankand greit God of that conclusioun;
And said: 'now sall I bruke, sen I am air,
The boundis quhair thow wes wont for to repair.'

[1] Cf. pp. 61, 258.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 22 *b*. **The taill of the sone & air of the foirsaid fox, callit father wer: Alswa the parliament of fourfuttit Beistis haldin be the Lyoun.**

F. 23 *a*. This foirsaid Fox, that deit for his misdeid,
Had not ane barne wes gottin richteouslie,
Till airschip be law that micht succeid,
Except ane sone, quhilk in adulterie
He gottin had in purches priuelie,
And till his name was callit father war,
That luifit weill with pultrie to tig and tar.

It followis weill be ressoun naturall,
And gre be gre of richt comparisoun,
Of euill cumis war, of war cumis werst of all,
Of wrangous geir cumis fals successioun.
This foxe, bastard of generatioun,
Of verray kynde behuifit to be fals;
Sa wes his father and his grandschir als.

As nature will, seikand his meit be sent,
Of cace he fand his fatheris carioun,
Nakit, new slane; and till him hes he went,
Tuik vp his heid, and on his kne fell doun,
Thankand grit god of that conclusioun;
And said: 'Now sall I bruik, sen I am air,
The boundis quhair thow was wont for to repair.'

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CHARTERIS]

Fy! Couetice, vnkynd and venemous:
The Sone wes fane he fand his Father deid,
Be suddan schot for deidis odious,
That he micht regne and raxe in till his steid,
Dreidand na thing the samin lyfe to leid,
In thift and reif, as did his Father befoir;
Bot to the end attent he tuke no moir.

¶ Ȝit neuertheles, throw Naturall pietie
The Carioun vpon his bak he tais:
'Now find I weill this Prouerb trew,' quod he,
'"Ay rinnis the Foxe, als lang as he fute has."'
Syne with the Corps vnto ane peitpoit gais,
Of watter full, and kest him in the deip,
And to the Deuill he gaif his banis to keip.

O fulische man! plungit in warldlines,
To conqueis warldlie gude, golde, and rent,
To put thy Saule in pane or heuines,
To riche thy air, quhilk efter thow art went,
Haif he thy gude, he takis bot small tent
To execute, to do, to satisfie
Thy letter will, thy det, and legacie.

¶ This Tod to rest him, he passit to ane Craig,
And thair he harde ane buisteous Bugill blaw,
Quhilk, as he thocht, maid all the warld to wag.
Ane Unicorne come lansand ouer ane Law;
Than start he vp, quhen he this hard and saw;
Withe horne in hand, ane bill in breist he bure,
Ane Pursephant semelie, I ȝow assure.

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[HARLEIAN

Fy! couetice, vnkynd and venemous:
F. 23 *b*. The sone was fane he fand his father deid,
Be suddane schot for deidis odious,
That he mycht ring and rax in to his steid,
Dreidand na thing the samyn lyfe to leid,
In thift and reif, as did his father befoir;
Bot to the end attent he tuik no moir.

Ȝit neuertheles, throw naturall pietie
The carioun vpoun his bak he tais:
'Now find I weill the prouerbe trew,' quod he,
'"Ay rynnis the foxe, als lang as he fute hes."'
Syne with the corps vnto the peitpot gais,
Of watter full, and kest him in the deip,
And to the deuill he gaif his banis to keip.

O fulische man! plungit in warldlienes,
To conqueis warldlie gude, and golde, & rent,
To put thy saule in pane or heuines,
To riche thy air, quhilk efter thow art went,
Haif he thy gude, he takis bot small tent
To execute, to do, to satisfie
Thy letter will, thy det, and legacie.

F. 24 *a*. This tod to rest him, he passit to ane craig,
And thair he harde ane boustious bugill blaw,
Quhilk, as he thocht, maid all the warld to waig.
Ane vnicorne come lansand ouer ane law;
Than start he vp, quhen he this hard and saw;
Withe horne in hand, ane bill in breist he bure,
Ane pursehant semelie, I ȝow assure.

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CHARTERIS]

Unto ane bank, quhair he micht se about
On euerilk syde, in haist he culd him hy,
Schot out his voce full schill, and gaif ane schout,
And on this wyis twyse or thryse did cry.
With that the beistis in the feild thairby,
All merueland quhat sic ane thing suld mene,
Greitlie agast, thay gadderit on ane grene.

¶ Out of his breist[1] ane bill sone can he braid,
And red the Text withouttin tarying:
Commandand silence, sadlie thus he said:
'The Nobill Lyoun, of all beistis the King,
Greting to God, helth euerlesting
To brutall beistis and Irrationall,
I send, as to my subiectis greit and small.

'My Celsitude and hie magnificence
Lattis ȝow to wit, that euin incontinent,
Thinkis the morne, with Royall diligence,
Upon this hill to hald ane Parliament;
Straitlie thairfoir I gif Commandement
For to compeir befoir my Tribunall,
Under all pane and parrell that may fall.'

¶ The morrow come, and Phebus with his bemis
Consumit had the mistie cluddis gray;
The ground wes grene, and als as gold it glemis,
With gers growand gudelie, greit, and gay;
The spyce thay spred to spring on euerilk spray;
The Lark, the Maueis, and the Merll full hie,
Sweitlie can sing, trippand[2] fra tre to tre.

[1] MS. 'buist.'
[2] Orig. 'creipand.' See p. 260. Hart, 'tripping.'

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[HARLEIAN

Vnto ane bank, quhair he mycht se about
On euerie side, in haist he culd him hy,
Schot out his voce full schill, and gaif a schout,
And on this wyis twyse or thryse culd cry.
With that the beistis in the feild thairby,
All merueland quhat sic ane thing suld mene,
Gretlie agast, thay gadderit on ane grene.

Out of ane bus ane bull sone can he braid,
And red the text withoutin tarying:
Co*m*mandand silence, sadlie thus he said:
'The noble lyoun, of all beistis the king,
Greting to god, health euerlesting
To brutall beistis and Irrationall,
I send, as to my subiectis grit and small.

F. 24 *b*. 'My celsitude and hie magnificence
Lettis ȝow to wit, that euin inco*n*tinent,
Thinkis the morne, with royell diligence,
Vpoun this hill to hald ane parliament;
Straitlie thairfoir I gif commandiment
For to compeir befoir my tribunall,
Vnder all pane and parrell that may fall.'

The morrow come, and phebus w*ith* his bemis
Consumit had the mistie cluddis gray;
The ground was grene, and als like gold it gle*m*is,
With gres growand gritlie, gude, and gay;
The spyce thay spred to spring on euerie spray;
The lark, the maueis, and the merle full hie,
Sueitlie can sing, trippand[1] fra tre to tre.

[1] MS. ? 'creipand.' See opposite page.

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CHARTERIS]

The[1] Leopardis come with Croun of massie gold
Beirand they brocht vnto that hillis hicht,
With Iaspis Ionit, and Royall Rubeis rold,
And mony diueris Dyamontis dicht,
With powis proud ane Palȝeoun doun thay picht;
And in that Throne thair sat ane wild Lyoun
In Rob Royal, with Sceptour, Swerd, & Croun.

Efter the tennour of the cry befoir,
That gais on all fourfuttit beistis in eirth,
As thay commandit wer withouttin moir,
Befoir thair Lord the Lyoun thay appeirit:
And quhat thay wer, to me as Lowrence leirit,
I sall reheirs ane part of euerilk kynd,
Als fer as now occurris to my mynd.

The Minotaur, ane Monster meruelous,
Bellerophont, that beist of Bastardrie,
The Warwolf, and the Pegase perillous,
Transformit be assent of sorcerie,
The Linx, the Tiger full of Tirannie,
The Elephant, and eik the Dromedarie;
The Cameill with his Cran nek furth can carie.

¶ The Leopard, as I haif tauld beforne,
The Anteloip, the Sparth furth couth speid,
The payntit Pantheir, and the Unicorne;
The Rayndeir Ran throw Reueir, Rone, and Reid,
The Iolie Gillet, and the gentill Steid,
The Asse, the Mule, the Hors of euerilk kynd;
The Da, the Ra, the hornit Hart, the Hynd.

[1] Cf. p. 261.

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[HARLEIAN

The [1] leopardis come with croun of massie gold
Beirand they brocht vnto that hillis hicht,
With iaspis ioynit, and royell rubeis rold,
And mony diueris dyamontis dicht,
With powis [2] proud ane palȝeoun can thay picht;
And in that throne thair sat ane wyld lyoun
In rob royell, with sceptour, sword, and croun.

F. 25 *a*. Efter the tennoȝr of the cry befoir,
That gais on all fourfuttit beistis on eird,
As thay commandit war withoutin moir,
Befoir the lord the lioun thay appeirit:
And quhat thay wer, to me as lowrence leirit,
I sall reheirs ane pairt of euerie kynd,
Als fer as now occurris to my mynd.

The minotaur, ane monster meruelous,
Bellerophant, that beist of bastardrie,
The warwolf, and the pegase perillous,
Transformit be assent of sorcerie,
The linx, the tiger full of tiranie,
The elephant, and eik the dromedarie;
The cameill with his cran nek furth can carie.

The leopard, as I haif tald beforne,
The anteloip, the sparth furth can speid,[3]
The peyntit pantheir, and the vnicorne;
The reyndeir ran throw reueir, rone, and reid,
The Iolie gillet, and the gentill steid,
The asse, the mule, the horſs of euerie kynd;
The da, the ra, the hornit hart, the hynd.

[1] Cf. p. 261. [2] MS. 'towis.' [3] MS. 'spreid.'

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CHARTERIS]

The Bull, the Beir, the Bugill, and the Bair,
The Tame Cat, Uildcat, and the Uild wod Swyne,
The Hardbakkit Hurcheoun, and the Hirpland Hair,
Baith Otter and Aip, and Pennit Porcupyne;
The Gukit Gait, the selie Scheip, the Swyne,
The wyld Once, the Buk, the Uelterand Brok,
The Fowmart with the Fibert furth can flok.

The gray Grewhound with Sleuthound furth can slyde,
With Doggis all diueris and different;
The Rattoun ran, the Glebard furth can glyde,
The quhrynand Quhitret with the Quhaisill went,
The Feitho that hes furrit mony fent,
The Mertrik, with the Cunning and the Con,
The Bouranbane,[1] and eik the Lerioun.

¶ The Marmysset the Mowdewart couth leid,
Because that Nature denyit had hir sicht;
Thus dressit thay all furth for dreid of deid;
The Musk, the lytill Mous with all hir micht
With haist scho haikit vnto that hill of hicht;
And mony kynd of beistis I couth not knaw,
Befoir thair Lord the Lyoun thay loutit law.

Seing thir beistis all at his bidding boun,
He gaif ane braid, and lukit him about;
Than flatlingis to his feit thay fell all doun,
For dreid of deith thay droupit all in dout.
He lukit quhen that he saw thame lout,
And bad thame, with ane countenance full sweit,
'Be not effeirit, but stand vp on ȝour feit.

[1] Cf. p. 262. Hart, 'Bourabane.'

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[HARLEIAN

F. 25 *b*. The bull, the beir, the bugill, and the bair,
The tame cat, wyldcat, and the wyld wod swyne,
The hardbakkit hurcheoun, and the hirpilland hair,
Baith otter and aip, and pennit porcupyne;
The gukit gait, the selie scheip, the swyne,
The wyld once, the buk, the welterand brok,
The foumart with the febert furth can flok.

The gray grewhound with slwthound furth can slide,
With doggis all diueris and different;
The rattoun ran, the glebard furth can glide,
The quhuirand quhitret with the quhasill went,
The feitho that hes furrit mony fent,
The mertrik, with the cuning and the con,
The bowranbane,[1] and eik the lerion.

The marmisset the mowdewart couth leid,
Becaus that nature had denyit hir sicht;
Thus dresset thay all furth for dreid of deid;
The musk, the litill mous *with* all hir micht
With haist scho haikit vnto that hill of hicht;
And mony kynd of beistis I couth not knaw,
Befoir thair lord the lioun thay lowtit law.

F. 26 *a*. Seing thir beistis all at his bidding boun,
He gaif ane braid, and luikit him about;
Than flatlingis to his feit thay fell all doun,
For dreid of deith thay droupit all in dout.
He luikit quhen that he saw thame lout,
And bad thame, with ane countenance full sweit,
'Be not effeirit, but stand vp on 3our feit.

[1] See note on p. 68.

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CHARTERIS]

'I lat ȝow wit my micht is merciabill,
And steiris nane that ar to me prostrait,
Angrie, austerne, and als vnamyabill
To all that stand fray[1] ar to myne estait.
I rug, I reif all beistis that makis debait
Aganis the micht of my Magnificence:
Se nane pretend to pryde in my presence.

'My Celsitude and my hie Maiestie
With micht and mercie myngit sall be ay;
The lawest hart I can full sone vp hie,
And mak him maister ouer ȝow all I may.
The Dromedarie, gif he will mak deray,
The greit Cameill, thocht he wer neuer sa crous,
I can him law als lytill als ane Mous.

'Se neir be twentie mylis quhair I am
The Kid ga saiflie be the gaittis syde,
The Tod Lowrie luke not to the lam,
Na reuand beistis nouther Ryn nor ryde.'
Thay Couchit all eſter that this wes cryde;
The Iustice bad the Court for to gar fence,
The sutis callit, and foirfalt all absence.

The Panther, with his payntit Coit Armour,
Fensit the Court, as of the Law effeirit;
Than Tod Lowrie lukit quhair he couth lour,
And start on fute, all stonist, and all steird;
Ryifand his hair, he cryit with ane reird,
Quaikand for dreid, and sichand couth he say:
'Allace this hour, allace this dulefull day

[1] Orig. 'standfray.'

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[HARLEIAN

'I lat 3ow wit my mycht is merciable,
And steiris nane that ar to me prostrait,
Angrie, austerne, and als vnamiable
To all that stand fray to myne estait.
I rug, I reif all beistis that makis debait
Aganis the micht of my magnificence:
Se nane pretend to pryde in my presence.

'My celsitude and my hie maiestie
With micht and mercie myngit salbe ay;
The lawest heir I can full sone vp hie,
And mak him maister ouer 3ow all I may.
The dromedarie, gif he will mak dirray,
The grit cameill, thocht he war neuer sa crous,
F. 26 b. I can him law als litill als ane mous.

'Se neir be tuentie mylis quhair I am
The kid ga saiflie be the gaittis side,
The tod lowrie luik not to the lam,
Na reuand beistis nouther rin nor ryde.'
Thay couchit all efter that this was cryde;
This Iustice bad the court for to gar fence,
The suittis callit, and foirfalt all absence.

The panther, with the payntit coit armour,
Fensit the court, as of the law effeirit;
Than tod lowrie luikit quhair he couth lour,
And start on fute, all stoneist, and all steirit;
Ryifand his hair, he cryit with ane reird,
Quaikand for dreid, and sichand culd he say:
'Allace this hour, allace this dulefull day!

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CHARTERIS]

'I wait this suddan Semblie that I se,
Haifand the pointis of ane Parliament,
Is maid to mar sic misdoars as me;
Thairfoir, gif I me schaw, I wilbe schent;
I wilbe socht, and I be red absent;
To byde, or fle, it makis not remeid;
All is alyke, thair followis not bot deid.'

Perplexit thus in his hart can he mene
Throw falset how he micht him self defend;
His Hude he drew laich attour his Ene,
And, winkand with ane Eye, furth he wend;
Clinscheand he come, that he micht not be kend,
And, for dreddour that he suld bene arreist,
He playit bukhude behind, fra beist to beist.

¶ O fylit Spreit, and cankerit Conscience!
Befoir ane Roy Renȝeit with richteousnes,
Blakinnit cheikis and schamefull countenance!
Fairweill thy fame, defylit for ay is,
The Phisnomie, the fauour of thy face,
For thy defence is foull and disfigurate,
Brocht to the licht, blasit, blunt, and blait.

Be thow atteichit with thift or with tressoun
For thy misdeid wrangous and wickit fay,
Thy cheir changis, Lowrence; thow man luke doun;
Thy worschip of this warld is went away.
Luke to this Toid, how he wes in effray,
And fle the filth of falset, I the reid,
Quhairthrow thair followis syn & schameful deid.

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[HARLEIAN

'I wait this suddane semblie that I se,
Haifand the pointis of ane parliament,
Is maid to mar sic misdoars as me;
Thairfoir, gif I me schaw, I wilbe schent;
F. 27 a. I wilbe socht, and I be red absent;
To byde, or fle, it makis no remeid;
All is alike, thair followis not bot deid.'

Perplexit thus in his hart can he mene
Throw falset how he micht him self defend;
His hude he drew laich attour his ene,
And, winkand with ane eye, furth he wend;
Clinschand he come, that he micht not be kend,
And, for dreddour that he suld bene arreist,
He playit bukhude behind, fra beist to beist.

O fylit spreit, and cankerit conscience!
Befoir ane roy reinȝeit with richteousnes,
Blakinnit cheikis and schamefull countenance!
Fairweill thy fame, now gone is all thy grace,
The phisnomie, the fauour of thy face,
For thy defence is foull and disfigurate,
Brocht to the licht, baisit, blunt, and blait.

Be thow atteichit with thift or with tressone
For thy misdeid wrangous and wickit fay,
Thy cheir chaingis, lowrence; thow may luik doun;
Thy worschip of this warld is went away.
F. 27 b. Luik to this tod, how he wes in effray,
And fle the filth of falset, I the reid,
Quhairthrow thair followis sin and schamefull deid.

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CHARTERIS]

Comperand thus befoir thair Lord and King,
In ordour set as to thair stait effeird,
Of euerilk kynd he gart ane part furthbring,
And awfullie he spak, and at thame speird
Gif thair wes ony kynd of beistis in eird
Absent, and thairto gart thame deiplie sweir;
And thay said: 'nane, except ane Stude gray Meir.'

'Ga, make ane message sone vnto that Stude.'
The Court than cryit: 'now see, quha sall it be?'
'Cum furth, Lowrie, lurkand vnder thy hude.'
'Aa, Schir, mercie! lo, I haif bot ane Ee;
Hurt in the heid, and cruikit as ȝe may se;
The Uolf is better in Ambassatrie,
And mair cunning in Clergie fer then I.'

Rampand he said, 'ga furth, brybouris baith!'
And thay to ga withouttin tarying.
Ouer Ron and Rute thay ran togidder raith,
And fand the Meir at hir meit in the morning.
'Now,' quod the Tod, 'Madame, cum to the King,
The Court is callit, and ȝe ar *Contumax*.'
'Let be, Lowrence,' quod scho, 'ȝour Courtlie Knax.'

'Maistres,' quod he, 'cum to the Court ȝe mon;
The Lyoun hes commandit so in deid.'
'Schir Tod, tak ȝe the Flyrdome, and the Fon,
I haif respite ane ȝeir, and ȝe will reid.'
'I can not spell,' quod he, 'sa God me speid:
Heir is the Uolf, ane Nobill Clerk at all,
And of this Message is maid principall.

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[HARLEIAN

Compeirand thus befoir thair lord and king,
In ordour set as to thair stait effeirit,
Of euerie kynd he gart ane pairt furth bring,
And awfullie he spak, and at thame speird
Gif thair wes ony kynd of beist on eird
Absent, and thairto gart thame deiplie sweir;
And thay said: 'nane, except ane stuid gray meir.'

'Ga, mak ane message sone vnto that stuid.'
The court than cryit: 'now se, quha sall it be?'
'Cum furth, lowrie, lurkand vnder thy hude.'
'Aa, schir, mercie! lo, I haif bot ane Ee;
Hurt in the hoche, and cruikit as ȝe may se;
The wolf is better in ambassatry,
And mair cunning in clergie fer then I.'

Rampand he said, 'ga furth, brybouris baith!'
And thay to ga withoutin tarying.
Ouer ron and rute thay ran to gidder raith,
F. 28 a. And fand the meir at hir meit in the morning.
'Now,' quod the tod, 'madame, cum to the king,
The court is callit, and ȝe ar contumax.'
'Let be, lawrence,' quod scho, 'ȝour courtlie knax.'

'Maistres,' quod he, 'cum to the court ȝe mon;
The lyoun hes commandit so indeid.'
'Schir tod, tak ȝe the flirdome, and the fon,
I haif respite ane ȝeir, and ȝe will reid.'
'I can not spell,' quod he, 'sa god me speid:
Heir is the wolf, ane noble clerk at all,
And of this message is maid principall.

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CHARTERIS]

'He is Autentik, and ane man of age,
And hes greit practik of the Chancellarie;
Let him ga luke, and reid 3our Priuilege,
And I sall stand, and beir witnes 3ow by.'
'Quhair is thy Respite?' quod the Uolf, in hy.
'Schir, it is heir, vnder my hufe weill hid.'
'Hald vp thy heill,' quod he; and so scho did.

Thocht he wes blindit with pryde, 3it he presumis
To luke doun law, quhair that hir letter lay.
With that the Meir gird him vpon the gumis,
And straik the hattrell of his heid away.
Half out of lyif, thair lenand doun he lay:
'Allace,' quod Lowrence, 'Lupe, thow art loist.'
'His cunning,' quod the Meir, 'wes worth sum coist.

'Lowrence,' quod scho, 'will thow luke on my letter,
Sen that the Uolf na thing thairof can wyn?'
'Na, be Sanct Bryde,' quod he, 'me think it better
To sleip in haill nor in ane hurt skyn.
Ane skrow I fand, and this wes writtin in,
—For fiue schillingis I wald not anis forfault him—
Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.'

¶ With brokin skap, and bludie cheikis reid,
This wretchit Uolf weipand thus on he went,
Of this men3e markand to get remeid;
To tell the King the cace wes his Intent.
'Schir,' quod the Tod, 'byde still vpon this bent,
And fra 3our browis wesche away the blude,
And tak ane drink, for it will do 3ow gude.'

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[HARLEIAN

'He is autentik, and ane man of aige,
And hes grit practik of the chancellarye;
Let him ga luik, and reid 3our priuilage,
And I sall stand, and beir witnes 3ow by.'
'Quhair is thy respite?' quod the wolf, in hy.
'Schir, it is heir, vnder my hufe weill hid.'
'Hald vp thy heill,' quod he; and so scho did.

Thocht he was blindit with pryde, 3it he presumis
F. 28 b. To luik doun law, quhair that hir letter lay.
With that the meir gird him vpoun the gumis,
And straik the hatt[r]ell of his heid away.
Half out of lyfe, thair lenand doun he lay:
'Allace,' quod lowrence, 'Lupus, thow art loist.'
'His cunning,' quod the meir, 'was wirth sum coist.

'Lawrence,' quod scho, 'will thow luik on my letter,
Sen that the wolf na thing thairof can win?'
'Na, be sanct bryde,' quod he, 'me think it better
To sleip in haill than in hurt skin.
Ane skrow I fand, and this wes written in,
—For fyve schillingis I wald not anis forfaut him—
Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.'

With bludie skap, and cheikis bla and reid,
This wretchit wolf weipand thus on he went,
Of this menige markand to get remeid;
To tell the king the cace wes his intent.
'Schir,' quod the tod, 'byde still vpoun this bent,
And fra 3our browis wesche away the blude,
And tak ane drink, for it will do 3ow gude.'

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CHARTERIS]

To feche watter this fraudfull Foxe furth fure,
Sydelingis abak [1] he socht vnto ane syke [2];
On cace he meittis, cummand fra the mure,
Ane Trip of Lambis dansand on ane dyke.
This Tratour Tod, this Tirrane, and this Tyke,
The fattest of this flock he fellit hais,
And eit his fill; syne to the Uolf he gais.

Thay drank togidder, & syne thair Iourney takis;
Befoir the King syne kneillit on thair kne.
'Quhair is ȝone Meir, Schir Tod, wes *Contumax*?'
Than Lowrence said: 'My Lord, speir not at me!
Speir at ȝour Doctour of Diuinitie,
With his reid Cap can tell ȝow weill aneuch.'
With that the Lyoun and all the laif thay leuch.

'Tell on the cais now, Lowrence, let vs heir.'
'This wittie Uolf,' quod he, 'this Clerk of age,
On ȝour behalf he bad the Meir compeir,
And scho allegit to ane priuilege—
"Cum neir and se, and ȝe sall haif ȝour wage."
Because he red hir respite plane and weill,
ȝone reid Bonat scho raucht him with hir heill.'

¶ The Lyoun said, 'be ȝone reid Cap I ken
This Taill is trew, quha tent unto it takis;
The greitest Clerkis ar not the wysest men;
The hurt of ane happie the vther makis.'
As thay wer carpand in this cais and [3] Knakis,
And all the Court in merines and in gam,
Swa come the ȝow, the Mother of the Lam.

[1] Cf. p. 266. [2] Orig. 'slyke.'
[3] See opposite page, and p. 267, l. 257.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 29 *a*. To fetche watter this fraudfull foxe furth fure,
Sydelingis abak[1] he socht vnto ane syke;
On cace he meittis, cu*m*and fra the mure,
Ane trip of lambis dansing on ane dyke.
This tratour tod, this tirrane, and this tyke,
The fattest of this flock he fellit hais,
And eit his fill; syne to the wolf he gais.

Thay drank to gidder, and syne thair Iourney taks;
Before the king syne kneillit on thair kne.
'Quhair is ȝone meir, schir tod, wes contumax?'
Then lowrence said: 'My lord, speir not at me!
Speir at ȝour doctour of diuinitie,
With his reid cap can tell ȝow weill aneuch.'
With that the lioun and all the laif thay leuch.

'Tell on the cace now, lowrence, let ws heir.'
'This wittie wolf,' quod he, 'this clerk of age,
On ȝour behalf he bad the meir compeir,
And scho allegit to ane priuilege—
"Cum neir and se, and ȝe sall haif ȝour wage."
Becaus he red hir respite plane and weill,
F. 29 *b*. ȝone reid bonat scho racht him with hir heill.'

The lioun said, 'be ȝone reid cap I ken
This taill is trew, quha tent wnto it takis;
The grittest clerkis ar not the wysest men;
The hurt of ane happie the vther makis.'
As thay wer carpand in this cace w*i*t*h* knakis,
And all the court in merines and gam,
Sua come the ȝow, the mother of the lam.

[1] Cf. p. 266.

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CHARTERIS]

Befoir the Iustice on hir kneis fell,
Put out hir playnt on this wyis wofullie:
'This harlet huresone, and this hound of hell,
Deuorit hes my Lamb full doggitlie,
Within ane myle, in contrair to 3our cry.
For Goddis lufe, my Lord, gif me the Law
Of this lurker:' with that Lowrence let draw.

'Byde,' quod the Lyoun, 'Lymmer, let vs se
Gif it be suthe the sellie 3ow hes said.'
'Aa, Souerane Lord, saif 3our mercy,' quod he,
'My purpois wes with him for to haif playid;
Causles he fled, as he had bene effrayid;
For dreid of deith he duschit ouer ane dyke,
And brak his nek.' 'Thow leis,' quod scho, 'fals tyke.

'His deith be practik may be preuit eith:
Thy gorrie gumis and thy bludie snout,
The woll, the flesche 3it stikkis on thy teith,
And that is euidence aneuch, but dout.'
The Iustice bad ga cheis ane Assyis about;
And so thay did, and fand that he wes fals,
Of Murther, thift, pyking, and tressoun als.

Thay band him fast, the Iustice bad belyif
To gif the dome, and tak of all his claithis;
The Uolf, that new maid Doctour, couth him schryif;
Syne furth him led, and to the gallous gais,
And at the ledder fute his leif he tais;
The Aip wes Boucher, and bad him sone ascend,
And hangit him; and thus he maid his end.

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[HARLEIAN

Before the iustice on hir kneis fell,
Put out hir plaint on this wayis wofully:
'This harlet huresoun, and this hound of hell,
Deuorit hes my lamb full doggitly,
Within ane myle, in contrair to 3our cry.
For goddis lufe, my lord, gif me the law
Of this lurker:' *with* that lowrence let draw.

'Byde,' quod the lioun, 'limmer, let ws se
Gif it be suthe the sillie 3ow hes said.'
'Aa, souerane lord, saif 3our mercy,' quod he,
'My purpois wes with him for to haif plaid;
Causles he fled, as he had bene effraid;
For dreid of deith he duschit ouer ane dyke,
And brak hes nek.' 'thow leis,' quod scho, 'fals tyke.

F. 30 *a*. 'His deith be practik may be preuit eith:
Thy gorrie gumis and thy bludie snout,
The woll, the flesche 3it stikkis on thy teith,
And that is euidence aneuch, but dout.'
The iustice bad ga cheis ane assyis about;
And so thay did, and fand that he wes fals,
Of murthour, thift, pykeing, and tressoun als.

Thay band him fast, the iustice bad belyif
To gif the dome, and tak of all his clais;
The wolf, that new maid doctour, couth him schriue;
Syne furth him led, and to the gallowis gais,
And at the ledder fute his leif he tais;
The aip wes boucher, and bad him sone ascend,
And hangit him; and thus he maid his end.

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CHARTERIS]

MORALITAS.

RICHT as the Mynour in his Minorall
Fair gold with fyre may fra the Leid weill wyn,
Richt so vnder ane Fabill figurall
Sad sentence men may seik, and efter fyne,
As daylie dois the Doctouris of Deuyne,
That to our leuing full weill can apply
And paynt thair mater furth be Poetry.

The Lyoun is the warld be liknes,
To quhome loutis baith Empriour and King,
And thinkis of this warld to get incres,
Thinkand daylie to get mair leuing;
Sum for to reull, and sum to raxe and Ring;
Sum gadderis geir, sum gold, sum vther gude;
To wyn this warld, sum wirkis as thay wer wod.

The Meir is Men of gude conditioun,
As Pilgrymes walkand in this wildernes,
Approuand that for richt Religioun
Thair God onlie to pleis in euerilk place;
Abstractit frome this warldis wretchitnes,
Fechtand with lust, presumptioun, and pryde,
And fra this warld in mynde ar mortyfyde.

This Uolf I likkin to Sensualitie,
As quhen, lyke brutall beistis, we accord
Our mynd all to this warldis vanitie,
Lyking to tak and loif him as our Lord:
Fle fast thairfra, gif thow will richt remord;
Than sall Ressoun ryse, Rax, and Ring,
And for thy Saull thair is na better thing.

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[HARLEIAN

Moralitas.

Richt as the minor in his minorale
Fair gold with fire may fra the leid weill win,
Richt so vnder ane fabill figurall
Sad sentence men may seik, and efter fyne,
As dailie dois the doctouris of deuyne,
That to oure leuing full weill can apply
And paynt thair mater furth be poetry.

F. 30 *b*. The lioun is the warld be liknes,
To quhome loutis baith empriour and king,
And thinkis of this warld to get incres,
Thinkand dailie to get mair leuing;
Sum for to rule, and sum to rax and ring;
Sum gadderis geir, sum gold, sum vther gude;
To win this warld, sum wirkis as thay wer wod.

The meir is men of gude conditioun,
As pilgrimes wandrand in this wildernes,
Approuand that for richt religioun
Thair god onlie to pleis in euerie place;
Abstractit frome this warldis wretchidnes,
Fechtand with lust, presumptioun, and pryde,
And fra this warld in mynde ar mortyfide.

This wolf I likkin to sensualitie,
As quhen, like brutall beistis, we accord
Oure mynd all to this warldis vanitie,
Lyking to tak and loif him as oure lord:
Fle fast thairfra, gif thow will richt remord;
Than sall ressoun ryis, rax, and ring,
And for thy saule thair is na better thing.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ Hir Hufe I likkin to the thocht of deid.
Will thow remember, Man, that thow man de?
Thow may brek Sensualiteis heid,
And fleschlie lust away fra the sall fle,
Fra thow begin thy mynd to mortifie;
Salomonis saying thow may persaif heirin:
'Think on thy end, thow sall not glaidlie sin.'

This Tod I likkin to Temptationis,
Beirand to mynd mony thochtis vane,
Assaultand men with sweit persuasionis,
Ay reddie for to trap thame in ane trayne;
Ȝit gif thay se Sensualitie neir slane,
And suddand deith draw neir with panis sore,
Thay go abak, and temptis thame no moir.

O Mediatour! mercifull and meik,
Thow Souerane Lord, and King Celestiall,
Thy Celsitude maist humillie we beseik,
Us to defend fra pane and perrellis all,
And help vs vp vnto thy heuinlie hall,
In gloir, quhair we may se the face of God.—
And thus endis the talking of the Tod.

¶ Finis.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 31 *a.* Hir hufe I likkin to the thocht of deid.
Will thow remember, man, that thow mon de?
Thow may brek sensualiteis heid,
And fleschlie lust away fra the sall fle,
Fra thow begin thy mynd to mortifie;
Salomonis saying thow may persaif heirin:
'Think on thy end, thow sall not glaidlie sin.'

This tod I likkin to temptationis,
Beirand to mynd mony thochtis vane,
Assaultand men be sweit perswationis,
Ay reddie for to trap thame in ane trane;
3it gif thay se sensualitie neir slane,
And suddane deith draw neir *with* panis sore,
Thay go abak, and temptis thame no moir.

O mediatour! mercifull and meik,
Thow souerane lord, and king celestiall,
Thy celsitude maist humelie we beseik,
Ws to defend frome pane and perrellis all,
And help ws vp vnto thy heuinlie hall,
In gloir, quhair we may se the face of god.—
And thus endis the talking of the tod.

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CHARTERIS]

THE TAILL OF THE SCHEIP AND THE DOIG.

[E][1]SOPE ane Taill puttis in memorie,
How that ane Doig, because that he wes pure,
Callit ane Scheip to the Consistorie,
Ane certane breid fra him for to recure.
Ane fraudfull Uolf wes Iuge that tyme, and bure
Authoritie and Iurisdictioun,
And on the Scheip send furth ane strait summoun.

For by the vse, and cours, and commoun style
On this maner maid his Citatioun:
'I, Maister Uolf, partles of fraud and gyle,
Under the panis of hie Suspensioun,
Of greit Cursing, and Interdictioun,
Schir Scheip, I charge the for to compeir,
And answer to ane Doig before me heir.'

Schir Corbie Rauin wes maid Apparitour,
Quha pykit had full mony Scheipis Ee;
The charge hes tane, and on the letteris bure;
Summonit the Scheip befoir the Uolf, that he
Peremptourlie, within twa dayis or thre,
Compeir vnder the panis in this bill,
'To heir quhat Perrie Doig will say the till.'

This Summond is[2] maid befoir witnes anew;
The Rauin, as to his office weill effeird,
Indorsat hes the write, and on he flew;
The selie Scheip durst lay na mouth on eird,
Till he befoir the awfull Iuge appeird,
The hour of cause quhilk that the Iuge vsit than,
Quhen Hesperus to schaw his face began.

[1] Torn off in the original. [2] Orig. 'Summondis.'

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[HARLEIAN

F. 31 *b*.

The taill of the Scheip and the Dog.

Esope ane[1] taill puttis in memorie,
How that ane dog, becaus that he wes pure,
Callit ane scheip to the consistorie,
Ane certane breid fra him for to recuir.
Ane fraudfull wolf wes iuge that tyme, & bure
Authoritie and iurisdictioun,
And on the scheip send furth ane strait summoun.

For by the vse, and cours, and co*m*moun stile
On this maner maid his citatioun:
'I, maister wolf, pairtles of fraude and gile,
Vnder the panis of hie suspensioun,
Of grit cursing, and interdictioun,
Schir scheip, I chairg the for to compeir,
And answeir to ane dog before me heir.'

Schir corbie rauin wes maid apparetour,
Quha pykit had full mony scheipis ee;
The charge hes tane, and on the letteris bure;
Summonit the scheip before the wolf, that he
Peremptourlie, within twa dayis or thre,
F. 32 *a*. Compeir vnder the panis in this bill,
'To heir quhat pirrie dog will say the till.'

This summond is maid before witnes anew;
The rauin, as to his office weill effeird,
Indorsate hes the write, and on he flew;
The sillie scheip durst lay na mouth on eird,
Till he before the awfull iuge appeird,
The hour of caus quhilk that the iuge vsit than,
Quhen hesperous to schaw his face began.

[1] Repeated twice in the MS.

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CHARTERIS]

The Foxe wes Clerk and Noter in the cause;
The Gled, the Graip, at the Bar couth stand;
As Aduocatis expert into the Lawis,
The Doggis pley togidder tuke on hand,
Quhilk wer confidderit straitlie in ane band,
Aganis the Scheip to procure the sentence;
Thocht it was fals, thay had na conscience.

The Clerk callit the Scheip, and he wes thair;
The Aduocatis on this wyse couth propone:
'Ane[1] certane breid, worth fyue schilling or mair,
Thow aw the Doig, of quhilk the terme is gone.'
Of his awin heid, but Aduocate allone,
The Scheip auysitlie gaif answer in the cace:
'Heir I declyne the Iuge, the tyme, the place.

'This is my cause, in motiue and effect:
The Law sayis, it is richt perrillous
Till enter in pley before ane Iuge suspect;
And ȝe, Schir Uolf, hes bene richt odious
To me, for with ȝour Tuskis rauenous
Hes slane full mony kinnismen of myne;
Thairfoir, Iuge as suspect, I ȝow declyne.

'And schortlie, of this Court ȝe memberis all,
Baith Assessouris, Clerk, and Aduocate,
To me and myne ar enemeis mortall,
And ay hes bene, thocht I mycht not it lat;
The place is fer, the tyme is feriat,[2]
Quhairfoir na Iuge suld sit in Consistorie,
Sa lait at euin, I ȝow accuse for thy.'

[1] Orig. 'and.' [2] Orig. 'insperate,' but indistinct. Hart, 'desperat.'

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[HARLEIAN

The foxe wes clerk and notare in the cause;
The gled, the grape, at the bar couth stand;
As aduocatis expert in the lawis,
The doggis pley to gidder tuke on hand,
Quhilk wer confidderate straitlie in ane band,
Aganis the scheip to procure the sentence;
Thocht it was fals, thay had na conscience.

The clerk callit the scheip, and he wes thair;
The aduocatis on this wayis couth propone:
'Ane certane breid, worth fyue schillingis or mair,
Thow aw the dog, of quhilk the terme is gone.'
Of his awin heid, but aduocate allone,
F. 32 *b.* The scheip auisitlie gaif answer in the cace:
'Heir I decline the iuge, the tyme, the place.

'This is my cause, in motiue and effect:
The law sayis, it is richt perrillous
Till enter in pley before ane iuge suspect;
And ȝe, schir wolf, hes bene richt odious
To me, for with ȝour tuskis rauenous
Hes slane full mony kynnismen of myne;
Thairfoir, iuge as suspect, I ȝow decline.

'And schortlie, of this court ȝe memberis all,
Baith assessouris, clerk, and aduocate,
To me and myne ar ennemeis mortale,
And ay hes bene, as mony scheiphird wate;
The place is fer, the tyme is feriat,
Quhairfoir na iuge suld sit in consistorie,
Sa lait at evin, I ȝow accuse for thy.'

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CHARTERIS]

Quhen that the Iuge on this wyse wes accusit,
He bad the parteis cheis, with ane assent,
Twa Arbeteris, as in the Law is vsit,
For to declair and gif Arbitrement,
Quhidder the scheip suld answer in Iugement
Before the Uolf; and so thay did but weir,
Of quhome the Namis efterwart ȝe sall heir.

¶ The Beir, the Brok the mater tuke on hand,
For to decyde gif this exceptioun
Wes of na strenth, nor lauchfullie mycht stand;
And thairupon, as Iugis, thay sat doun,
And held ane lang quhile disputatioun,
Seikand full mony Decreitis of the Law,
And Glosis als, the veritie to knaw.

Of Ciuile Law volumis full mony thay reuolue,
The Codies and Digestes new and ald;
Contrait, Prostrait Argumentis thay resolue,
Sum obiecting, and sum can hald;
For prayer, or price, trow ȝe that thay wald fald?
Bot had the glose and Text of the Decreis,
As trew Iugis; I beschrew thame ay that leis.

Schortlie to mak ane end of this debait:
The Arbiteris than did sweir full plane,
The sentence gaif and proces fulminat:
The Scheip suld pas befoir the Uolf agane,
And end his pley. Than wes he nathing fane,
For fra thair sentence couth he not appeill.
On Clerkis I do it,[1] gif this sentence wes leill.

[1] Hart, 'I doe giue.'

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[HARLEIAN

Quhen that the iuge in this wayis wes accusit,
He bad the parteis cheis, with ane assent,
Twa arbeteris, as in the law is vsit,
For to declair and gif arbitriment,
Quhidder the scheip suld answer in iugement
F. 33 *a*. Before the wolf; and so thay did but weir,
Of quhome the names efterwart ȝe sall heir.

The beir, the brok the mater tuik on hand,
For to decyde gif this exceptioun
Wes of na strenth, nor lauchfullie micht stand;
And thairupoun, as iugeis, thay sat doun,
And held ane lang quhile disputatioun,
Seikand full mony decreitis of the law,
And glosis als, the veritie to knaw.

Of ciuile law volumis full mony thay reuolue,
The codies and degistis new and ald;
Contrait, prostrait argumentis thay resolue,
Sum obiecting, and sum can hald;
For prayer, or price, trow ȝe that thay wald fald?
Bot held the text and glose of the decries,
As trew iugeis; I beschrew tha*me* ay that leis.

Schortlie to mak ane end of this debait:
The arbiteris than sweirand plane,
The sentence gaif and proces fulminate:
F. 33 *b*. The scheip suld pas before the wolf agane,
And end his pley: than wes he na thing fane,
For fra thair sentence couth he not appeill.
On clerkis I do it, gif this sentence wes leill.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ The Scheip agane befoir the Uolf derenȝeit,
But Aduocate, abasitlie couth stand.
Up rais the doig, and on the Scheip thus plenȝeit:
'Ane soume I payit haif befoir the hand
For certane breid;' thairto ane Borrow he fand,
That wrangouslie the Scheip did hald the breid;
Quhilk he denyit; and thair began the pleid.

¶ And quhen the Scheip this strif[1] had contestait,
The Iustice in the cause furth can proceid;
Lowrence the actis and the proces wrait,
And thus the pley vnto the end thay speid.
This Cursit Court, corruptit all for meid,
Aganis gude faith, Law, and eik conscience,
For this fals Doig pronuncit the sentence.

And it till put to executioun,
The Uolf chargit the Scheip, without delay,
Under the panis of Interdictioun,
The soume of siluer, or the breid, to pay.
Of this sentence, allace, quhat sall I say,
Quhilk dampnit hes the selie Innocent,
And Iustifyit the wrangous Iugement?

The Scheip, dreidand mair executioun,
Obeyand to the sentence, he couth tak
His way vnto ane Merchand of the Toun,
And sauld the woll that he bure on his bak;
Syne bocht the breid, and to the Doig couth mak
Reddie payment, as it commandit was:
Nakit and bair syne to the feild couth pas.

[1] Orig. ? 'stuf.'

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[HARLEIAN

The scheip agane before the wolf dereinȝeit,
But aduocat, abasitlie couth stand.
Vp rais the dog, and on the scheip thus pleinȝeit:
'Ane soume I pait haif before the hand
For certane breid;' thairto ane borrow he fand,
That wranguslie the scheip did hald the breid;
Quhilk he denyit; and thair began the pleid.

And quhen the scheip this stryif had co*n*testait,
The iustice in the caus furth can proceid;
Lowrence the actis and the proces wrait,
And thus the pley vnto the end thay speid.
This cursit court, corruptit all for meid,
Aganis gude faith, law, and eik conscience,
For this fals dog pronu*n*cit the sentence.

And it till put to executioun,
The wolf chairgit the scheip, without delay,
Vnder the panis of interdictioun,
F. 34 *a*. The sowme of siluer, or the breid, to pay.
Of this sentence, allace, quhat sall I say,
Quhilk dampnit hes the silie innocent,
And iustifiit the wrangous iugement?

The scheip, dreidand mair the executioun,
Obayand to the sentence, he couth tak
His way vnto ane merchand of the touñ,
And sauld the woll he bure vpoun his bak;
Syne brocht the breid, and to the dog couth mak
Reddie payme*n*t, as it commandit was:
Naikit and bair syne to the feild couth pas.

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CHARTERIS]

MORALITAS.

THIS sillie Scheip may present the figure
Of pure commounis, that daylie is opprest
Be Tirrane men, quhilkis settis all thair cure
Be fals menis to mak ane wrang conqueist,
In hope this present lyfe suld euer lest;
Bot all begylit thay will in schort tyme end,
And efter deith to lestand panis wend.

¶ This Uolf I likkin to ane Schiref stout,
Quhilk byis ane forfalt at the Kingis hand,
And hes with him ane cursit Assyis about,
And dytis all the pure men vp on land.
Fra the Crownar haif laid on him his wand,
Thocht he wer trew as euer wes Sanct Iohne,
Slane sall he be, or with the Iuge compone.

This Rauin I likkin to ane fals Crownar,
Quhilk hes ane portioun[1] of the Inditement,
And passis furth befoir the Iustice Air,
All misdoaris to bring to Iugement;
Bot luke, gif he wes of ane trew Intent,
To Scraip out Iohne, and wryte in Will, or Wat,
And swa ane bud at baith the parteis tak.[2]

Of this fals Tod, of quhilk I spak befoir,
And of this Gled, quhat thay micht signifie,
Of thair nature, as now I speik no moir;
Bot of this Scheip and of his cairfull cry
I sall reheirs; for as I passit by
Quhair that he lay, on cais I lukit doun,
And hard him mak sair lamentatioun.

[1] Cf. p. 296. [2] Cf. p. 296.

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[HARLEIAN

Moralitas.

This sillie scheip may present the figure
Of pure commounis, that daylie ar opprest
Be tirrane men, quhilk settis all thair cure
Be fals meinis to mak ane wrang conquest,
In hope this present life suld euer lest;
Bot albegilit thay will in schort tyme end,
And efter deith to lestand panis wend.

This wolf I likkin to ane schireff stout,
F. 34 *b*. Quhilk byis ane forfalt at the kingis hand,
And hes with him ane cursit assyis about,
And dytis all the pure men vpon land.
Fra the crownare haif lait on him his wand,
Thocht he wer trew as euir wes sanct Iohnne,
Slane sall he be, or with the iuge compone.

This ravin I likkin to ane fals crownair,
Quhilk hes ane portioun[1] of the inditement,
And passis furth before the iustice air,
All misdoaris to bring to iugement;
Bot luik, gif he was of ane trew intent,
To scraip out Iohne, and write in will, or wat,
And tak ane bud at baith the parteis tat.[2]

Of this fals tod, of quhilk I spak befoir,
And of this gled, quhat thay micht signifie,
Of thair nature, as now I speik no moir;
Bot of this scheip and of his cairfull cry
I sall reheirs; for as I passit by
Quhair that he lay, on cais I luikit doun,
And hard him mak sair lamentatiouñ.

[1] Cf. p. 296. [2] Cf. p. 296.

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CHARTERIS]

'Allace,' quod he, 'this cursit consistorie,
In middis of the winter now is maid,
Quhen Boreas with blastis bitterlie
And hard froistis thir flouris doun can faid;
On bankis bair now may I mak na baid.'
And with that word in to ane Coif he Crap,
Fra sair wedder and frostis him to hap.

Quaikand for cauld, sair murnand ay amang,
Kest vp his Ee vnto the heuinnis hicht,
And said: 'Lord God, quhy sleipis thow sa lang?
Walk, and discerne my cause, groundit on richt;
Se how I am, be fraud, maistrie, and slicht,
Peillit full bair:' and so is mony one
Now in this warld, richt wonder, wo be gone!

Se, how this cursit sone[1] of couetice,
Loist hes baith lawtie and eik Law.
Now few or nane will execute Iustice,
In falt of quhome the pure man is ouerthraw.
The veritie, suppois the Iuge it knaw,
He is so blindit with affectioun,
But dreid, for micht, he lettis the richt ga doun.

Seis thow not, Lord, this warld ouerturnit is,
As quha wald change gude gold in leid or tyn;
The pure is peillit; the Lord may do na mis;
And Simonie is haldin for na syn;
Now is he blyith with okker maist may win;
Gentrice is slane, and pietie is ago,
Allace, gude Lord, quhy tholis thow it so?

[1] See p. 297, l. 155.

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[HARLEIAN

'Allace,' quod he, 'this cursit consistorie,
In middis of the winter now is maid,
F. 35 *a*. Quhen borias with blastis bitterlie
And hard frostis thir flouris doun can faid;
On bankis bair now may I mak na baid.'
And with that word in to ane coif he crap,
Fra sair wedder and frostis him to hap.

Quaikand for cauld, sair murnand ay amang,
Kest vp his ee vnto the hevinis hicht,
And said: 'lord god, quhy slepis thow sa lang?
Walk, and decerne my caus, groundit on richt;
Se how I am, be fraude, maistrie, and slicht,
Peillit full bair:' and so is mony one
Now in this warld, richt wonder, wo be gone!

Se, how this cursit sone[1] of couetice,
Lost hes baith lawtie and eik law.
Now few or nane will execute iustice,
In falt of quhome the pure man is ouerthraw.
The veritie, suppois the iuge it knaw,
He is so blindit with affectioun,
But dreid, for micht, he lettis the richt ga doun.

Seis thow not, lord, this warld ouerturnit is,
As quha wald change gude gold in leid or tin;
The pure is peillit; the lord may do na mis;
And simonie is haldin for na sin;
[ ][2]
F. 35 *b*. Gentrice is slane, and pietie is ago,
Allace, gude lord, quhy tholis thow it so?

[1] See p. 297, l. 155.

[2] Line omitted in MS.

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CHARTERIS]

Thow tholis this euin for our gret offence,
Thow sendis vs troubill and plaigis soir,
As hunger, derth, greit weir, or Pestilence;
Bot few amendis now thair lyfe thairfoir.
We puir pepill, as now may Do no moir
Bot pray to the, sen that we ar opprest
In to this eirth, grant vs in heuin gude rest.

¶ Finis.

¶ THE TAILL OF THE LYOUN AND THE MOUS.

IN middis of Iune, that sweit seasoun,
Quhen that fair Phebus, with his bemis bricht,
Had dryit vp the dew fra daill and doun,
And all the land maid with his bemis licht,
In ane morning, betuix mid day and nicht,
I Rais, and put all sleuth and sleip asyde,
And to ane wod I went allone but gyde.

¶ Sweit wes the smel of flouris, quhyte and reid,
The noyes of birdis richt delitious,
The bewis braid blomit abone my heid,
The ground growand with gers gratious;
Of all plesance that place wes plenteous,
With sweit odouris and birdis harmonie,
The Murning Myld: my mirth wes mair for thy.

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[HARLEIAN

Thow tholis this evin for oure grit offence,
Thow sendis ws troubill and plaigis sore,
As hunger, derth, grit weir, or pestilence;
Bot few amendis now thair lyfe thairfore.
We puir pepłe, as now may do no moir
Bot pray to the, sen that we ar opprest
In to this eirth, grant ws in hevin gude rest.

Finis.

F. 36 *a*.

The taill of the Lyoun and the Mous.

In middis of Iune, that sweit seasoun̄,
Quhen that fair phebus, *with* his bemis bricht,
Had dryit vp the dew fra daill and doun,
And all the land maid *with* his bemis licht,
In ane morni*n*g, betuix midday and nicht,
I rais, and put all sleip and sleuth aside,
And to ane wod I went allone but gide.

Sweit was the smell of flouris, quhite and reid,
The noyes of birdis richt delitious,
The bewis braid blomit abone my heid,
The ground growand with gres gratious;
Of all plesance that place wes plentious,
With sweit odouris and birdis harmony,
The morni*n*g myld: my mirth wes mair for thy.

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CHARTERIS]

The Rosis reid arrayit on Rone and Ryce,
The Prymeros, and the Purpour Uiola;
To heir it wes ane poynt of Paradice,
Sic Mirth the Mauis and the Merle couth ma.
The blossummis blyith brak vp on bank and bra;
The smell of Herbis and of foullis cry
Contending quha suld haif the victorie.

Me to conserue than fra the sonis heit,
Under the schadow of ane Hawthorne grene,
I lenit doun amang the flouris sweit,
Syne cled my heid, and closit baith my Ene
On sleip I fell amang thir bewis bene,
And in my dreme me thocht come throw the schaw
The fairest man that euer before I saw.

His gowne wes of ane claith als quhyte as milk;
His Chemeis was of Chambelote Purpour Broun;
His hude of Scarlet, bordowrit weill with silk,
On hekillit wyis, vntill his girdill doun;
His Bonat round, and of the auld fassoun;
His heid wes quhyte; his Ene wes greit and gray,
With lokker hair, quhilk ouer his schulderis lay.

¶ Ane Roll of paper in his hand he bair;
Ane Swannis pen stikand vnder his eir;
Ane Inkhorne, with ane prettie gilt Pennair,
Ane bag of silk, all at his belt can beir:
Thus was he gudlie graithit in his geir.
Of stature large, and with ane feirfull face:
Euin quhair I lay he come ane sturdie pace,

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[HARLEIAN

The rosis reid arrayit on rone and ryce,
The prymerois, and the purpour violat bla;
To heir it was ane point of parradice,
Sic mirth the maueis and the merle couth ma.
The blossumis blith brak vp on bank and bra;
The smell of herbis and of foulis cry
Contending quha suld haif the victory.

F. 36 *b*. Me to conserue than fra the sonis heit,
Vnder the schaddow of ane hawthorne grene,
I lenit doun amang the flouris sweit,
Syne cled my heid, and closit baith my ene.
One sleip I fell amang thir bewis bene,
And in my dreme me thocht come throw the schaw
The fairest man that euer before I saw.

His gown wes of ane claith als quhite as milk;
His chemeis was of chambelet pourpour broun;
His hude of skarlate, bordourit weill *with* silk,
On hekillit wyis, vntill his girdill doun;
His bonet round, and of the auld fassoun;
His beird wes quhite; his ene wes grit and gray,
With lokker hair, quhilk ouer his schulderis lay.

Ane roll of paper in his hand he bair;
Ane swa*n*nis pen stikkand vnder his eir;
Ane Inkhorne, *with* ane prettie gilt pennair,
Ane bag of silk, all at his belt can beir:
Thus was he gudlie grathit in his geir.
Of stature large, and with ane feirfull face:
Evin quhair I lay he come ane sturdy pace,

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CHARTERIS]

And said, 'God speid, my sone'; and I wes fane
Of that couth word, and of his cumpanie;
With reuerence I salusit him agane:
'Welcome, Father'; and he sat doun me by.
'Displeis 3ow not, my gude maister, thocht I
Demand 3our birth, 3our facultie, and name,
Quhy 3e come heir, or quhair 3e dwell at hame.'

'My sone,' said he, 'I am of gentill blude;
My natiue land is Rome withouttin nay;
And in that[1] Towne first to the Sculis I 3ude,
In Ciuile Law studyit full mony ane day;
And now my winning is in Hevin for ay:
Esope I hecht; my wryting and my werk
Is couth and kend to mony cunning Clerk.'[2]

'O Maister Esope, Poet Laureate,
God wait, 3e ar full deir welcum to me;
Ar 3e not he that all thir Fabillis wrait,
Quhilk in effect, suppois thay fen3eit be,
Ar full of prudence and moralitie?'
'Fair sone,' said he, 'I am the samin man.'
God wait, gif that my hert wes merie than.

I said, 'Esope, my Maister Uenerabill,
I 3ow beseik hartlie, for cheritie,
3e wald not disdayne to tell ane prettie Fabill,
Concludand with ane gude Moralitie.'
Schaikand his heid, he said: 'my sone lat be,
For quhat is it worth to tell ane fen3eit taill,
Quhen haly preiching may na thing auaill?

[1] Orig. 'the.'

[2] Lines 1367 and 1368 are transposed in orig.

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[HARLEIAN

And said, 'god speid, my sone'; and I was fane
F. 37 *a*. Of that couth word, and of his cu*m*pany;
With reuerence I salust him agane:
'Welcome, father'; & he sat doun me by.
'Displeis 3ow not, my gude maister, tho*ch*t I
Demand 3our birth, 3our facultie, and name,
Quhy 3e come heir, or quhair 3e dwell at hame.'

'My sone,' said he, 'I am of gentill blude;
My natiue land is Rome withouttin nay;
And in that toun first to the scolis I 3ude,
In ciuile law studijt full mony ane day;
And now my wy*n*ning is in hevin for ay:
Esope I hecht; my writing and my werk
Is couth and kend to mony cu*n*ning clerk.'

'O maister esope, poete lawriate,
God wait, 3e ar full deir welcome to me;
Ar 3e not he that all thir fabillis wrait,
Quhilk in effect, suppois thay fein3eit be,
Ar full of prudence and moralitie?'
'Fair sone,' said he, 'I am the samyn man.'
God wait, gif that my hert wes merie than.

I said, 'esope, my maister venerable,
I 3ow beseik hertlie, for charitie,
F. 37 *b*. 3e wald not disdane to tell ane prettie fabill,
Concludand with ane guid moralitie.'
Schaikand his heid, he said: 'my sone lat be,
For quhat is it wirth to tell ane fein3eit taill,
Quhen halie preiching may na thing awaill?

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CHARTERIS]

'Now in this warld, me think, richt few or nane
To Goddis worde that hes deuotioun;
The eir is deif, the hart is hard as stane,
Now oppin sin without correctioun,
The eir Inclynand to the eirth ay doun;
Sa roustie is the warld with canker blak,
That now my taillis may lytill succour mak.'

'3it,[1] gentill Schir,' said I, 'for my requeist,
Not to displeis 3our Fatherheid, I pray,
Under the figure of ane brutall beist,
Ane morall Fabill 3e wald den3e to say:
Quha wait nor I may leir and beir away
Sum thing thairby heirefter may auaill?'
'I grant,' quod he, and thus begouth ane taill.

¶ The end of the Prolog and beginnis the Taill:

ANE LYOUN AT HIS Pray verray foirrun,
To recreat his limmis and to rest,
Beikand his breist and bellie at the Sone,
Under ane tre lay in the fair Forrest;
Swa come ane trip of Myis out of thair nest,
Rycht tait and trig, all dansand in ane gyis,
And ouer the Lyoun th[a]y dansit twyis or thryis.

¶ He lay so still, the Myis wes not effeird,
Bot to and fro out ouer him tuke thair trace;
Sum tirllit at the Campis of his beird,
Sum spairit not to claw him on the face;
Merie and glaid thus dansit thay ane space,
Till at the last the Nobill Lyoun woke,
And with his pow the maister Mous he tuke.

[1] Orig. '3is.'

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[HARLEIAN

'Now in this warld, me think, richt few or nane
To goddis worde that hes deuotioun;
The eir is deif, the hart is hard as stane,
Now oppin sin without correctioun,
The hart inclynand to the eirth ay doun;
Sa roustit is the warld with canker blak,
That now my taillis may litill succour mak.'

'3it, gentill schir,' said I, 'for my requeist,
Not to displeis 3our father heid, I pray,
Vnder the figure of a brutale beist,
Ane morale fabill 3e wald den3e to say:
Quha wait nor I may leir and beir away
Sum thing thairby heirefter may auaill?'
'I grant,' quod he, and thus begouth ane taill.

The end of the prolog & beginnis
the taill:

F. 38 *a*. Ane Lyoun at his pray wery[1] foirrun,
To recreat his limmis and to rest,
Beikand his breist and belly at the sun,
Vnder ane tre lay in the fair forrest;
Sua come ane trip of myis out of thair nest,
Richt tait and trig, all dansand in ane gyis,
And ouer the lioun lansit twyis or thryis.

He lay sa still, the myis was not effeird,
Bot to and fra out ouer him tuik thair trace;
Sum tirlit at the campis of his beird,
Sum sparit not to claw him on the face;
Merie and glaid thus dansit thay ane space,
Till at the last the noble lyoun woke,
And with his pow the maister mous he tuke.

[1] MS. 'war.'

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CHARTERIS]

Scho gaif ane cry, and all the laif agast
Thair dansing left, and hid thame heir and thair;
Scho that wes tane cryit and weipit fast,
And said allace oftymes that scho come thair:
'Now am I tane ane wofull presonair,
And for my gilt traistis Incontinent
Of lyfe and deith to thoill the Iugement.'

Than spak the Lyoun to that cairfull Mous:
'Thow Catiue wretche, and vile vnworthie thing,
Ouer malapert and eik presumpteous
Thow wes, to mak out ouer me thy tripping.
Knew thow not weill I wes baith Lord and King
Of beistis all?' 'ȝes,' quod the Mous, 'I knaw;
Bot I misknew, becaus ȝe lay so law.

'Lord! I beseik thy Kinglie Royaltie,
Heir quhat I say, and tak in pacience;
Considder first my simple pouertie,
And syne thy mychtie hie Magnificence;
Se als how thingis done of Negligence,
Nouther of malice nor of presumptioun,
The rather suld haif grace and remissioun.

'We wer repleit and had greit aboundance
Of alkin thingis, sic as to vs effeird;
The sweit sesoun prouokit vs to dance,
And mak sic mirth as nature to vs leird.
ȝe lay sa still and law vpon the eird
That, be my saull, we weind ȝe had bene deid,
Ellis wald we not haif dancit ouer ȝour heid.'

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[HARLEIAN

Scho gaif ane cry, and all the laif agast
Thair dansing left, and hid thame sone all quhair;
Scho that wes tane cryit and weipit fast,
And said allace oftymes that scho come thair:
'Now am I tane ane wofull presonair,
And for my gilt traistis incontinent
Of lyfe and deith to thole the iugement.'

Than spak the lioun to that cairfull mous:
F. 38 *b*. 'Thow catiue wretche, and vile vnworthie thing,
Ouer malapart and eik presumpteous
Thow wes, to mak out ouer me thy tripping.
Knew[1] thow not weill I was baith lord and king
Of beistis all?' '3is,' quod the mous, 'I knaw;
Bot I misknew, becaus 3e lay so law.

'Lord! I beseik thy kinglie royaltie,
Heir quhat I say, and tak in patience;
Considder first my simple pouertie,
And syne thy michtie hie magnificence;
Se als how thingis done of negligence,
Nouther of malice nor of presumptioun,
The rather suld haif grace and remissioun.

'We war repleit and had grit aboundance
Of all kin thingis, sic as to ws effeird;
The sweit sesoun prouokit ws to dance,
And mak sic mirth as nature to ws leird.
3e lay sa still and law vpoun the eird
That, be my saule, we wenid 3e had bene deid,
Ellis wald we not haif dancit ouer 3our heid.'

[1] MS. 'Qnew.'

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CHARTERIS]

'Thy fals excuse,' the Lyoun said agane,
'Sall not auaill ane myte, I vnderta;
I put the cace, I had bene deid or slane,
And syne my skyn bene stoppit full of stra,
Thocht thow had found my figure lyand swa,
Because it bair the prent of my persoun,
Thow suld for feir on kneis haif fallin doun.

'For thy trespas thow sall mak na defence,
My Nobill persoun thus to vilipend;
Of thy feiris, nor thy awin negligence,
For to excuse, thow can na caus pretend;
Thairfoir thow suffer sall ane schamefull end,
And deith, sic as to tressoun is decreit,
Upon the Gallous hangit be the feit.'

'Na, mercie, Lord, at thy gentrice I ase,
As thow art King of beistis Coronat,
Sober thy wraith, and let it ouerpas,
And mak thy mynd to mercy Inclynat.
I grant offence is done to thyne estait,
Quhairfoir I worthie am to suffer deid,
Bot gif thy cumlie mercy reik remeid.

'In euerie Iuge mercy and reuth suld be
As Assessouris, and collaterall;
Without mercy Iustice is crueltie,
As said is in the Lawis speciall:
Quhen Rigour sittis in the Tribunall,
The equitie of Law quha may sustene?
Richt few or nane, but mercie gang betwene.

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[HARLEIAN

'Thy fals excuse,' the lioun said agane,
F. 39 *a*. 'Sall not awaill ane myte, I vnderta;
I put the cace, I had bene deid or slane,
And syne my skin bene stoppit full of stra,
Thocht thow had found my figure liand swa,
Becaus it bare the prent of my persoun,
Thow suld for feir on kneis haif fallin doun.

'For thy trespas thow can mak na defence,
My noble persoun thus to vilipend;
Of thy feiris, nor thy awin negligence,
For to excuse, thow can na caus pretend;
Thairfoir thow suffer sall ane schamefull end,
And deith, sic as to tressoun is decreit,
Vpon the gallous harlit be the feit.'

'Na, mercie, lord, at thy gentrice I ase,
As thow art king of beistis coronate,
Sober thy wraith, and let it ouerpas,
And mak thy mynd to mercy inclynate.
I grant offence is done to thine estait,
Quhairfore I wirthie am to suffer deid,
Bot gif thy kinglie mercy reik remeid.

'In euerie iuge mercy and truth suld be
F. 39 *b*. As assessouris, and collaterall;
Without mercy iustice is crueltie,
As said is in the lawis speciall:
Quhen rigour sittis in the tribunale,
The equitie of law quha may sustene?
Richt few or nane, but mercy gang betwene.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ 'Alswa ȝe knaw the honour Triumphall
Of all Uictour vpon the strenth dependis
Of his compair, quhilk manlie in battell
Throw Ieopardie of weir lang defendis.
Quhat price or louing, quhen the battell endis,
Is said of him that ouercummis ane man,
Him to defend quhilk nouther may nor can?

'Ane thousand Myis to kill, and eik deuoir,
Is lytill manheid to ane strang lyoun;
Full lytill worschip haif ȝe wyn thairfoir,
To quhais strenth is na comparisoun;
It will degraid sum part of ȝour renoun
To sla ane Mous, quhilk may mak na defence,
Bot askand mercie at ȝour excellence.

'Also it semes not ȝour Celsitude,
Quhilk vsis daylie meittis delitious,
To fyle ȝour teith or lippis with my blude,
Quhilk to ȝour stomok is contagious;
Unhailsum meit is of ane sarie Mous,
And that namelie vntill ane strang Lyoun,
Uont till be fed with gentill Uennisoun.

'My lyfe is lytill worth, my deith is les,
ȝit and I leif, I may peraduenture
Supple ȝour hienes beand in distres;
For oft is sene ane man of small stature
Reskewit hes ane Lord of hie honour,
Keipit that wes in point to be ouerthrawin
Throw misfortune: sic cace may be ȝour awin.'

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[HARLEIAN

'Alswa ȝe knaw the honour triumphall
Of all victour vpoun the strenth dependis
Of his conqueist, quhilk manlie in battell
Throw ieoperdie of weir lang defendis.
Quhat price or louing, quhen the battell endis,
Is said of him that ouercu*m*is ane man,
Him to defend quhilk nouther may nor can?

'Ane thousand myis to kill, and eik deuoir,
Is litill manheid to ane strang lioun;
Full litill worschip haif ȝe win thairfoir,
To quhais strenth is na comparisoun;
It will degraid sum pairt of ȝour renoun
To slay ane mous, quhilk may mak na defence,
Bot askand mercie at ȝour excellence.

'Also it simes not ȝour celsitude,
F. 40 *a*. Quhilk vsis dalie meittis delitious,
To fyle ȝour lippis and teith w*it*h my blude,
Quhilk to ȝour stomok is contagious;
Vnhailsum meit is of ane sarie mous,
And that namelie vnto ane strang lioun,
Wont till be fed with gentill vennesoun.

'My lyfe is litill worth, my deith is les,
ȝit and I leif, I may peraduentour
Supplie ȝour hienes beand in distres;
For oft is sene ane man of small stature
Reskewit hes ane lord of hie honour,
Keipit that wes in point to be ouerthrawin
Throw misfortoun: sic cace may be ȝour awin.'

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CHARTERIS]

¶ Quhen this wes said, the Lyoun his language
Paissit, and thocht according to ressoun,
And gart mercie his cruell Ire asswage,
And to the Mous grantit Remissioun;
Oppinnit his Poll, and scho on kneis fell doun,
And baith hir handis vnto the heuin vpheld,
Cryand: 'Almychtie God mot ȝow forȝeild!'

Quhen scho wes gone, the Lyoun held to hunt,
For he had nocht, bot leuit on his Pray,
And slew baith tayme and wyld, as he wes wont,
And in the cuntrie maid ane greit deray;
Till at the last the pepill fand the way
This cruell Lyoun how that thay mycht tak:
Of Hempyn cordis strang Nettis couth thay mak.

And in ane Rod, quhair he wes wont to ryn,
With Raipis rude fra tre to tre it band;
Syne kest ane Range on raw the woid within,
With hornis blast, and Kennettis fast calland.
The Lyoun fled, and, throw the Ron rynnand,
Fell in the Net, and hankit fute and heid;
For all his strenth he couth mak na remeid.

Uelterand about with hiddeous rummissing,
Quhyle to, quhyle fra, quhill he mycht succour get;
Bot all in vane, it vailȝeit him na thing;
The mair he flang, the faster wes the Net;
The Raipis rude wes sa about him knet,
On euerilk syde, that succour saw he nane;
Bot still lyand and murnand maid his mane.

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[HARLEIAN

Quhen this wes said, the lioun his language
Paissit, and thocht according to ressoun,
And gart mercie his cruell ire asswage,
And to the mous grantit remissioun;
Oppynnit his pow, and scho on kneis fell doun,
And baith hir handis vnto the heuin vpheild,
Cryand: 'almichtie god mot ȝow forȝeild!'

Quhen scho was gone, the lioun held to hunt,
For he had nocht, bot leuit on his pray,
F. 40 *b*. And slew baith tayme and wyld, as he wes wunt,
And in the cuntrie maid a grit deray;
Till at the last the pepill fand the way
This cruell lioun how that thay micht tak:
Of hempin cordis strang nettis couth thay mak.

And in þe rod, quhair he was wont to rin,
With raipis rude fra tre to tre it band;
Syne kest ane range on raw the wod within,
With hornis blast, and kennetis fast calland.
The lioun fled, and, throw the rone rynnand,
Fell in the net, and hankit fute and heid;
For all his strenth he couth mak na remeid.

Welterand about with hiddious rummissing,
Quhile to, quhile fra, quhill he micht succour get;
Bot all in vane, it vailȝeit him na thing;
The mair he flang, the faster was the net;
The raipis rude was sa about him plet,
On euerie side, that succour saw he none;
Bot still liand and murnand maid his mone.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ 'O lamit Lyoun, liggand heir sa law,
Quhair is the mycht of thy Magnificence,
Of quhome all brutall beist in eird stude aw,
And dred to luke vpon thy Excellence?
But hoip or help, but succour or defence,
In bandis strang heir man I ly, allace!
Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.

'Thair is na wy that will my harmis wreik,
Nor creature do confort to my Croun.
Quha sall me bute? quha sall my bandis brek?
Quha sall me put fra pane of this Presoun?'
Be he had maid this lamentatioun,
Throw auenture the lytill Mous come neir,
And of the Lyoun hard the pietuous beir.

And suddandlie it come in till hir mynd
That it suld be the Lyoun did hir grace,
And said, 'now wer I fals and richt vnkynd,
Bot gif I quit sum part of thy gentrice
Thow did to me:' and on this way scho gais
To hir fellowis, and on thame fast can cry,
'Cum help, cum help!' and thay come all in hy.

'Lo,' quod the Mous, 'this is the samin Lyoun
That grantit grace to me quhen I wes tane;
And now is fast heir bundin in Presoun,
Brekand his hart with sair murning and mane;
Bot we him help, of succour wait he nane;
Cum help to quyte ane gude turne for ane vther,
Go, lous him sone:' and thay said, 'ȝea, gude brother.'

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[HARLEIAN

'O lamit lioun, liggand heir sa law,
Quhair is the micht of thy magnificence,
Of quhome all brutall beistis in eird stuid aw,
F. 41 *a.* And dreid to luik vpoun thy excellence?
But hoip or help, but succour or defence,
In bandis strang heir man I ly, allace!
Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.

'Thair is na wy that will my harmes wreik,
Nor creature do confort to my croun.
Quha sall me bute? quha sall my bandis breke?
Quha sall me put fra pane of this presoun?'
Be he had maid this lamentatioun,
Throw auenture the litill mous come neir,
And of the lioun hard the pietuous beir.

And suddanlie it come in to hir mynd
That it suld be the lioun did hir grace,
And said, 'now wer I fals and richt vnkynd,
Bot gif I quite sum pairt of thy gentrace
Thow did to me:' and on this wayis scho gais
To hir fellowis, and on thame fast can cry,
'Cum help, cum help!' and thay come all in hy.

'Lo,' quod the mouß, 'this is the samyn lioun
That grantit grace to me quhen I was tane;
And now is fast heir bundin in presoun,
Brekand his hart with sair murning and mane;
F. 41 *b.* Bot we him help, of succour wait he nane;
Cum help to quit ane gude turne for ane vther,
Go, lous him sone:' and thay said, 'ȝe, gude brother.'

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CHARTERIS]

¶ Thay tuke na knyfe, thair teith wes scharp aneuch.
To se that sicht, forsuith it wes greit wonder,
How that thay ran amang the raipis teuch;
Befoir, behind, sum ȝeid about, sum vnder,
And schuir the raipis of the Mast in schunder;
Syne bad him ryse; and he start vp anone,
And thankit thame; syne on his way is gone.

Now is the Lyoun fre of all danger,
Lous and Deliuerit to his libertie,
Be lytill beistis of ane small power,
As ȝe haif hard, becaus he had pietie.
Quod I, 'Maister, is thair ane moralitie
In this Fabill?' 'ȝea, sone,' he said, 'richt gude.'—
'I pray ȝow, Schir,' quod I, 'ȝe wald conclude.'

MORALITAS.

AS I SUPPOSE, THIS mychtie gay Lyoun
May signifie ane Prince, or Empriour,[1]
Ane Potestate, or ȝit ane king with Croun,
Quhilk suld be walkrife gyde and Gouernour
Of his pepill, that takis na labour
To reule and steir the land, and Iustice keip,
Bot lyis still in lustis, sleuth, and sleip.

The fair Forrest *with* leuis lowne and le,
With foullis sang, and flouris ferlie sweit,
Is bot the warld and his prosperitie,
As fals plesance myngit with cair repleit.
Rycht as the Rois with frost and winter weit
Faidis, swa dois the warld, and thame desauis
Quhilk in thair lustis maist confidence hauis.

[1] In the original this line is fourth in the stanza.

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[HARLEIAN

Thay tuik na knyfe, thair teith was scharpe aneuch.
To se that sicht, forsuith it was grit wounder,
How that thay ran amang the raipis tewch;
Befoir, behind, sum gaid about, sum vnder,
And schuir the raipis of the net in schunder;
Syne bad him ryis; and he start vp anone,
And thankit thame; syne on his way is gone.

Now is the lioun fre of all danger,
Lous and deliuerit to his libertie,
Be litill beistis of ane small power,
As ȝe haif hard, becaus he had pitie.
Quod I, 'maister, is thair ane moralitie
In this fabill?' 'ȝe, sone,' he said, 'richt guid.'—
'I pray ȝow, schir,' quod I, 'ȝe wald conclude.'

Finis.

F. 42 *a*.

Moralitas.

As I suppose, this michtie gay lioun
May signifie ane prince, or empriour,
Ane potestate, or ȝit ane king *with* croun,
Quhilk suld be walkryfe gide and gouernour
Of his pepill, that takis na labour
To reule and steir the land, and iustice keip,
Bot lyis still in lustis, sleuth, and sleip.

The fair forest *with* leuis lowne and lie,
With foullis sang, and flouris ferlie sweit,
Is bot the warld and his prosperitie,
As fals plesance mingit *with* cair repleit.
Richt as the rois with frost and winter weit
Faidis, swa dois the warld, and thame desauis
Quhilk in thair lustis maist confidence hauis.

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CHARTERIS]

Thir lytill Myis ar bot the commountie,
Uantoun, vnwyse, without correctioun:
Thair Lordis and Princis quhen that thay se
Of Iustice mak nane executioun,
Thay dreid na thing to mak Rebellioun,
And disobey, for quhy thay stand nane aw,
That garris thame thair Soueranis misknaw.

Be this Fabill ȝe Lordis of Prudence
May considder the vertew of Pietie;
And to remit sumtyme ane greit offence,
And mitigate with mercy crueltie:
Oftymis is sene ane man of small degre
Hes quit ane turne baith for gude and euill,
As Lord hes done Rigour, or grace him till.

Quha wait how sone ane Lord of greit Renoun,
Rolland in warldlie lust and vane plesance,
May be ouerthrawin, destroyit, and put doun
Throw fals fortoun, quhilk of all variance
Is haill maistres, and leidar of the dance
Till Iniust men, and blindis thame so soir,
That thay na perrell can prouyde befoir.

Thir cruell men, that stentit hes the Net,
In quhilk the Lyoun suddandlie wes tane,
Uaittit alway amendis for to get,
For hurt men wrytis in the Marbill stane.
Mair till expound as now I let allane,
Bot king and Lord may weill wit quhat I mene;
Figure heirof oftymis hes bene sene.

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[HARLEIAN

Thir litill myis ar bot the co*m*mountie,
Wantoun, wnwyse, without correctioun:
Thair lordis and princes quhen that thay se
Of iustice mak na executioun,
Thay dreid na thing to mak rebellioun,
And disobey, for quhy thay stand nane aw,
That garris thame thair soueranis misknaw.

F. 42 *b.* Be this fabill ȝe lordis of prudence
May considder the vertue of pietie;
And to remit sum tyme ane grit offence,
And mitigate with mercy crueltie:
Of tymes is sene ane man of small degrie
Hes quit ane kinbute baith of gude and ill,
As lordis hes done rigour, and grace him till.

Quha wait how sone ane lord of grit renoun,
Rowand in warldlie wit[1] and vane plesance,
May be ouerthrawin, distroyit, and put doun
Throw fals fortoun, quhilk of all varience
Is haill maistres, and leidare of the dance
Till vniust men, and blindis thame so soir,
That thay na perrell can prouide befoir.

Thir rurall men, that stentit hes the net,
In quhilk the lioun suddanelie was tane,
Waittit alway amendis for to get,
For hurt men writis in the merbill stane.
Mair till expone as now I let allane,
Bot king and lord may weill wit quhat I mene;
Figure heirof oftymes hes bene sene.

[1] Cf. pp. 118, 314.

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CHARTERIS]

Quhen this wes said, quod Esope: 'my fair child,
I ȝow beseik and all men for to pray
That tressoun of this cuntrie be exyld,
And Iustice Regne, and Lordis keip thair fay
Unto thair Souerane Lord, baith nicht and day.'
And with that word he vanist, and I woke;
Syne throw the Schaw my Iourney hamewart tuke.

FINIS.

¶ THE PREICHING OF THE SWALLOW.

THE HIE PRUDENCE, and wirking meruelous,
The profound wit of God omnipotent
Is sa perfyte, and sa Ingenious,
Excellent far all mannis Iugement;
For quhy to him all thing is ay present,
Richt as it is, or ony tyme sall be,
Befoir the sicht of his Diuinitie.

Thairfoir our Saull with Sensualitie
So fetterit is in presoun Corporall,
We may not cleirlie vnderstand nor se
God as he is, nor thingis[1] Celestiall:
Our mirk and deidle corps Naturall[1]
Blindis the Spirituall operatioun,
Lyke as ane man wer bundin in presoun.

[1] Cf. p. 231.

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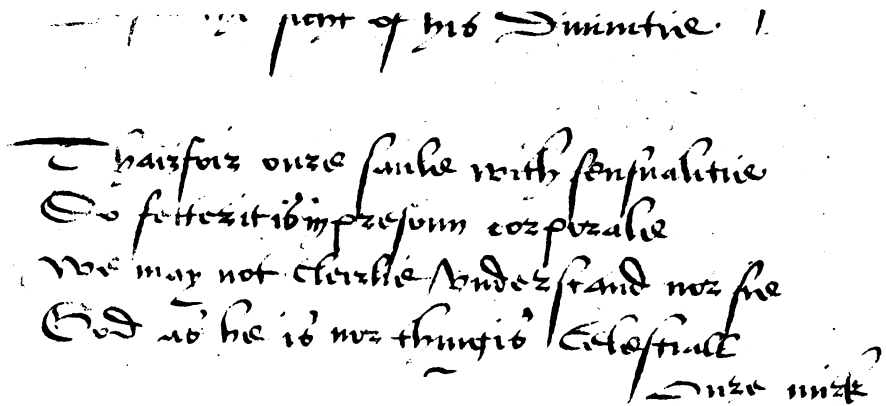

HARLEIAN MS. No. 3865, FOL. 43^{b}
(BRITISH MUSEUM)

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[HARLEIAN

Quhen this was said, quod esope: 'my fair childe,
F. 43 *a*. I the beseik and all men for to pray
That tressoun of this cuntrie be exyld,
And iustice ring, and lordis keip thair fay
Vnto thair souerane king, baith nycht and day.'
And with that word he vanist, and I woke;
Syne throw the schaw my iurnay hamewart tuik.

Endis the moralitie.

F. 43 *b*.

The preiching of the Swallow.

The hie prudence, and wirking meruelous,
The profound wit of god omnipotent
Is sa perfite, and sa ingenious,
Excellent fer all mannis Iugement;
For quhy to him all thing is ay present,
Richt as it is, or ony tyme salbe,
Befoir the sicht of his diuinitie.

Thairfoir oure saule with sensualitie
So fetterit is in presoun corporale,
We may not cleirlie vnderstand nor sie
God as he is, nor thingis[1] celestiall:
F. 44 *a*. Oure mirk and deidle corps naturall[1]
Blindis the spirituall operatioun,
Like as ane man war bundin in presoun.

[1] Cf. p. 231.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ In Metaphisik Aristotell sayis
That mannis Saul is lyke ane Bakkis Ee,
Quhilk lurkis still als lang as licht of day is,
And in the gloming cummis furth to fle;
Hir Ene ar waik, the Sone scho may not se:
Sa is our Saull with fantasie oppresst,
To knaw the thingis in nature manifest.

For God is in his power Infinite,
And mannis Saull is febill and ouer small,
Of vnderstanding waik and imperfite,
To comprehend him that contenis all.
Nor suld presume, be ressoun naturall,
To seirche the secreitties of the Trinitie,
Bot trow fermelie, and lat all ressoun be.

¶ 3it neuertheles we may haif knawlegeing
Of God almychtie be his Creaturis,
That he is gude, fair, wyis, and bening;
Exempill tak be thir Iolie flouris,
Rycht sweit of smell and plesant of colouris,
Sum grene, sum blew, sum purpour, quhyte, & reid,
This distribute be gift of his Godheid.

The firmament payntit with sternis cleir,
Frome eist to west rolland in cirkill round,
And euerilk Planet in his proper Spheir,
In mouing makand Harmonie and sound;
The Fyre, the Air, the watter, and the ground—
Till vnderstand it is aneuch, I wis,
That God in all his werkis wittie is.

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[HARLEIAN

In metaphisik aristotell sayis
That mannis saule is like ane bakkis ee,
Quhilk lurkis still als lang as licht of day is,
And in the gloming cumis furth to flie;
Hir ene ar waik, the sone scho may not se:
Sa is oure saule with fantisie opprest,
To knaw the thingis in nature manifest.

For god is in his poware infinite,
And mannis saule is febill and ouer small,
Of vnderstanding waik and imperfite,
To comprehend him that contenis all.
Nane suld presume, be reasoun naturall,
To seirche the secreities of the trinitie,
Bot trow fermelie, and lat all ressoun be.

3it neuertheles we may haif knawleging
Of god almichtie be his creatouris,
That he is guid, fair, wyse, and beninge;
Exempill tak be thir Iolie flouris,
Richt sweit of smell and plesand of colouris,
Sum grene, sum blew, sum purpour, quhite, and reid,
F. 44 *b.* This distribute be gift of his godheid.

The firmament paintit with starnis cleir,
Frome eist to west rolland in cirkill round,
And euerie planet in his proper spheir,
In moving makand harmonie and sound;
The fyre, the air, the watter, and the ground—
Till vnderstand it is aneuch, I wis,
That god in all his werkis wittie is.

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CHARTERIS]

Luke weill the fische that swimmis in the se;
Luke weill in eirth all kynd of bestiall;
The foullis fair, sa forcelie thay fle,
Scheddand the air with pennis greit and small;
Syne luke to man, that he maid last of all,
Lyke to his Image and his similitude:
Be thir we knaw that God is fair and gude.

All creature he maid for the behufe
Of man, and to his supportatioun
In to this eirth, baith vnder and abufe,
In number, wecht, and dew proportioun;
The difference of tyme, and ilk seasoun,
Concordand till oure oportunitie,
As daylie be experience we may se.

¶ The Somer with his Iolie mantill grene,
With flouris fair furrit on euerilk fent,
Quhilk Flora Goddes, of the flouris Quene,
Hes to that Lord as for his seasoun lent,
And Phebus with his goldin bemis gent
Hes purfellit and payntit plesandlie,
With heit and moysture stilland from the sky.

Syne Haruest hait, quhen Ceres that Goddes
Hir barnis be*n*it[1] hes with abundance;
And Bacchus, God of wyne, renewit hes
The tume Pyipis in Italie and France,
With wynis wicht, and liquour of plesance;
And *copia temporis* to fill hir horne,
That neuer wes full of quheit nor vther corne.

[1] Orig. 'bewit.'

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[HARLEIAN

Luik weill the fische that swymmis in the se;
Luik weill in eirth all kynd of bestiall;
The foullis fair, sa forcelie thay fle,
Scheddand the air *with* pennis grit and small;
Syne luik to man, that he maid last of all,
Lyke to his image and his similitude:
Be thir we knaw that god is fair and gude.

All creture he maid for the behuif
Of man, and to his supportatioun
In to this eirth, baith vnder and abuif,
In number, wecht, and dew proportioun;
The difference of tyme, and ilk seasoun,
Concordand till oure oppertunitie,[1]
As daylie be experience we may se.

F. 45 *a*. The somer with his Iolie mantill grene,
With flouris fair furrit on euerilk fent,
Quhilk flora goddes, of the flouris quene,
Hes to that lord as for his seasoun lent,
And phebus with his goldin bemis gent
Hes purfellit and payntit plesandly,
With heit and moysture stilland frome the sky.

Syne heruest hait, quhen Ceres that goddes
Hir barnis benit hes with abundance;
And bachus, god of wyne, renewit hes
The tume pypeis in Italie and france,
With wynis wicht, and liquour of plesance;
And **copia temporis** to fill hir horne,
That neuer wes full of quheit nor vther corne.

[1] MS. 'oppertumitie.'

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CHARTERIS]

Syne wynter wan, quhen Austerne Eolus,
God of the wynd, with blastis boreall,
The grene garment of Somer glorious
Hes all to rent and reuin in pecis small;
Than flouris fair faiddit with frost man fall,
And birdis blyith changit thair noitis sweit
In still murning, neir slane with snaw and sleit.

The dalis deip with dubbis drownit is,
Baith hill and holt heillit with frostis hair;
And bewis bene baissit bair of blis,
Be wickit windis of the winter[1] wair.
All wyld beistis than from the bentis bair
Drawis for dreid vnto thair dennis deip,
Coucheand for cauld in coifis thame to keip.

¶ Syne cummis Uer, quhen winter is away,
The Secretar of Somer with his Seill,
Quhen Columbie vp keikis throw the clay,
Quhilk fleit wes befoir with frostis fell.
The Mauis and the Merle beginnis to mell;
The Lark on loft, with vther birdis small,
Than drawis furth fra derne, ouer doun and daill.

That samin seasoun, in to ane soft morning,
Richt blyith that bitter blastis wer ago,
Vnto the wod, to se the flouris spring,
And heir the Maueis sing and birdis mo,
I passit furth, syne lukit to and fro,
To se the Soill that wes richt sessonabill,
Sappie, and to resaif all seidis abill.

[1] Orig. 'wickit.'

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[HARLEIAN

Syne winter wan, quhen austerne eolus,
God of the wynd, with blastis boreall,
The grene garment of somer glorious
Hes altorent and revin in pecis small;
Than flouris fair faiddit with frost man fall,
And birdis blyith chaingit thair noitis sweit
In still murning, neir slane with snaw and sleit.

The daillis deip with dubbis drounit is,
F. 45 *b.* Baith hill and holt heillit with frostis hair;
And bewis bene laifit bair of blis,
Be wickit windis of the winter wair.
All wyld beistis than frome the bentis bair
Drawis for dreid vnto thair dennis deip,
Couchand for cauld in coifis thame to keip.

Syne cumis ver, quhen winter is away,
The secretar of somer with his seill,
Quhen columbie vpkeikis throw the clay,
Quhilk fleit was before with froistis fell.
The maueis and the merle begynnis to mell;
The lark on loft, with vther birdis haill,
Than drawis furth fra[1] derne, ouer doun & daill.

That samyn seasoun, in to ane soft morning,
Richt blyith that bitter blastis wer ago,
Vnto the wod, to se the flouris spring,
And heir the maueis sing and birdis mo,
I passit furth, syne luikit to and fro,
To se the soill quhilk was richt seasonable,
Sappie, and to resaue all seidis able.

[1] MS. 'ouer.'

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CHARTERIS]

Mouing thusgait, greit mirth I tuke in mynd,
Of lauboraris to se the besines,
Sum makand dyke, and sum the pleuch can wynd,
Sum sawand seidis fast frome place to place,
The Harrowis hoppand in the saweris trace:
It wes greit Ioy to him that lufit corne,
To se thame laubour, baith at euin and morne.

And as I baid vnder ane bank full bene,
In hart greitlie reiosit of that sicht,
Vnto ane hedge, vnder ane Hawthorne grene,
Of small birdis thair come ane ferlie flicht,
And doun belyif can on the leifis licht,
On euerilk syde about me quhair I stude,
Richt meruelous, ane mekill multitude.

Amang the quhilk*is* ane Swallow loud couth cry,
On that Hawthorne hie in the croip sittand:
'O ȝe Birdis on leiffis heir me by,
ȝe sall weill knaw, and wyislie vnderstand,
Quhair danger is or perrell appeirand;
It is greit wisedome to prouyde befoir,
It to deuoid, for dreid it hurt ȝow moir.'

'Schir Swallow,' quod the Lark agane, & leuch,
'Quhat haif ȝe sene that causis ȝow to dreid?'
'Se ȝe ȝone Churll,' quod scho, 'beȝond ȝone pleuch,
Fast sawand hemp, lo se,[1] and linget seid?
ȝone lint will grow in lytill tyme in deid,
And thairof will ȝone Churll his Nettis mak,
Under the quhilk he thinkis vs to tak.

[1] Orig. 'lose.' Cf. p. 235, l. 123.

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[HARLEIAN

Mouing thus gait, grit mirth I tuik in mynd,
Of lawboraris to se the besines,
Sum makand dyke, and sum the pleuch can wynd,
F. 46 *a*. Sum sawand seidis fast frome place to place,
The harrowis hoppand in the saweris trace:
It wes grit ioy to him that luifit corne,
To se thame labour, baith at evin and morne.

And as I baid vnder ane bank full bene,
In hart gritlie reioisit of that sicht,
Vnto ane hege, vnder ane hawthorne grene,
Of small birdis thair come ane ferlie flicht,
And doun belyif can on the leifis licht,
On euerie side about me quhair I stuid,
Richt meruelous, ane mekle multitude.

Amang the quhilkis ane swallow loud can cry,
On that hawthorne hie in the crope sittand:
'O ȝe birdis on bewis heir me by,
ȝe sall weill knaw, and wyselie vnderstand,
Quhair danger is or perrell apperand;
It is grit wisdome to prouide befoir,
It to deuoid, for dreid it hurt ȝow moir.'

'Schir swallow,' quod the lark agane, and leuch,
'Quhat haif ȝe sene that causis ȝow to dreid?'
'Se ȝe ȝone churle,' quod scho, 'beȝond ȝone pleuch,
F. 46 *b*. Fast sawand hemp, and gude linget seid?
ȝone lint will grow in litill tyme indeid,
And thairof will ȝone churle his nettis mak,
Vnder the quhilk he thinkis ws to tak.

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CHARTERIS]

'Thairfoir I reid we pas quhen he is gone,
At euin, and with our naillis scharp and small
Out of the eirth scraip we ȝone seid anone,
And eit it vp; for, gif it growis, we sall
Haif caus to weip heirefter ane and all:
Se we remeid thairfoir furth with Instante,
Nam leuius ledit quicquid preuidimus[1] *ante.*

'For Clerkis sayis it is nocht sufficient
To considder that is befoir thyne Ee;
Bot prudence is ane inwart Argument,
That garris ane man prouyde and foirse
Quhat gude, quhat euill is liklie for to be
Of euerilk thing euin at the finall end,
And swa fra perrell the better him defend.'

The Lark, lauchand, þe Swallow this couth scorne,
And said, 'scho fischit lang befoir the Net;
The barne is eith to busk that is vnborne;
All growis nocht that in the ground is set;
The nek to stoup, quhen it the straik sall get,
Is sone aneuch; deith on the fayest fall.'—
Thus scornit thay the Swallow ane and all.

¶ Despysing thus hir helthsum document,
The foullis ferlie tuke thair flicht anone;
Sum with ane bir thay braidit ouer the bent,
And sum agane ar to the grene woid gone.
Upon the land, quhair I wes left allone,
I tuke my club, and hamewart couth I carie,
Swa ferliand, as I had sene ane farie.

[1] Orig. '*preuiuimus.*'

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[HARLEIAN

'Thairfoir I reid we pas quhen he is gone,
At evin, and with oure naillis scharpe and small[1]
Out of the eirth scrape we ȝone seid anone,
And eit it vp; for, gif it growis, we sall
Haue caus to weip heirefter ane and all:
Se we remeid thairfoir with instante,
Nam leuius ledit quicquid praeuidimus ante.

'For clerkis sayis it is not sufficient
To considder that is before thine ee;
Bot prudence is ane inwart argument,
That garris ane man prouide and forese
Quhat guid, quhat euill is liklie for to be,
Of euerie thing behald the finell end,
And swa fra perrell the better him defend.'

The lark, lauchand, the swallow this couth scorne,
And said, 'scho fischit lang before the net;
The barne is eith to busk that is vnborne;
F. 47 a. All growis not that in the ground is set;
The nek to stoup, quhen it the straik sall get,
Is sone aneuch; deith on the fayest fall.'—
Thus scornit thay the swallow ane and all.

Dispysing thus hir helthsum document,
The foullis ferlie tuik thair flicht anone;
Sum with ane bir thay braiddit ouer the bent,
And sum agane ar to the grene wod gone.
Vpon the land, quhair I was left allone,
I tuik my club, and hamewart couth I carie,
Swa ferliand, as I had sene ane farie.

[1] MS. 'lang.'

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CHARTERIS]

Thus passit furth quhill Iune, that Iolie tyde,
And seidis that wer sawin of beforne
Wer growin hie, that Hairis mycht thame hyde,
And als the Quail3e craikand in the corne;
I mouit furth, betuix midday and morne,
Unto the hedge, vnder the Hawthorne grene,
Quhair I befoir the said birdis had sene.

And as I stude, be auenture and cace,
The samin birdis as I haif said 3ow air,
I hoip because it wes thair hanting place,
Mair of succour or 3it mair solitair,
Thay lychtit doun; and, quhen thay lychtit war,
The Swallow swyith put furth ane pietuous pyme,
Said, 'wo is him can not bewar in tyme!

'O, blind birdis! and full of negligence,
Unmyndfull of 3our awin prosperitie,
Lift vp 3our sicht and tak gude aduertence;
Luke to the Lint that growis on 3one le;
3one is the thing I bad forsuith that we,
Quhill it wes seid, suld rute furth of the eird;
Now is it Lint, now is it hie on breird.

'Go 3it, quhill it is tender and small,[1]
And pull it vp; let it na mair Incres;
My flesche growis, my bodie quaikis all,
Thinkand on it I may not sleip in peis.'
Thay cryit all and bad the Swallow ceis,
And said, '3one Lint heirefter will do gude,
For linget is to lytill birdis fude.

[1] See p. 237.

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[HARLEIAN

Thus passit furth quhill iune, that iolie tyde,
And seidis that war sawin of beforne
Wer growin [hie[1]], that hairis micht thame hide,
And als the quailȝe craikand in the corne;
I mouit furth, betuix midday and morne,
Vnto the hedge, vnder the hawthorne grene,
Quhair I befoir the said birdis had sene.

And as I stuid, be auenture and cace,
The samyn birdis as I haif said ȝow air,
I hope becaus it was thair hanting place,
Mair of succour or ȝit mair soliter,
Thay lichtit doun; and, quhen thay lichtit wair,
F. 47 *b.* The swallow swyth put furth ane pietious pyme,
Said, 'wo is him can not be war in tyme!

'O, blind birdis! and full of negligence,
Vnmyndfull of ȝour awin prosperitie,
Lift vp ȝour sicht and tak guid aduertence;
Luik to the lint that growis on ȝone le;
ȝone is the thing I bad forsuith that we,
Quhill it was seid, suld rute furth of the eird;
Now is it lint, now is it he on breird.

'Go ȝit, quhill it is tender[2] and small,
And pull it vp; let it na mair incres;
My flesche growis, my bodie quaikis all,
Thinkand on it I may not sleip in peis.'
Thay cryit all and bad the swallow ceis,
And said, 'ȝone lint heirefter will do gude,
For linget is to litill birdis fude.

[1] See p. 132 and p. 236. [2] See p. 237.

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CHARTERIS]

'We think, quhen that ȝone lint bollis ar ryip,
To mak vs Feist, and fill vs of the seid,
Magre ȝone Churll, and on it sing and pyip.'
'Weill,' quod the Swallow, 'freindis hardlie beid;
Do as ȝe will, bot certane sair I dreid,
Heirefter ȝe sall find als sour as sweit,
Quhen ȝe ar speldit on ȝone Carlis speit.

'The awner of ȝone lint ane fouler is,
Richt cautelous and full of subteltie;
His pray full sendill tymis will he mis,
Bot gif we birdis all the warrer be;
Full mony of our kin he hes gart de,
And thocht it bot ane sport to spill thair blude:
God keip me fra him, and the halie Rude.'

Thir small birdis haifand but lytill thocht
Of perrell that micht fall be auenture,
The counsell of the Swallow set at nocht,
Bot tuke thair flicht and furth togidder fure;
Sum to the woid, sum markit to the Mure.
I tuke my staf, quhen this wes said and done,
And walkit hame, for it drew neir the none.

¶ The Lint ryipit, the Carll pullit the Lyne,
Rippillit the bollis, and in beitis set,
It steipit in the burn, and dryit syne,
And with ane Betill knokkit it and bet,
Syne swingillit it weill, and hekkillit in the flet;
His wyfe it span, and twynit it in to threid,
Of quhilk the Fowlar Nettis maid in deid.

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[HARLEIAN

'Me think, quhen that ȝone lint bollis ar ryip,
To mak ws feist, and fill ws of the seid,
Magre ȝone churle, and on it sing and pype.'
'Weill,' quod the swallow, 'freindis hardlie beid;
Do as ȝe will, bot certane sair I dreid,
F. 48 *a*. Heirefter ȝe sall find als sour as sweit,
Quhen ȝe ar speildit on ȝone carlis speit.

'The awner of ȝone lint ane fouler is,
Richt cawtelous and full of subtiltie;
His pray full sindill tymes will he mis,
Bot gif we birdis all the warrer be;
Full mony of oure kin he hes gart die,
And thocht it bot ane sport to spill thair blude:
God keip me fra him, and the halie rude.'

Thir small birdis haueand but litill thocht
Of perrell that micht fall be auenture,
The counsell of the swallow set at nocht,
Bot tuik thair flicht and furth to gidder fure;
Sum to the wod, sum markit to the mure.
I tuik my stalf, quhen this was said and done,
And walkit hame, for it drew neir the none.

The lint rypit, the carle pullit the lyne,
Rippillit the bollis, and in beitis set,
It steipit in the burne, and dryit syne,
And with ane bittill knokit it and bet,
Syne swyngillit it weill, and hekkillit in þe flet;
F. 48 *b*. His wyfe it span, and twynit it in to threid,
Of quhilk the fouller nettis maid indeid.

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CHARTERIS]

The wynter come, the wickit wind can blaw,
The woddis grene wer wallowit with the weit,
Baith firth and fell with froistis wer maid faw,
Slonkis and slaik maid slidderie with the sleit;
The foulis fair for falt thay fell of feit;
On bewis bair it wes na bute to byde,
Bot hyit vnto housis thame to hyde.

Sum in the barn, sum in the stak of corne
Thair lugeing tuke and maid thair residence;
The Fowlar saw, and greit aithis hes sworne
Thay suld be tane trewlie for thair expence.
His nettis hes he set with diligence,
And in the snaw he schulit hes ane plane,
And heillit it all ouer with calf agane.

Thir small birdis seand the calf wes glaid;
Trowand it had bene corne, thay lychtit doun;
Bot of the Nettis na presume thay had,
Nor of the Fowlaris fals Intentioun;
To scraip and seik thair meit thay maid thame boun.
The Swallow on ane lytill branche neir by,
Dreidand for gyle, thus loud on thame couth cry:

'In to that calf scraip quhill ȝour naillis bleid,
Thair is na corne, ȝe laubour all in vane;
Trow ȝe ȝone Churll for pietie will ȝow feid?
Na, na, he hes it heir layit for ane trane;
Remoue, I reid, or ellis ȝe will be slane;
His Nettis he hes set full priuely,
Reddie to draw; in tyme be war for thy.'

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[HARLEIAN

The winter come, the wickit wind can blaw,
The wodis grene war wallowit *with* the weit,
Baith firth and fell with froistis war maid faw,
Slonkis and slaik maid slidderrie with the sleit;
The foulis fair for falt thay fell of feit;
On bewis bair it was na bute to byde,
Bot hyit vnto housis thame to hide.

Sum in the barn, sum in the stak of corne
Thair lugeing tuik and maid thair residence;
The foular saw, and grit aithis hes sworne
Thay suld be tane trewlie for thair expence.
His nettis hes he set with diligence,
And in the snaw he schuillit hes ane plane,
And heillit it all ouer with calf agane.

Thir small birdis seand the calf was glaid;
Trowand it had bene corne, thay lichtit doun;
Bot of the nettis na presume thay had,
Nor of the fowlaris fals intentioun;
F. 49 *a*. To scraip and seik thair meit thay maid thame boun.
The swallow on ane litill brenche neir by,
Dreidand for gile, thus loud on thame couth cry:

'In to that calf scraip quhill 3our naillis bleid,
Thair is na corne, 3e laubour all in vane;
Trow 3e 3one churle for pietie will 3ow feid?
Na, na, he hes it heir layit for ane trane;
Remoue, I reid, or ellis 3e wilbe slane;
His nettis he hes set full priuely,
Reddie to draw; in tyme bewar for thy.'

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CHARTERIS]

Greit fule is he that puttis in dangeir
His lyfe, his honour, for ane thing of nocht;
Greit fule is he that will not glaidlie heir
Counsall in tyme, quhill it auaill him mocht;
Greit fule is he that hes na thyng in thocht
Bot thing present, and efter quhat may fall,
Nor of the end hes na memoriall.

Thir small birdis for hunger famischit neir,
Full besie scraipand for to seik thair fude,
The counsall of the Swallow wald not heir,
Suppois thair laubour did thame lytill gude.
Quhen scho thair fulusche hartis vnderstude,
Sa Indurat, vp in ane tre scho flew;
With that this Churll ouer thame his Nettis drew.

Allace! it wes greit hart sair for to se
That bludie Boucheour bet thay birdis doun,
And for till heir, quhen thay wist weill to de,
Thair cairfull sang and lamentatioun:
Sum with ane staf he straik to eirth on swoun,
Of sum the heid he straik, of sum he brak the crag,
Sum half on lyfe he stoppit in his bag.

And quhen the Swallow saw that thay war deid,
'Lo,' quod scho, 'thus it happinnis mony syis
Of thame that will not tak counsall and reid
Of Prudent men or Clerkis that ar wyis;
This greit perrell I tauld thame mair than thryis;
Now ar thay deid, and wo is me thairfoir!'
Scho tuke hir flicht, bot I hir saw no moir.

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[HARLEIAN

Grit fule is he that puttis in dangeir
His lyfe, his honour, for ane thing of nocht;
Grit fule is he that will not glaidlie heir
Counsall in tyme, quhill it auaill him nocht[1];
Grit fule is he that hes na thing in thocht
Bot thing present, and efter quhat may fall,
Nor of the end hes na memoriall.

Thir small birdis for hunger famischit neir,
Full besie scraipand for to seik thair fude,
The counsall of the swallow wald not heir,
Suppois thair laubour did thame litill gude.
F. 49 *b.* Quhen scho thair fulische hartis vnderstude,
Sa indurat, vp in ane tre scho flew;
With that this churle ouer thame his nettis drew.

Allace! it was grit hart sair for to se
That bludie bowcheour beit thay birdis doun,
And for to heir, quhen thay wist weill to de,
Thair cairfull sang and lamentatioun:
Sum *with* ane staf he straik to eirth on swoun,
Of sum the heid he straik, of sum he brak the crag,
Sum half on lyfe he stoppit in his bag.

And quhen the swallow saw that thay war deid,
'Lo,' quod scho, 'thus it happy*n*nis mony syis
Of thame that will not tak counsall and reid
Of prudent men and clerkis that ar wyse;
This grit perrell I tauld thame mair than thryis;
Now ar thay deid, and wo is me thairfoir!'
Scho tuik hir flicht, bot I hir saw no moir.

Finis.

[1] Cf. pp. 138, 239.

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CHARTERIS]

MORALITAS.

LO, WORTHIE FOLK, ESOPE, that Nobill Clerk,
Ane Poet worthie to be Lawreat,
Quhen that he waikit from mair autentik werk,
With vther ma, this foirsaid Fabill wrait,
Quhilk at this tyme may weill be applicat
To guid morall edificatioun,
Haifand ane sentence according to ressoun.

This Carll and Bond of gentrice spoliat,
Sawand this calf, thir small birdis to sla,
It is the Feind, quhilk fra the Angelike stait
Exylit is, as fals Apostata:
Quhilk day and nicht weryis not for to ga
Sawand poysoun in mony wickit thocht
In mannis Saull, quhilk Christ full deir hes bocht.

And quhen the Saull, as seid in to the eird,
Geuis consent vnto delectioun,[1]
The wickit thocht beginnis for to breird
In deidlie sin, quhilk is dampnatioun;
Ressoun is blindit with affectioun,
And carnall lust growis full grene and gay,
Throw consuetude hantit from day to day.

Proceding furth be vse and consuetude,
The sin ryipis, and schame is set on syde;
The Feynd plettis his Nettis scharp and rude,
And vnder plesance preuilie dois hyde;
Syne on the feild he sawis calf full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tume and verray vanitie
Of fleschlie lust and vaine prosperitie.

[1] Cf. p. 241.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 50 *a*. **Moralitas.**

Lo, wirthie folk, Esope, that nobȋe clerk,
Ane poet wirthie to be lawriate,
Quhen that he vaikit frome mair autentik werk,
With vther ma, this foirsaid fabill wrait,
Quhilk at this tyme may weill be applecate
To guid morale edificatioun,
Hauand ane sentence according to ressoun.

This carle and bond of gentrice spoliate,
Sawand this calf, thir small birdis to sla,
It is the feind, quhilk fra the angelike stait
Exylit is, as fals apostata:
Quhilk day and nicht weryis not for to ga
Sawand poysoun in mony wickit thocht
In mannis saule, quhilk full deir Christ hes bocht.

And quhen the saule, as seid in to the eird,
Gifis consent vnto delectioun,[1]
The wickit thocht begynnis for to breird
In deidlie sin, quhilk is dampnatioun;
Ressoun is blindit with affectioun,
And carnell lust growis full grene and gay,
Throw conswetude hantit frome day to day.

F. 50 *b*. Proceding furth be vse and consuetude,
The sin ryipis, and schame is set on side;
The feind plettis his nettis scharpe and rude,
And vnder plesance preuilie dois hyde;
Syne on the feild he sawis calf full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tume and verray vanitie
Of fleschlie lust and vane prosperitie.

[1] Cf. p. 241.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ Thir hungrie birdis wretchis we may call,
As scraipand in this warldis [vane [1]] plesance,
Greddie to gadder gudis temporall,
Quhilk as the calf ar tume without substance,
Lytill of auaill, and full of variance,
Lyke to the mow befoir the face of wind
Quhiskis away and makis wretchis blind.

This Swallow, quhilk eschaipit is the snair,
The halie Preicheour weill may signifie,
Exhortand folk to walk and ay be war
Fra Nettis of our wickit enemie,
Quha sleipis not, bot euer is reddie,
Quhen wretchis in this warld calf dois scraip,
To draw his Net, that thay may not eschaip.

Allace! quhat cair, quhat weiping is and wo,
Quhen Saull and bodie departit ar in twane;
The bodie to the wormis Keiching go,
The Saull to Fyre, to euerlestand pane.
Quhat help is [2] than this calf, thir gudis vane,
Quhen thow art put in Luciferis bag,
And brocht to hell, and hangit be the crag?

Thir hid Nettis for to persaue and se,
This sarie calf wyislie to vnderstand,
Best is [3] be war in maist prosperite,
For in this warld thair is na thing lestand;
Is na man wait how lang his stait will stand,
His lyfe will lest, nor how that he sall end
Efter his deith, nor quhidder he sall wend.

[1] See pp. 143, 241. [2] See p. 242. [3] Orig. 'Beistis.'

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[HARLEIAN

Thir hungrie birdis wretchis we may call,
As scraipand in this warldis vane plesance,
Greddie to gadder guidis temporall,
Quhilk as the calf ar tume without substance,
Litill of auaill, and full of varience,
Like to the mow before the face of wind
Quhiskis away and makis wratchis blind.

This swallow, quhilk eschaipit hes the snair,
The halie preichour weill may signifie,
Exhortand folk to walk and ay be wair
Fra nettis of oure wickit enemie,
Quha sleipis not, bot euer is reddie,
Quhen wretchis in this warld calf dois scraip,
To draw his net, than may thay not eschaip.

Allace! quhat cair, quhat weiping is and wo,
F. 51 *a*. Quhen saule and bodie depairtit ar in twane;
The bodie to the wormes keitching go,
The saule to fire, to euerlestand pane.
Quhat help is[1] than this calf, thir guidis vane,
Quhen thow art put in luciferis bag,
And brocht to hell, and hangit be the crag?

Thir hid nettis for to persaue and se,
This sarie calf wyislie to vnderstand,
Best is bewar in maist prosperitie,
For in this warld thair is na thing lestand;
Is na man wait how lang his stait will stand,
His lyfe will lest, nor how that he sall end
Efter his deith, nor quhidder he sall wend.

[1] See p. 242.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ Pray we thairfoir, quhill we ar in this lyfe,
For four thingis: the first, fra sin remufe;
The secund is fra all weir and stryfe;[1]
The thrid is perfite cheritie and lufe;
The feird thing is, and maist for oure behufe,
That is in blis with Angellis to be fallow.
And thus endis the preiching of the Swallow.

¶ FINIS.

¶ THE TAILL OF THE UOLF THAT GAT THE NEKHERING THROW THE WRINKIS OF THE FOXE THAT BEGYLIT THE CADGEAR.

QUHYLUM THAIR wynnit in ane wildernes,
As myne Authour expreslie can declair,
Ane reuand Uolf, that leuit vpon cais
On bestiall, and maid him weill to fair;
Was nane sa big about him he wald spair,
And he war hungrie, outher for fauour or feid,
Bot in his breith he weryit thame to deid.

Swa happinnit him in watching, as he went,
To meit ane Foxe in middis of the way;
He him foirsaw, and fenȝeit to be schent,
And with ane bek he bad the Uolf gude day.
'Welcum to me,' quod he, 'thow Russell gray;'
Syne loutit doun, and tuke him be the hand.
'Ryse vp, Lowrence, I leif the for to stand.

[1] Cf. p. 242.

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[HARLEIAN

Pray we thairfore, quhill we ar in this lyfe,
For foure thingis: the first, fra sin remufe;
The secund is fra all weir and stryif;[1]
The thrid is perfite charitie and luif;
The feird thing is, and maist for oure behuif,
That is in blis with angellis to be fallow.
And thus endis the preiching of the swallow.

F. 51 *b*.

The taill of the wolf that gat the nekhering throw the wrinkis of the foxe that begilit the cadgear.

Quhilum thair wynnit in a wildernes,
As myne authour expreslie can declair,
Ane reuand wolf, that leuit vpoun purche[s][2]
On bestiall, and maid him weill to fair;
Was nane sa big about him he wald spair,
And he wer hungrie, outher for fauour or feid,
Bot in his wraith he werryit thame to deid.

Swa happynnit him in wetching, as he went,
To meit ane foxe in middis of the way;
He him foirsaw, and feinȝeit to be schent,
And with ane bek he bad the wolf gud day.
'Welcum to me,' quod he, 'thow russell gray;'
Syne loutit doun, and tuik him be the hand.
'Ryse vp, lowrence, I leif the for to stand.

[1] Cf. p. 242.

[2] The 's' has been cut off by the binder.

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CHARTERIS]

'Quhair hes thow bene this sesoun fra my sicht?
Thow sall beir office, and my Stewart be,
For thow can knap doun Caponis on the nicht,
And, lourand law, thow can gar hennis de.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'that ganis nocht for me:
And I am raid, gif thay me se on far,
That at my figure beist and bird will skar.'

'Na,' quod the Uolf, 'thow can in couert creip,
Upon thy wame, and hint thame be the heid;
And mak ane suddand schow vpon ane scheip,
Syne with thy wappinnis wirrie him to deid.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'ȝe knaw my Roib is reid,
And thairfoir thair will na beist abyde me,
Thocht I wald be sa fals as for to hyde me.'

'ȝis,' quod the Uolf, 'throw buskis and throw bray*is*,[1]
Law can thow lour to cum to thy Intent.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'ȝe wait weill how it gais;
Ane lang space fra thame thay will feill my sent,
Then will thay eschaip, suppois I suld be schent;
And I am schamefull for to cum behind thame
In to the feild, thocht I suld sleipand find thame.'

'Na,' quod the Uolf, 'thow can cum on the wind,
For euerie wrink, forsuith, thow hes ane wyle.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'that beist ȝe micht call blind,
That micht not eschaip than fra me ane myle.
How micht I ane of thame that wyis begyle?
My tippit twa eiris, and my twa gray Ene,
Garris me be kend, quhair I wes neuer sene.'

[1] Orig. 'bary*is*.'

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[HARLEIAN

'Quhair hes thow bene this sesoun fra my sicht?
Thow sall beir office, and my stewart be,
F. 52 *a*. For thow can knap doun caponis on the nicht,
And, lowrand law, thow can gar hennis de.'
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'that ganis not for me:
And I am rad, gif thay me se on far,
That at my figure beist and bird will skar.'

'Na,' quod the wolf, 'thow can in couert creip,
Vpoun thy wame, and hint thame be the heid;
And mak ane suddane chow vpoun ane scheip,
Syne with thy wappynnis wirrie him to deid.'
'Schir,' said the fox, 'ȝe knaw my rob is reid,
And thairfoir thair will na beist abide me,
Thocht I wald be sa fals as for to hide me.'

'ȝis,' quod the wolf, 'throw buskis and throw breiris,
Law can thow lour to cum to thine intent.'
'Schir,' said the fox, 'ȝe wait weill how it gais;
Ane lang space fra thame thay feill my sent,
Then will thay eschaip, suppois thay suld be schent;
And I am schamefull for to cum behind thame
In to the feild, thocht I suld sleipand find thame.'

'Na,' quod the wolf, 'thow can cum on the wind,
For euerie wrink, forsuith, thow hes ane wyle.'
'Schir,' said the fox, 'that beist ȝe micht call blind,
F. 52 *b*. That micht not eschaip than fra me ane myle.
How micht I ane of thame that wyis begile?
My tippit twa eiris, and my twa gray ene,
Garris me be kend, quhair I was neuer sene.'

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CHARTERIS]

'Than,' said the Uolf, 'Lowrence, I heir the le,
And castis for perrellis thy ginnes to defend;
Bot all thy sonȝeis sall not auaill the,
About the busk with wayis thocht thow wend;
Falset will failȝe ay at the latter end;
To bow at bidding, and byde not quhill thow brest,
Thairfoir I gif the counsall for the best.'

'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'it is Lentring, ȝe se;
I can nouther fische with huke nor Net,
To tak ane Banestikill; thocht we baith suld de,
I had [n]ane vther craft to win my meit;
Bot wer it Pasche, that men suld pultrie eit,
As Kiddis, Lambis, or Caponis in to ply,
To beir ȝour office than wald I not set by.'

'Than,' said the Uolf, in wraith, 'wenis thow with wylis,
And with thy mony mowis me to mat?
It is ane auld Dog, doutles, that thow begylis:
Thow wenis to Draw the stra befoir the catt!'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'God wait, I mene not that;
For and I did, it wer weill worth that ȝe
In ane reid Raip had tyit me till ane tre.

'Bot now I se he is ane fule perfay
That with his maister fallis in ressoning;
I did bot till assay quhat ȝe wald say;
God wait, my mynd wes on ane vther thing;
I sall fulfill in all thing ȝour bidding,
Quhat euer ȝe charge, on nichtis or on dayis.'
'Weill,' quod the Uolf, 'I heir weill quhat thow sayis.

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[HARLEIAN

'Than,' said the wolf, 'lowrence, I heir the le,
And castis for perrellis thy ginnes to defend;
Bot all thy sein3es sall not auaill the,
About the busk with wayis thocht thow wend;
Falset will fail3e ay at the latter end;
To bow at bidding, and byde not quhill thow brest,
Thairfoir I gif the counsall for the best.'

'Schir,' said the fox, 'it is lenterne, 3e se;
I can not fische, for weitting of my feit,
To tak ane bane stikkill; thocht we baith suld de,
I haif na vther craft to win my meit;
Bot war it pasche, that men suld pultrie eit,
As kiddis, lambes, or caponis in to ply,
To beir 3our office than wald I not set by.'

'Than,' said the wolf, in wraith, 'wenis thow *with* wylis,
And with thy mony mowis me to mat?
It is ane auld dog, doutles, that thow begilis:
Thow wenis to draw the stra befoir the catt!'
'Schir,' said the fox, 'god wait, I mene not that;
F. 53 *a*. For and I did, it war weill worth that 3e
In ane reid raip had tyit me till ane tre.

'Bot now I se he is ane fule perfay
That with his maister fallis in ressoning;
I did bot till assay quhat 3e wald say;
God wait, my mynd was on ane vther thing;
I sall fulfill in all thing 3our bidding,
Quhat euer 3e chairge, on nichtis or on dayis.'
'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'I wait weill quhat thow sayis.

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CHARTERIS]

'Bot ȝit I will thow mak to me ane aith,
For to be leill attour all leuand leid.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'that ane word mak*is* me wraith,
For now I se ȝe haif me at ane dreid;
ȝit sall I sweir, suppois it be not neid,
Be Iuppiter, and on pane of my heid,
I sall be trew to ȝow, quhill I be deid.'

With that ane Cadgear, with capill & with creillis,
Come carpand furth; than drew this Boucheour by.
The fox the flewer of the fresche hering feillis,
And to the Uolf he roundis priuelie:
'Schir, ȝone ar hering the Cadgear caryis by;
Thairfoir I reid that we se for sum wayis
To get sum fische aganis thir fasting dayis.

'Sen I am Stewart, I wald we had sum stuf,
And ȝe ar siluer seik, I wait richt weill;
Thocht we wald thig ȝone verray Churlische chuf,
He will not gif vs ane hering of his Creill,
Befoir ȝone Churle on kneis thocht we wald kneill;
Bot ȝit I trow alsone that ȝe sall se,
Gif I can traist[1] to bleir ȝone Carllis Ee.

'Schir, ane thing is, and we get of ȝone pelf,
ȝe man tak trauell and mak vs sum supple;
For he that will not laubour and help him self,
In to thir dayis, he is not worth ane fle;
I think to wirk as besie as ane Be.
And ȝe sall follow ane lytill efterwart,
And gadder hering, for that sall be ȝour part.'

[1] Orig. indistinct. Cf. p. 151.

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[HARLEIAN

'Bot ȝit I will thow mak to me ane aith,
For to be leill attour all leuand leid.'
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'that ane word makis me wraith,
For now I se ȝe haif me at ane dreid;
ȝit sall I sweir, suppois it be not neid,
Be Iuppiter, and on pane of my heid,
I salbe trew to ȝow, quhill I be deid.'

With that ane cadgear, *with* capill and *with* creillis,
Come carpand furth; than lowrence culd him spy.
The fox the flewar of the fresche heiring feillis,
And to the wolf he roundis priuely:
'Schir, ȝone ar hering the cadgear caryis by;
Thairfoir I rid that we se for sum wayis
To get sum fische aganis thir fasting dayis.

F. 53 *b*. 'Sen I am stewart, I wald we had sum stuff,
And ȝe ar siluer seik, I wait richt weill;
Thocht we wald thig ȝone verray churlische chuff,
He will not gif ws ane hering of his creill,
Befoir ȝone churle on kneis tho*ch*t we wald kneill;
Bot ȝit I trow alsone that ȝe sall se,
Gif I can craft to bleir ȝone carlis ee.

'Schir, ane thing is, and we get of ȝone pelf,
ȝe man tak trauell and mak ws sum supple;
For he that will not labour and help him self,
In to thir dayis, he is not worth ane fle;
I think to wirk as bessie as ane be.
And ȝe sall follow ane litill efterwart,
And gadder hering, for that salbe ȝour pairt.'

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CHARTERIS]

With that he kest ane compas far about,
And straucht him doun in middis of the way,
As he war deid he fenȝeit him, but dout,
And than vpon ane lang vnliklie bray
The quhyte of his Ene he turnit vp in tway;
His toung out hang ane handbreid of his heid,
And still he lay, als straucht as he wer deid.

The Cadgear fand the Foxe, and he wes fane,
And till him self this softlie can he say:
'At the nixt bait, in Faith, ȝe sall be flane,
And of ȝour skyn I sall mak mittennis twa.'
He lap full lichtlie about him quhair he lay,
And all the trace he trippit on his tais;
As he had hard ane pyper play, he gais.

'Heir Lyis the Deuill,' quod he, 'deid in ane dyke.
Sic ane selcouth saw I not this seuin ȝeir;
I trow ȝe haif bene tussillit with sum tyke,
That garris ȝow ly sa still withouttin steir:
Schir Foxe, in Faith, ȝe ar deir welcum heir;
It is sum wyfis malisone, I trow,
For pultrie pyking, that lychtit hes on ȝow.

'Thair sall na Pedder, for purs, nor ȝit for gluifis,
Nor ȝit for poyntis pyke ȝour pellet fra me;
I sall of it mak mittennis to my luifis,
Till hald my handis hait quhair euer I be;
Till Flanderis sall it neuer saill the se.'
With that in hy, he hint him be the heillis,
And with ane swak he swang him on the creillis.

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[HARLEIAN

With that he kest ane compas far about,
And strawcht him doun in middis of the way,
As he wer deid he feinzeit him, but dout,
And than vpoun lenth vnliklie lay;
The quhite he turnit vp of his ene tway;
His toung out hang ane hand braid of his heid,
And still he lay, als straucht as he wer deid.

The cadgear fand the fox, and he was fane,
F. 54 *a*. And till him self this softlie can he say:
'At the nixt bait, in faith, ze salbe flane,
And of zour skin I sall mak mittenis tway.'
He lap about lichtlie quhair he lay,
And all the trace he trippit on his tais;
As he [had[1]] hard ane pyper play, he gais.

'Heir lyis,' quod he, 'the deuill deid in a dyke.
Sic ane selcouth saw I not this sevin zeir;
I trow ze haif bene tussillit *with* sum tyke,
That garris zow ly sa still withoutin steir:
Schir foxe, in faith, ze ar deir welcum heir;
It is sum wyfis malisoun, I trow,
For pultrie pyking, that lichtit hes on zow.

'Thair sall na pedder, for purs, nor [zit] for glufis,
Nor zit for pointis pyke zour pellet fra me;
I sall of it mak mittenis to my lufis,
Till hald my handis hait quhair euer I be;
Till flanderis sall it neuer saill the se.'
With that in hy, he hint him be the heillis,
And with ane swak he swang him on the creillis.

[1] See p. 152.

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CHARTERIS]

Syne be the heid the hors in hy hes hint;
The fraudfull Foxe thairto gude tent hes tane,
And with his teith the stoppell, or he stint,
Pullit out, and syne the hering ane and ane
Out of the creillis he swakkit doun gude wane.
The Uolf wes war, and gadderit spedilie;
The Cadgear sang, 'huntis vp, vp, vpoun hie.'

3it at ane burne the Cadgear luikit about;
With that the Foxe lap quyte the creillis fra;
The Cadgear wald haif raucht the Foxe ane rout,
Bot all for nocht, he wan his hoill that day.
Than with ane schout thus can the Cadgear say:[1]
'Abyde, and thow ane Nekhering sall haif,
Is worth my Capill, Creillis, and all the laif.'

'Now,' quod the Foxe, 'I schrew me, and we meit:
I hard quhat thow hecht to do with my skyn.
Thy hands sall neuer in thay mittennis tak heit,
And thow war hangit, Carll, and all thy kyn!
Do furth thy mercat; at me thow sall nocht wyn;
And sell thy hering thow hes thair till hie price,
Ellis thow sall wyn nocht on thy merchandice.'

The Cadgear trimillit for teyne quhair that he stude;
'It is weill worthie,' quod he, 'I want 3one tyke,
That had not in my hand sa mekill gude,
As staf, or sting, 3one truker for to stryke.'
With that lychtlie he lap outouer ane dyke,
And snakkit doun ane staf, for he wes tene,
That heuie wes and of the Holyne grene.

[1] In the original ll. 2079 and 2080 are transposed.

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[HARLEIAN

Syne be the heid the horß in hy hes hint;
The fraudfull foxe thairto guid tent hes tane,
And with his teith the stoppell, or he stint,
F. 54 *b*. Pullit out, and syne the hering ane and ane
Out of the creillis he swakkit doun gude wane.
The wolf was war, and gadderit spedilie;
The cadgear sang, 'huntis vp, vp, vpoun hie.'

ȝit at ane burne the cadgear luikit about;
With that the foxe lap quite the creillis fray;
The cadgear wald haif raucht the foxe ane rout,
Bot all for nocht, he wan his hoill that day.
Than with ane schout thus can the cadgear say:
'Abyde, and thow ane nekhering sall haif,
Is worth my capill, creillis, and all the laif.'

'Now,' quod the foxe, 'I schrew me, and we meit:
I hard quhat thow hecht to do with my skin.
Thy handis sall neuer in thay mittenis tak heit,
And thow war hangit, carle, and all thy kin!
Do furth thy marcat; at me thow sall not win;
And sell thy hering thow hes thair till hie price,
Ellis thow sall win nocht on thy marchandice.'

The cadgear trimmillit for teyne quhair that he stuid;
'It is weill worthie,' quod he, 'I want ȝone tyke,
That had not in my hand sa mekle gude,
As staf, or sting, ȝone truker for to strike.'
With that lichtlie he lap out ouer ane dyke,
F. 55 *a*. And hakkit doun ane staf, for he was tene,
That heuie was and of the holyne grene.

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CHARTERIS]

With that the Foxe vnto the Uolf couth wend,
And fand him be the hering, quhair he lyis;
'Schir,' said he than, 'maid I not fair defend?
Ane wicht man wantit neuer, and he wer wyis;
Ane hardie hart is hard for to suppryis.'
Than said the Uolf: 'thow art ane Berne full bald,
And wyse at will, in gude tyme be it tald.

'Bot quhat wes ȝone the Carll cryit on hie,
And schuke his heid, quhen that he saw thow fell?'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'that I can tell trewlie;
He said the Nekhering wes in till the creill.'
'Kennis thow that hering?' 'ȝe, Schir, I ken it weill,
And at the creill mouth I had it thryis but dout;
The wecht thair of neir tit my tuskis out.

¶ 'Now, suithlie, Schir, micht we that hering fa*n*g,
It wald be fische to vs thir fourtie dayis.'
Than said the Uolf, 'now God nor that I hang,
Bot to be thair, I wald gif all my clais,
To se gif that my wappinnis mycht it rais.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'God wait, I wischit ȝow oft,
Quhen that my pith micht not beir it on loft.

'It is ane syde of Salmond, as it wer,
And callour, pypand like ane Pertrik Ee;
It is worth all the hering ȝe haif thair,
ȝe, and we had it swa, it is[1] worth sic thre.'
'Than,' said the Uolf, 'quhat counsell geuis thow me?'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'wirk efter my deuyis,
And ȝe sall haif it, and tak ȝow na suppryis.

[1] Orig. 'is it.'

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[HARLEIAN

With that the fox vnto the wolf culd wend,
And fand him be the hering, quhair he lyis;
'Schir,' said he than, 'maid I not fair defend?
Ane wicht man wantit neuer, and he war wyse;
Ane hardie hart is hard for to suppryis.'
Than said the wolf: 'thow art ane berne full bald,
And wyse at will, in gude tyme be it tald.

'Bot quhat was ȝone the carle cryit on hie,
And schuik his hand, quod he, hes thow na feill?'
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'that I can tell trewlie;
He said the nekhering was in the creill.'
'Kennis thow that hering?' 'ȝe, schir, I ken it weill,
And at the creill mouth I had it thryis but dou[t][1];
The wecht thair of neir tit my tuskis out.

'Now, surelie, schir, mycht we that hering fang,
It wald be fische to ws thir fourtie dayis.'
Than said the wolf, 'now god nor that I hang,
Bot to be thair, I wald gif all my clays,
To se gif that my wappyȝnis micht it rais.'
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'god wait, I wischit ȝow oft,
Quhen that my teith micht not beir it on loft.

F. 55 *b*. 'It is ane side of salmond, as it wair,
And callour, pypand like ane pertrik ee;
It is worth all the hering ȝe haif thair,
ȝe, and we had it swa, it is[2] worth sic thre.
'Than,' said the wolf, 'quhat counsale geuis thow me?'
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'wirk efter my deuyis,
And ȝe sall haif it, and tak ȝow na suppryis.

[1] The *t* has been cut off by the binder.

[2] MS. 'is it.'

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CHARTERIS]

'First, ȝe man cast ane cumpas far about,
Syne straucht ȝow doun in middis of the way;
Baith heid, and feit, and taill ȝe man streik out,
Hing furth ȝour toung, & clois weill ȝour Ene tway;
Syne se ȝour heid on ane hard place ȝe lay;
And dout not for na perrell may appeir,
Bot hald ȝow clois quhe*n th*at the Carll cummis neir.

'And thocht ȝe se ane staf, haif ȝe na dout,
Bot hald ȝow wonder still in to that steid;
And luke ȝour Ene be clois, as thay wer out,
And se that ȝe schrink nouther fute nor heid:
Than will the Cadgear Carll trow ȝe be deid,
And in till haist will hint ȝow be the heillis,
As he did me, and swak ȝow on his creillis.'

'Now,' quod the Uolf, 'I sweir the be my thrift,
I trow ȝone Cadgear Carlle dow not me beir.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'on loft he will ȝow lift,
Upoun his creillis, and do him lytill deir.
Bot ane thing dar I suithlie to ȝow sweir,
Get ȝe that hering sicker in sum place,
ȝe sall not fair in fisching mair quhill Pasche.

'I sall say *In principio* vpon ȝow,
And croce ȝour corps from the top to ta;
Wend quhen ȝe will, I dar be warrand now
That ȝe sall de na suddan deith this day.'
With that the Uolf gird vp sone and to ga,
And caist ane cumpas about the Cadgear far;
Syne straucht him in the gait, or he come nair.

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[HARLEIAN

'First, ȝe mon cast ane compas far about,
Syne straucht ȝow doun in middis of the way;
Baith heid, and feit, and taill ȝe man streik out,
Hing furth ȝour toung, and clois weill ȝour ene tway;
Syne se ȝour heid on ane hard place ȝe lay;
And dout not for na perrell may appeir,
Bot hald ȝow clois quhen that the carle cummis neir.

'And thocht ȝe se ane staf, haif ȝe na dout,
Bot hald ȝow winder still in to that steid;
And luik ȝour ene be clois, as thay war out,
And se that ȝe schrink nouther fute nor heid:
Than will the cadgear carle trow ȝe be deid,
And in till haist will hint ȝow be the heillis,
As he did me, and swak ȝow on his creillis.'

'Now,' quod the wolf, 'I sweir the be my thrift,
F. 56 a. I trow ȝone cadger carle he will me beir.'[1]
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'on loft he will ȝow lift,
Vpoun his creillis, and do him litill deir.
Bot ane thing dar I surelie to ȝow sweir,
Get ȝe that hering sicker in sum place,
ȝe sall not fair in fisching mair quhill pasche.

'I sall say En principio vpoun ȝow,
And cros ȝour corpis frome the top to tay;
Wend quhen ȝe will, I dar be warrand now
That ȝe sall die na suddane deith this day.'
With that the wolf gird vp sone and to gay,
And kest ane compas about the cadger far;
Syne raucht him in the gait, or he come nar.

[1] See the better reading on p. 158.

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CHARTERIS]

He laid his halfheid sicker hard and sad,
Syne straucht his four feit fra him, and his heid,
And hang his toung furth as the Foxe him bad;
Als still he lay, as he wer verray deid,
Rakkand na thing of the Carllis fauour nor feid,
Bot euer vpon the Nekhering he thinkis,
And quyte forȝetts the Foxe and all his wrinkis.

With that the Cadgear, als wraith as ony wind,
Come rydand on the laid, for it wes licht,
Thinkand ay on the Foxe that wes behind,
Upon quhat wyse reuenge him best he micht;
And at the last of the Uolf gat ane sicht,
Quhair he in lenth lay streikit in the gait;
Bot gif he lichtit doun, or nocht, God wait!

'Softlie,' he said, 'I wes begylit anis;
Be I begylit twyis, I schrew vs baith,
That euill bot it sall licht vpon thy banis,
He suld haif had that hes done me the skaith.'
On hicht he houit the stalf, for he wes wraith,
And hit him with sic will vpon the heid,
Quhill neir he swonit and swelt in to that steid.

Thre battis he buir, or he his feit mycht find,
Bot ȝit the Uolf wes wicht, and wan away.
He micht not se, he wes sa verray blind,
Nor wit reddilie quhether it wes nicht or day.
The Foxe beheld that seruice quhair he lay,
And leuch on loft, quhen he the Uolf sa seis,
Baith deif and dosinnit, fall swonand on his kneis.

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[HARLEIAN

He laid his halfheid sicker hard and sad,
Syne straucht his foure feit fra him, and his heid,
And hang his toung furth as the foxe him bad;
Als still he lay, as he war verray deid,
Rakkand na thing of the carlis fauour nor feid,
Bot euer vpoun the nekhering he thinkis,
And quite forȝetis the foxe and all his wrinkis.

With that þe cadger, wauering as the wind,
Come rydand on the laid, for it was licht,
F. 56 *b*. Thinkand ay on the foxe that was behind,
Vpoun quhat wyse reuengit on him he micht;
And at the last of the wolf gat ane sicht,
Quhair he in lenth lay streikit in the gait;
Bot gif he lichtit doun, or not, god wait!

'Softlie,' he said, 'I was begilit anis;
Be I begilit twyis, I schrew ws baith,
That euill bot it sall licht vpoun thy banis,
He suld haif had that hes done me the skaith.'
On hicht he houit the stalf, for he was wraith,
And hit him *with* sic will vpoun the heid,
Quhill neir he swonit and swalt in to that steid.

Thre battis he buir, or he his feit micht find,
Bot ȝit the wolf was wicht, and wan away.
He micht not se, he wes sa verray blind,
Nor wit reddilie quhether it wes nicht or day.
The foxe beheld that seruice quhair he lay,
And leuch on loft, quhen he the wolf sa seis,
Baith deif and dosinnit, fall swounand on his kneis.

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CHARTERIS]

He that of ressoun can not be content,
Bot couetis all, is abill all to tyne.
The Foxe, quhen that he saw the Uolf wes schent,
Said to him self, 'thir hering sall be myne;'
I le, or ellis he wes efterwart fyne
That fand sic wayis his maister for to greif:
With all the fische thus Lowrence tuk his Leif.

¶ The Uolf wes neir weill dungin to the deid,
That vneis with his lyfe away he wan,
For with the Bastoun weill brokin wes his heid.
The Foxe in to his den sone drew him than,
That had betraisit his Maister and the man:
The ane wantit the hering of his creillis,
The vtheris blude wes rynnand ouer his heillis.

MORALITAS.

THIS Taill is myngit with Moralitie,
As I sall schaw sumquhat, or that I ceis:
The Foxe vnto the warld may likkinnit be,
The reuand Uolf vnto ane man but leis,
The Cadgear Deith, quhome vnder all man preis:
That euer tuke lyfe throw cours of kynd man dee,
As man, and beist, and fische in to the see.

¶ The warld, ȝe wait, is Stewart to the man,
Quhilk may mak man to haif na mynd of Deid,
Bot settis for winning all the craftis thay can;
The Hering I likkin vnto the gold sa reid,
Quhilk gart the Uolf in perrell put his heid:
Richt swa the gold garris land, certeis,[1]
With weir be waistit, daylie as men seis.

[1] See the better reading on p. 163.

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[HARLEIAN

He that of ressoun can not be content,
Bot couetis all, is abill all to tyne.
The foxe, quhen that he saw the wolf wes schent,
Said to him selff, 'thir hering salbe myne;'
F. 57 a. I le, or ellis he was efterwart fyne
That fand sic wayis his maister for to greif:
With all the fische thus lowrence tuik his leif.

The wolf was neir weill dungin to the deid,
That vneith with his lyfe away he wan,
For with the bastoun weill brokin wes his heid.
The foxe in to his den sone drew him than,
That had betraisit his maister and the man:
The ane wantit the hering of his creillis,
The vtheris blude was ryṅnand ouer his heillis.

Moralitas.

This taill is mingit with moralitie,
As I sall schaw sum quhat, or that I ceis:
The foxe vnto the warld may likkinnit be,
The reuand wolf vnto ane man but leis,
The cadger deith, quhome vnder all men preis:
That euer tuik lyfe throw cours of kynd man die,
As man, and beist, and fische in to the see.

The warld, ȝe wait, is stewart to the man,
Quhilk makis man to haif na mynd of deid,
Bot settis for wyṅning all the craft thay can;
The hering I likkin vnto the gold sa reid,
Quhilk gart the wolf in perrell put his heid:
Richt swa the gold garris landis and cieteis
F. 57 b. With weir be waistit, daylie as men seis.

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CHARTERIS]

And as the Foxe with dissimulance and gyle
Gart the Uolf wene to haif worschip for euer,
Richt swa this warld with vane glore for ane quhyle
Flatteris with folk, as thay suld failȝe neuer,
ȝit suddandlie men seis it oft disseuer;
With thame that trowis oft to fill the sek,
Deith cummis behind and nippis thame be the nek.

The micht of gold makis mony men sa blind,
That settis on Auarice thair felicitie,
That thay forȝet the Cadgear cummis behind
To strike thame, of quhat stait sa euer thay be.
Quhat is mair dirk than blind prosperitie?
Quhairfoir I counsell mychtie men to haif mynd
Of the Nekhering, Interpreit in this kynd.

¶ Finis.

¶ THE TAILL OF THE FOXE THAT BEGYLIT THE UOLF IN THE SCHADOW OF THE MOṆE.

IN ELDERIS dayis, as Esope can declair,
Thair wes ane Husband, quhilk had ane pleuch to steir.
His vse wes ay in morning to Ryse air;
Sa happinnit him in streiking tyme of ȝeir
Airlie in the morning to follow furth his feir,
Unto the pleuch, bot his gadman and he;
His stottis he straucht with 'Benedicite.'

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[HARLEIAN

And as the foxe with dissimulance and gile
Gart the wolf wene to haif worschip for euer,
Richt swa this warld with vane gloir for ane quhile
Flatteris with folk, as thay suld failȝe neuer,
ȝit suddandlie men seis it oft disseuer;
With thame that trowis oft to fill the sek,
Deith cummis behind and nippis thame be the nek.

The micht of gold makis mony men [sa [1]] blind,
That settis on auerice thair felicitie,
That thay forȝet the cadger cummis behind
To stryke thame, of quhat stait so euer thay be.
Quhat is mair dirk than blind prosperitie?
Quhairfoir I counsall michtie men to haif mynd
Of the nekhering, interpreit in this kynd.

Finis.

F. 58 *a*. **The taill of the foxe that begilit the wolf in the schadow of the mone.**

In elderis dayis, as esope can declair,
Thair wes ane husband, quhilk had ane pleuch to steir.
His vse wes ay in morning to ryis air;
Swa happynnit him in streiking tyme of ȝeir
Airlie in the morning to follow furth his feir,
Vnto the pleuch, bot his gadman and he;
His stottis he straucht with 'benedicite.'

[1] See p. 164.

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CHARTERIS]

The Caller cryit: 'how, haik vpon hicht;
Hald draucht, my dowis;' syne broddit thame full sair.
The Oxin wes vnwsit, ȝoung, and licht,
And for fersnes thay couth the fur forfair.[1]
The Husband than woxe angrie as ane hair,
Syne cryit, and caist his Patill and greit stanis:
'The Uolf,' quod he, 'mot haif ȝow all at anis.'

Bot ȝit the Uolf wes neirar nor he wend,
For in ane busk he lay, and Lowrence baith,
In ane Rouch Rone, wes at the furris end,
And hard the hecht; than Lowrence leuch full raith:
'To tak ȝone bud,' quod he, 'it wer na skaith.'
'Weill,' quod the Uolf, 'I hecht the be my hand;
ȝone Carllis word, as he wer king, sall stand.'

The oxin eirit mair reullie at the last;
Syne efter thay lousit, fra that it worthit weill lait;
The Husband hamewart with his cattell past.
Than sone the Uolf come hirpilland in his gait,
Befoir the Oxin, and schupe to mak debait.
The Husband saw him, and worthit sumdeill agast,
And bakwart with his beistis wald haif past.

The Uolf said, 'quhether dryuis thow this, Pray?
I challenge it, for nane of thame ar thyne.'
The man thairof wes in ane felloun fray,
And soberlie to the Uolf answerit syne:
'Schir, be my Saull, thir oxin ar all myne;
Thairfoir I studie quhy ȝe suld stop me,
Sen that I faltit neuer to ȝow, trewlie.'

[1] Hart, 'forfraire.'

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[HARLEIAN

The caller cryit: 'how, haik vpoun hicht;
Hald draucht, my dowis;' syne broddit thame full sair.
The oxin wes vnwsit, 3oung, and licht,
And for fersnes thay couth the fur forfair.
The husband than woxe angrie as ane hair,
Syne cryit, and caist his patill and grit stanis:
'The wolf,' quod he, 'mot haif 3ow all at anis.'

Bot 3it the wolf was neirar nor he wend,
For in ane busk he lay, and lowrence baith,
In ane ruch rone, was at the furris end,
And hard the hecht; than lowrence leuch full raith:
'To tak 3one bud,' quod he, 'it war na skaith.'
'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'I hecht the be my hand;
3one carlis word, as he war king, sall stand.'

F. 58 *b.* The oxin waxit mair reulie at the last;
Syne efter thay lousit, fra that it worthit weill lait;
The husband hamewart *with* his cattell past.
Than sone the wolf come hirpilland in his gait,
Befoir the oxin, and schupe to mak debait.
The husband saw him, and worthit sum deill agast,
And bakwart with his beistis wald haif past.

The wolf said, 'quhether dryuis thow this, pray?
I chalenge it, for nane of thame ar thine.'
The man thairof was in ane felloun fray,
And soberlie to the wolf answerit syne:
'Schir, be my saule, thir oxin ar all myne;
Thairfoir I studdie quhy 3e suld stop me,
Sen that I faltit neuer to 3ow, trewlie.'

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CHARTERIS]

The Uolf said, 'Carle, gaif thow not me this drift
Airlie, quhen thow wes eirand on ȝone bank?
And is thair oucht, sayis thow, frear than gift?
This tarying will tyne the all thy thank;
Far better is frelie for to gif ane plank
Nor be compellit on force to gif ane mark.
Fy on the fredome that cummis not with hart!'

'Schir,' quod the husband, 'ane man may say in greif,
And syne ganesay, fra he auise and se:
I hecht to steill, am I thairfoir ane theif?'
'God forbid, Schir, all hechtis suld haldin be!'
'Gaif I my hand or oblissing?' quod he,
'Or haif ȝe witnes or writ for to schaw?
Schir, reif me not, but go and seik the Law.'

'Carll,' quod the Uolf, 'ane Lord, and he be leill,
That schrinkis for schame, or doutis to be reprufit,
His saw is ay als sickker as his Seill.
Fy on the Leid that is not leill and lufit!
Thy argument is fals, and eik contrufit,
For it is said in Prouerb: "But lawte
All vther vertewis ar nocht worth ane fle."'

'Schir,' said the husband, 'remember of this thing:
Ane[1] leill man is not tane at half ane taill.
I may say, and ganesay, I am na King:
Quhair is ȝour witnes *th*at hard I hecht thame haill?'
Than said the Uolf, 'thairfoir it sall nocht faill;
Lowrence,' quod he, 'cum hidder of that Schaw,
And say na thing bot as thow hard and saw.'

[1] Orig. 'And.'

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[HARLEIAN

The wolf said, 'carle, gaif thow not me this drift
Airlie, quhen thow wes eirrand on ȝone bank?
And is thair oucht, sayis thow, frear than gift?
This tarying will tyne the all thy thank;
For better is frelie for to gif ane plank
Nor be compellit on force to gif ane mart.
Fy on the fredome that cu*m*mis not *with* hart!'

'Schir,' quod the husband, 'ane man may say in greif,
F. 59 *a*. And syne gane say, fra he auise and se:
I hecht to steill, am I thairfoir ane theif?'
'God forbid, schir, all hechtis suld haldin be!'
'Gaif I my hand or oblissing?' quod he,
'Or haif ȝe writ or witnes for to schaw?
Schir, reif me not, but go and seik the law.'

'Carle,' quod the wolf, 'ane lord, and he be leill,
That schrinkis for schame, or doutis to be repruuit,
His saw is ay als sickker as his seill.
Fy on the leid that is not leill and luifit!
Thy argument is fals, and eik contrufit,
For it is said in prouerb: "but lawte
All vther vertewis ar not worth ane fle."'

'Schir,' said the husband, 'remember of this thing:
Ane[1] leill man is not tane at half ane taill.
I may say, and ganesay, I am na king:
Quhair is ȝour witnes that hard I hecht tha*me* hai[ll][1]?'
Than said the wolf, 'thairfoir it sall not faill;
Lowrence,' quod he, 'cum hidder of that schaw,
And say na thing bot as thow hard and saw.'

[1] Clipped by the binder.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ Lowrence come lourand, for he lufit neuer licht,
And sone appeirit befoir thame in that place:
The man leuch na thing, quhen he saw that sicht.
'Lowre*n*ce,' quod the Uolf, 'thow man declair *th*is cace,
Quhairof we sall schaw the suith in schort space;
I callit on the leill witnes for to beir:
Quhat hard thow that this man hecht me lang eir?'

'Schir,' said the Tod, 'I can not hastelie
Swa sone as now gif sentence finall;
Bot wald ȝe baith submit ȝow heir to me,
To stand at my decreit perpetuall,
To pleis baith I suld preif, gif it may fall.'
'Weill,' quod the Uolf, 'I am content for me:'
The man said, 'swa am I, how euer it be.'

Than schew thay furth thair allegeance but fabill,
And baith proponit thair pley to him compleit.
Quod Lowrence: 'now I am ane Iuge amycabill:
ȝe sall be sworne to stand at my decreit,
Quhether heirefter ȝe think it soure or sweit.'
The Uolf braid furth his fute, the man his hand,
And on the Toddis Taill sworne thay ar to stand.

Than tuke the Tod the man furth till ane syde,
And said him: 'freind, thow art in blunder brocht;
The Uolf will not forgif the ane Oxe hyde,
ȝit wald my self fane help the, and I mocht;
Bot I am laith to hurt my conscience ocht.
Tyne not thy querell in thy awin defence;
This will not throw, but greit coist and expence.

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[HARLEIAN

Lowrence come lowrand, for he luifit neuer licht,
And sone appeirit befoir thame in that place:
F. 59 *b.* The man lewch na thing, quhen he saw that sicht.
'Lawrence,' quod the wolf, 'thow man declair this cace,
Quhairof we sall schaw the suith in schort space;
I callit on the leill witnes for to beir:
Quhat hard thow that this man hecht me lang eir?'

'Schir,' said the tod, 'I can not hastelie
Swa sone as now gif sentence finall;
Bot wald ȝe baith submit ȝow heir to me,
To stand at my decreit perpetuall,
To pleis baith I suld preif, gif it may fall.'
'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'I am content for me:'
The man said, 'swa am I, how euer it be.'

Than schew thay furth thair allegeance but fabill,
And baith proponit thair pley to him compleit.
Quod lowrence: 'now I am iuge amicable:
ȝe salbe sworne to stand at my decreit,
Quhether heirefter ȝe think it soure or sweit.'
The wolf braid furth his fute, the man his hand,
And on the toddis taill sworne thay ar to stand.

Than tuik the tod the man furth to ane side,
And said him: 'freind, thow art in blunder brocht;
The wolf will not forgif the ane ox hide,
F. 60 *a.* ȝit wald my self fane help the, and I mocht;
Bot I am laith to hurt my conscience ocht.
Tyne not thy quarell in thy awin defence;
This will not throw, but grit coist and expence.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ 'Seis thow not Buddis beiris Bernis throw,
And giftis garris crukit materis hald full euin?
Sumtymis ane nedill haldis ane man in ane Kow.
All ar not halie that heifis thair handis to heuin.'
'Schir,' said the man, 'ȝe sall haif sex or seuin,
Richt of the fattest hennis of all the floik:
I compt not all the laif, leif me the Coik.

'I am ane Iuge,' quod Lowrence than, and leuch;
'Thair is na Buddis suld beir me by the rycht;
I may tak hennis and Caponis weill aneuch,
For God is gane to sleip; as for this nycht,
Sic small thingis ar not sene in to his sycht;
Thir hennis,' quod he, 'sall mak thy querrell sure,
With emptie hand na man suld Halkis lure.'

Concord in this, than Lowrence tuke his leif,
And to the Uolf he went in to ane ling;
Syne priuelie he plukkit him be the sleif:
'Is this in ernist,' quod he, 'ȝe ask sic thing?
Na, be my Saull, I trow it be in hething.'
Than said the Uolf: 'Lowrence, quhy sayis thow sa?
Thow hard the hecht thy self that he couth ma.'

'The hecht,' quod he, 'ȝone man maid at the pleuch,
Is that the cause quhy ȝe the cattell craif?'
Half in to heithing, said Lowrence than, and leuch;
'Schir, be the Rude, vnroikkit now ȝe raif;
The Deuill ane stirk taill thairfoir sall ȝe haif;
Wald I tak it vpon my conscience
To do sa pure ane man as ȝone offence?

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[HARLEIAN

'Seis thow not buddis beris bernis throw,
And giftis garris cruikit materis hald full evin?
Sum tymes ane hen haldis ane man in ane kow.
All ar not halie that heifis thair handis to heuin.'
'Schir,' said the man, 'ȝe sall haif sex or sevin,
Richt of the fattest hennis of all the flok:
I compt not all the laif, leif me the cok.'

'I am ane iuge,' quod lawrence than, and leuch;
'Thair is na buddis suld beir me by the richt;
I may tak hennis and caponis weill aneuch,
For god is gane to sleip; as for this nicht,
Sic small thingis ar not sene in to his sicht;
Thir hennis,' quod he, 'sall mak thy quarell sure,
*Wit*h emptie hand na man suld halkis lure.'

Concordit thus, than lawrence tuik his leiff,
And to the wolff he went in to ane ling;
Syne preuelie he plukkit him be the sleiff:
F. 60 *b*. 'Is this,' quod he, 'in eirnist ȝe ask sic thing?
Na, be my saule, I trow it be in heithing.'
Than said the wolff: 'lowrence, quhy sayis thow sa?
Thow hard the hecht thy self that he couth ma.'

'The hecht,' quod he, 'ȝone man maid at the pleuch̄,
Is that the caus quhy ȝe the cattell craif?'
Half in to heithing, said lowrence than, and leuch̄;
'Schir, be the rude, vnrokkit now ȝe raif;
The deuill ane stirk taill thairfoir sall ȝe haif;
Wald I tak it vpoun my conscience
To do sa pure ane man as ȝone offence?

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CHARTERIS]

¶ '3it haif I communit with the Carll,' quod he;
'We ar concordit vpon this cunnand:
Quyte of all clamis, swa 3e will mak him fre,
3e sall ane Cabok haif in to 3our hand,
That sic ane sall not be in all this land;
For it is Somer Cheis, baith fresche and fair;
He sayis it weyis ane stane and sumdeill mair.'

'Is that thy counsell,' quod the Uolf, 'I do,
That 3one Carll for ane Cabok suld be fre?'
'3e, be my Saull, and I wer sworne 3ow to,
3e suld nane vther counsell haif for me;
For gang 3e to the maist extremitie,
It will not wyn 3ow worth ane widderit neip;
Schir, trow 3e nocht, I haif ane Saull to keip!'

'Weill,' quod the Uolf, 'it is aganis my will
That 3one Carll for ane Cabok suld ga quyte.'
'Schir,' quod the Tod, '3e tak it in nane euill,
For, be my Saull, 3our self had all the wyte.'
'Than,' said the Uolf, 'I bid na mair to flyte,
Bot I wald se 3one Cabok of sic pryis.'
'Schir,' said the Tod, 'he tauld me quhar it lyis.'

Than hand in hand thay held vnto ane hill;
The Husband till his hors hes tane the way,
For he wes fane; he schaipit from thair euill,
And on his feit woke the dure quhill day.
Now will we turne vnto the vther tway.
Throw woddis waist thir Freikis on fute can fair,
Fra busk to busk, quhill neir midnycht and mair.

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[HARLEIAN

'3it haif I co*m*munit w*ith* the carle,' quod he;
'We ar concordit vpoun this cu*n*nand:
Quit of all clames, swa 3e will mak him fre,
3e sall ane cabok haif in to 3our hand,
That sic ane sall not be in all this land;
For it is somer cheis, baith fresche and fair;
He sayis it weyis ane stane and sum deill mair.'

'Is that thy counsale,' quod the wolf, 'I do,
That 3one carle for ane cabok suld be fre?'
'3e, be my saule, and I war sworne 3ow to,
F. 61 *a*. 3e suld na vther counsall haif for me;
For gang 3e to the maist extremitie,
It will not win 3ow worth ane widderit neip;
Schir, trow 3e not, I haif ane saule to keip!'

'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'it is aganis my will
That 3one carle for ane cabok suld ga quite.'
'Schir,' quod the tod, '3e tak it in na euill,
For, be my saule, 3our self had all the wyte.'
'Than,' said the wolf, 'I bid na mair to flyte,
Bot I wald se 3one cabok of sic pryis.'
'Schir,' said the tod, 'he tauld me quhair it lyis.'

Than hand in hand thay held vnto ane hill;
The husband to his hors hes tane the way,
For he wes fane; he chaippit frome thair ill,
And on his feit wouke the dur quhill day.
Now will we turne vnto the vther tway.
Throw woddis waist thir freikis on fute can fair,
Fra busk to busk, quhill neir mydnicht and mair.

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CHARTERIS]

Lowrence wes euer remembring vpon wrinkis
And subtelteis the Uolf for to begyle;
That he had hecht ane Caboik he forthinkis,
ȝit at the last he findis furth ane wyle,
Than at him self softlie couth he smyle.
The Uolf sayis, 'Lowrence, thow playis bellie blind;
We seik all nycht, bot na thing can we find.'

'Schir,' said the Tod, 'we ar at it almaist;
Soft ȝow ane lytill, and ȝe sall se it sone.'
Than to ane Manure place thay hyit in haist:
The nicht wes lycht, and pennyfull the Mone.
Than till ane draw wel thir Senȝeouris past but hone,
Quhar that twa bukkettis seuerall suithlie hang;
As ane come vp, ane vther doun wald gang.

The schadow of the Mone schone in the well.
'Schir,' said Lowrence, 'anis ȝe sall find me leill;
Now se ȝe not the Caboik weill ȝour sell,
Quhyte as ane Neip, and round[1] als as ane schell?
He hang it ȝonder, that[2] na man suld it steill:
Schir, traist ȝe weill, ȝone Caboik ȝe se hing
Micht be ane presen[t] to our Lord the King.'

'Na,' quod the Uolf, 'mycht I ȝone Caboik haif
On the dry land, as I it ȝonder se,
I wald quitclame the Carll of all the laif;
His dart Oxin I compt thame not ane fle;
ȝone wer mair meit for sic ane man as me.
Lowrence,' quod he, 'leip in the bukket sone,
And I sall hald the ane, quhill thow haif done.'

[1] Orig. 'and als round.'
[2] Orig. 'than.'

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[HARLEIAN

Lowrence wes euer remembring vpoun wrinkis
And subtelteis the wolf for to begyle;
That he had hecht ane cabok he forthinkis,
3it at the last he findis furth ane wyle,
F. 61 *b*. Than at him self softlie couth he smyle.
The wolf sayis, 'lowrence, thow playis bellie blind;
We seik all nycht, bot na thing can we find.'

'Schir,' said the tod, 'we ar at it almaist;
Soft 3ow ane litill, and 3e sall se it sone.'
Than to ane manure place thay hyit in haist:
The nicht was licht, and penny full the mone.
Than till ane draw well thir sein3eouris past but hone,
Quhair that twa bukkettis seuerall suithlie hang;
As ane come vp, ane vther doun wald gang.

The schadow of the mone schone in the well.
'Schir,' said lowrence, 'anis 3e sall find me leill;
Now se 3e not the cabok weill 3our sell,
Quhite as ane neip, and round als as ane seill?
He hang it 3onder, that na man suld it steill:
Schir, traist 3e weill, 3one caboik 3e se hing
Micht be ane present to ony lord or king.'

'Na,' quod the wolf, 'micht I 3one caboik haif
On the dry land, as I it 3onder se,
I wald quitclame the carle of all the laif;
His dart oxin I compt thame not ane fle;
3one war mair meit for sic ane man as me.
Lowrence,' quod he, 'leip in the bukket sone,
F. 62 *a*. And I sall hald the ane, quhill thow haif done.'

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CHARTERIS]

Lowrence gird doun baith sone and subtellie;
The vther baid abufe, and held the flaill.
'It is sa mekill,' quod Lowrence, 'it maisteris me,
On all my tais it hes not left ane naill;
3e man mak help vpwart, and it haill:
Leip in the vther bukket haistelie,
And cum sone doun, and make me sum supple.'

Than lychtlie in the bukket lap the loun;
His wecht but weir the vther end gart ryis;
The Tod come hailland vp, the Uolf 3eid doun;
Than angerlie the Uolf upon him cryis:
'I cummand thus dounwart, quhy thow vpwart hyis?'
'Schir,' quod the Tod, 'thus fairis it of fortoun:
As ane cummis vp, scho quheillis ane vther doun!'

Than to the ground sone 3eid the Uolf in haist;
The Tod lap on land, as blyith as ony bell,
And left the Uolf in watter to the waist.
Quha haillit him out, I wait not, of the well.
Heir endis the Text; thair is na mair to tell.
3it men may find agane moralitie
In this sentence, thocht it ane Fabill be.

MORALITAS.

THIS Uolf I likkin to ane wickit man,
Quhilk dois the pure oppres in euerie place,
And pykis at thame all querrellis that he can,
Be Rigour, reif, and vther wickitnes.
The Foxe the Feynd I call in to this cais,
Actand[1] ilk man to ryn vnrychteous rinkis,
Thinkand thairthrow to lok him in his linkis.

[1] Orig. 'Arctand.'

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[HARLEIAN

Lowrence gird doun baith sone and subtellie;
The vther baid abuif, and held the flaill.
'It is sa mekill,' quod lowrence, 'it maisteris me,
On all my tais it hes not left ane naill;
3e man mak help vpwart, and it haill:
Leip in the vther bukket haistelie,
And cum sone doun, and mak me sum supplie.'

Than lichtlie in the bukket lap the loun;
His wecht but weir the vther end gart ryis;
The tod come hailland vp, the wolf 3eid doun;
Than angerlie the wolf upoun him cryis:
'I cummand thus dounwart, quhy thow vpwart hyis?'
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'this fair is of fortoun:
As ane cummis vp, scho quheillis ane vther doun!'

Than to the ground sone 3ude the wolf in haist;
The tod lap on land, as blyith as ony bell,
And left the wolf in watter to the waist.
Quha haillit him out, I wait not, of the well.
Heir endis the text; thair is na mair to tell.
3it men may find ane gude moralitie
In this sentence, thocht it ane fabill be.

F. 6a b.

Moralitas.

This wolf I likkin to ane wickit man,
Quhilk dois the pure oppres in euerie place,
And pykis at thame all quarrellis that he can,
Be rigour, reif, and vther wickitnes.
The foxe the feind I call in to this cais,
Actand ilk man to rin vnrichtious rinkis,
Thinkand thairthrow to lok him in his linkis.

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CHARTERIS]

The Husband may be callit ane godlie man,
With quhome the Feynd falt findis, as Clerkis reid*is*,
Besie to tempt him with all wayis that he can.
The hennis ar warkis *th*at fra ferme faith proceidis:
Quhair sic sproutis spreidis, *th*e euill spreit *th*air not speid*is*,
Bot wendis vnto the wickit man agane;
That he hes tint his trauell is full vnfane.

¶ The wodd*is* waist, quhairin wes the Uolf wyld,
Ar wickit riches, quhilk all men gaipis to get;
Quha traistis in sic Trusterie ar oft begyld;
For Mammon may be callit the Deuillis Net,
Quhilk Sathanas for all sinfull hes set.
With proud plesour quha settis his traist thairin,
But speciall grace, lychtlie can not outwin.

The Cabok may be callit Couetyce,
Quhilk blomis braid in mony mannis Ee;
Ua worth the well of that wickit vyce!
For it is all bot fraud and fantasie,
Dryuand ilk man to leip in the buttrie
That dounwart drawis vnto the pane of hell.—
Christ keip all christianis frome that wickit well!

¶ FINIS.

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[HARLEIAN

The husband may be callit ane godlie man,
With quhome the feind faltis findes, as clerkis reidis,
Besie to tempt him *with* all wayis that he can.
The hennis ar warkis that fra ferme faith proceidis:
Quhair sic sproutis spreidis, the euill spreit *þair* not speid[is],[1]
Bot wendis vnto the wickit man agane;
That he hes tint his trauell is full vnfane.

The woddis waist, quhairin wes the wolf wyld,
Ar wickit riches, quhilk all men gaipis to get;
Quha traistis in sic trustrie ar oft begyld;
For ma*m*mon may be callit the deuillis net,
Quhilk sathanas for all sinfull hes set.
With proud plesour quha settis his traist thairin,
But speciall grace, lichtlie can not outwin.

The caboik may be callit couetice,
F. 63 *a*. Quhilk blomes braid in mony ma*n*nis[2] ee;
Wa worth the well of that wickit vyce!
For it is all bot fraud and fantasie,
Dryuand ilk man to leip in the buttrie
That dounwart drawis vnto the pane of hell.—
Christ keip all christianis frome that wickit well!

Finis.

[1] Clipped by the binder.

[2] MS. 'ma*n*mis.'

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CHARTERIS]

¶ THE TAILL OF THE UOLF AND THE UEDDER.

QUHYLUM thair wes, as Esope can Report,
Ane scheiphird dwelland be an Forrest neir,
Quhilk had ane Hou*n*d *th*at did him greit co*m*fort;
Full war he wes to walk his Fauld but weir,
that nouther Uolf nor Uildcat durst appeir,
Nor Foxe on feild, nor ȝit na vther beist,
Bot he thame slew, or chaissit at the leist.

Sa happinnit it, as euerilk beist man de,
This Hound of suddand seiknes to be deid;
Bot than, God wait, the keipar of the fe
For verray wo woxe wanner nor the weid:
'Allace,' quod he, 'now se I na remeid
To saif the selie beistis that I keip,
For wit the Uolf werryit beis all my scheip.'

¶ It wald haif maid ane mannis hart sair to se
The selie scheiphirdis lamentatioun:
'Now is my Darling deid, allace,' quod he;
'For now to beg my breid I may be boun,
With pyikstaf and with scrip to fair of toun;
For all the beistis befoir bandonit bene
Will schute vpon my beistis with Ire and tene.'

With that ane Uedder wrechitlie wan on fute:
'Maister,' quod he, 'mak merie and be blyith;
To brek ȝour hart for baill it is na bute;
For ane deid Doig ȝe na cair on ȝow kyith.
Ga feche him hithor, and fla his skyn of swyith;
Syne sew it on me; and luke that it be meit,
Baith heid, and crag, bodie, taill, and feit.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 63 *b.* **The taill of the wolf & the wedder.**

Qubylum thair wes, as esope can report,
Ane scheiphird duelland be ane forrest neir,
Quhilk had ane hound that did him grit comfort;
Full war he wes to walk his fauld but weir,
that nouther wolf nor wyld cat durst appeir,
Nor foxe on feild, nor ȝit na vther beist,
Bot he thame slew, or chaissit at the leist.

Swa happynnit it, as euerie beist man de,
This hound of suddane seiknes to be deid;
Bot than, god wait, the keipar of the fe
For verray wo woxe wanner nor the weid:
'Allace,' quod he, 'now se I na remeid
To saif the selie beistis that I keip,
For wit the wolf werryit beis all my scheip.'

It wald haif maid ane mannis hart sair to se
The selie schiphirdis lamentatioun:
'Now is my darling deid, allace,' quod he;
'For now to beg my breid I may me boun,
With pykestaff and with scrip to fair of touñ;
For all the beistis before bandonit bene
Will schute vpoun my beistis with ire and tene.'

F. 64 *a.* With that ane wedder wretchitlie wan on fute:
'Maister,' quod he, 'mak merie and be blyith;
To brek ȝour hart for baill it is na bute;
For ane deid dog ȝe na cair on ȝow kyith.
Ga fetche him hidder, and fla his skin of swyth;
Syne sew it on me; and luik that it be meit,
Bodie and heid, baith taill, crag, and feit.

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CHARTERIS]

'Than will the Uolf trow that I am he;
For I sall follow him fast quhair euer he fair.
All haill, the cure I tak it vpon me,
3our scheip to keip at midday, lait and air.
And he persew, be God, I sall not spair
To follow him als fast as did 3our Doig,
Swa that, I warrand, 3e sall not want ane hoig.'

'Than,' said the scheiphird, 'this come of ane gude wit;
Thy counsall is baith sikker, leill, and trew;
Quha sayis ane scheip is daft, thay lieit of it.'
With that in hy the Doggis skyn of he flew,
And on the scheip rycht softlie couth it sew.
Than worth the Uedder wantoun of his weid:
'Now of the Uolf,' quod he, 'I haif na dreid.'

¶ In all thingis he counterfait the Dog;
For all the nicht he stude and tuke na sleip,
Swa that weill lang thair wantit not ane Hog.
Swa war he wes and walkryfe thame to keip,
That Lowrence durst not luke vpon ane scheip;
For and he did, he followit him sa fast,
That of his lyfe he maid him all agast.

Was nouther Uolf, Uildcat, nor 3it Tod
Durst cum within thay boundis all about,
Bot he wald chace thame baith throw rouch & snod.
Thay bailfull beistis had of thair lyuis sic dout,
For he wes mekill and semit to be stout,
That euerilk beist thay dred him as the deid,
Within that woid, that nane durst hald thair heid.

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[HARLEIAN

'Than will the wolf trow that I am he;
For I sall follow him fast quhair euer he fair.
All haill, the cure I tak it vpoun me,
3our scheip to keip at midday, lait and air.
And he persew, be god, I sall not spair
To follow him als fast as did 3our doge,
Swa that, I warrand, 3e sall not want ane hoig.'

'Than,' said the scheiphird, 'this come of ane gude wit;
Thy counsall is baith sickker, leill, and trew;
Quha sayis ane scheip is daft, thay leit of it.'
With that in hy the dogis skin of he flew,
And on the scheip richt softlie couth it sew.
Than worth the wedder wantoun of his weid:
'Now of the wolf,' quod he, 'I haif na dreid.'

In all thingis he counterfait the dog;
For all the nicht he stuid and tuik na sleip,
F. 64 b. Swa that weill lang thair wantit not ane hog.
Swa war he was and walkryfe thame to keip,
That lowrence durst not luik vpoun ane scheip;
For and he did, he followit him sa fast,
That of his lyfe he maid him all agast.

Was nouther wolf, wyldcat, nor 3it tod
Durst cum within thay boundis all about,
Bot he wald chais thame baith throw rouch and snod.
Thay bailfull beistis had of thair lyfis sic dout,
For he wes mekle and semit to be stout,
That euerie beist thay dred him as the deid,
Within that wod, that nane durst hald thair heid.

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CHARTERIS]

3it happinnit thair ane hungrie Uolf to slyde
Out throw his scheip, quhair thay lay on ane le;
'I sall haif ane,' quod he, 'quhat euer betyde,
Thocht I be werryit, for hunger or I de;'
With that ane lamb in till his cluke hint he.
The laif start vp, for thay wer all agast;
Bot god wait gif the Uedder followit fast.

Went neuer Hound mair haistelie fra the hand,
Quhen he wes rynnand maist raklie at the ra,
Nor went this Uedder baith ouer Mois and strand,
And stoppit nouther at bank, busk, nor bra;
Bot followit ay sa ferslie on his fa,
With sic ane Drift, quhill dust and dirt ouerdraif him,
And maid ane wow to God that he suld haif him.

¶ With that the Uolf let out his Taill on lenth,
For he wes hungrie, and it drew neir the euin,
And schupe him for to ryn with all his strenth,
Fra he the Uedder sa neir cummand had sene.
He Dred his lyfe, and he ouertane had bene;
Thairfoir he spairit nouther busk nor boig,
For weill he kennit the cunning[1] of the Doig.

To mak him lycht, he kest the Lamb him fra,
Syne lap ouer leis, and draif throw dub and myre.
'Na,' quod the wedder, 'in Faith we part not swa:
It is not the Lamb, bot the, that I desyre;
I sall cum neir, for now I se the tyre.'
The Uolf ran till ane rekill stude behind him,
Bot ay the neirar the Uedder to couth wyn him.

[1] Orig. 'cumming.'

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[HARLEIAN

3it happynnit thair ane hungrie wolf to slide
Out throw his scheip, quhair thay lay on ane le;
'I sall haif ane,' quod he, 'quhat euer betyde,
Thocht I be werryit, for hunger or I de;'
With that ane lamb in to his cluke hint he.
The laif start vp, for thay war all agast;
Bot god wait gif the wedder followit fast.

Went neuer hound mair haistelie fra the hand,
Quhen he wes rynnand maist raklie at the ra,
Nor went this wedder baith ouer mois & strand,
F. 65 *a*. And stoppit nouther at bank, busk, nor bra;
Bot followit ay sa ferslie on his fa,
With sic ane drift, quhill dirt and dust ouer draif him,
And maid ane vow to god that he suld haif him.

With that the wolf let out his taill on lenth̃,
For he wes hungrie, and it drew neir the ene,
And schupe him for to rin *wit*h all his strenth̃,
Fra he the wedder sa neir cu*m*and had sene.
He dred his lyfe, and he ouertane had bene;
Thairfoir he spairit nouther busk nor boig,
For weill he kennit the kenenes of the doig.

To mak him licht, he caist the lamb him fra,
Syne lap ouer leis, and draif throw dub & myre.
'Na,' quod the wedder, 'in faith we part not swa:
It is not the lamb, bot the, that I desire;
I sall cum neir, for now I se the tyre.'
The wolf ran still quhill ane strand stuid behind him,
Bot ay the neirar the wedder he couth bind him.

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CHARTERIS]

Sone efter that he followit him sa neir,
Quhill that the Uolf for fleidnes fylit the feild;
Syne left the gait, and ran throw busk and breir,
And schupe him fra the schawis for to scheild.
He ran restles, for he wist of na weild;
The wedder followit him baith out and in,
Quhill that ane breir busk raif rudelie of the skyn.

The Uolf wes wer, and blenkit him behind,
And saw the Uedder come thrawand throw the breir;
Syne saw the Doggis skyn hingand on his lind.
'Na,' quod he, 'is this ȝe that is sa neir?
Richt now ane Hound, and now quhyte as ane Freir:
I fled ouer fer, and I had kennit the cais:
To God I wow that ȝe sall rew this rais.

'Quhat wes the cause ȝe gaif me sic ane cache[1]?'
With that in hy he hint him be the horne.
'For all ȝour mowis ȝe met anis with ȝour mache,
Suppois ȝe leuch me all this ȝeir to scorne.
For quhat enchessoun this Doggis skyn haif ȝe borne?'
'Maister,' quod he, 'bot to haif playit with ȝow;
I ȝow requyre that ȝe nane vther trow.'

'Is this ȝour bourding in eirnist than?' quod he,
'For I am verray effeirit, and on flocht;
Cum bak agane and I sall let ȝow se.'
Than quhair the gait wes grimmit he him brocht.
'Quhether call ȝe this fair play, or nocht?
To set ȝour Maister in sa fell effray,
Quhill he for feiritnes hes fylit vp the way.

[1] Orig. 'chace.'

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[HARLEIAN

Sone efter that he followit him sa neir,
Quhill that the wolf for fleidnes fylit the feild;
Syne left the gait, and ran throw busk and breir,
And schupe [him[1]] fra the schawis for to scheild.
F. 65 *b*. He ran restles, for he wist of na beild;
The wedder followit him baith out and in,
Quhill that ane breir busk raif rudlie of the skin.

The wolf was war, and blenkit him behind,
And swa the wedder come thrawand throw the breir;
Syne saw the doggis skin hingand on his lend.
'Na,' quod he, 'is this ȝe that is sa neir?
Richt now ane hound, and now quhite as ane freir:
I fled ouer fer, and I had kennit the cais:
To god I wow that ȝe sall rew this rais.

'Quhat was the caus ȝe gaif me sic ane catche?'
With that in hy he hint him be the horne.
'For all ȝour mowis ȝe met anis *with* ȝo*ur* matche,
Suppois ȝe leuch me all this ȝeir to scorne.
For quhat enchessoun this doggis skin haif ȝe borne?'
'Maister,' quod he, 'bot to haif playit *with* ȝow;
I ȝow require that ȝe na vther trow.'

'Is this ȝour bourding in eirnist than?' quod he,
'For I am verray effeirit, and on flocht;
Cum bak agane and I sall let ȝow se.'
Than quhair the gait was grymmit he him brocht.
'Quhether call ȝe this fair play, or nocht?
To set ȝour maister in sa fell effray,
F. 66 *a*. Quhill he for feiritnes hes fylit vp the way.

[1] See p. 188.

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CHARTERIS]

'Thryis, be my Saull, ȝe gart me schute behind;
Upon my hoichis the senȝeis may be sene;
For feiritnes full oft I fylit the wind.
Now is this ȝe? na, bot ane Hound, I wene;
Me think ȝour teith ouer schort to be sa kene.
Blissit be the busk that reft ȝow ȝour array,
Ellis, fleand, bursin had I bene this day.'

'Schir,' quod the Uedder, 'suppois I ran in hy,
My mynd wes neuer to do ȝour persoun euill;
Ane flear gettis ane follower commounlie,
In play or ernist, preif quha sa euer will.
Sen I bot playit, be gracious me till,
And I sall gar my freindis blis ȝour banis,
Ane full gude seruand will crab his Maister anis.'

'I haif bene oftymis set in grit effray,
Bot, be the Rude, sa rad ȝit wes I neuer,
As thow hes maid me with thy prettie play.
I schot behind, quhen thow ouertuke me euer,
Bot sickkerlie now sall we not disseuer.'
Than be cragbane smertlie he him tuke,
Or euer he ceissit, and it in schunder schuke.

MORALITAS.

ESOPE, THAT POETE, first Father of this Fabill,
Wrait this Parabole, quhilk is conuenient,
Because the sentence wes fructuous & agreabill,
In Moralitie exemplatiue prudent;
Quhais problemes bene verray excellent;
Throw similitude of figuris, to this day,
Geuis doctrine to the Redaris of it ay.

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[HARLEIAN

'Thryis, be my saule, ȝe gart me schute behind;
Vpoun my hoichis the seinȝeis may be sene;
For feiritnes full oft I fylit the wind.
Now is this ȝe? na, bot ane hound, I wene;
Me think ȝour teith ouerschort to be sa kene.
Blissit be the busk that reft ȝow ȝour array,
Ellis, fleand, bursin had I bene this day.'

'Schir,' quod the wedder, 'suppois I ran in hy,
My mynd wes neuer to do ȝour persoun euill;
Ane flear gettis ane followare commounly,
In play or eirnist, preif quha sa euer will.
Sen I bot playit, be gratious me till,
And I sall gar my freindis blis ȝour banis,
Ane full gude seruand will crab his maister anis.'

'I haif bene oftymes set in grit effray,
Bot, be the rude, sa rad ȝit wes I neuer,
As thow hes maid me be thy prettie play.
I schot behind, quhen thow ouertuik me euer,
Bot sickerlie now sall we not disseuer.'
Than be cragbane smertlie he him tuke,
Or euer he ceissit, and it in schunder schuik.

F. 66 *b*. **Moralitas.**

Esope, that poete, first father of this fabill,
Wrait this parabole, quhilk is conuenient,
Becaus the sentence wes fructuous and agreable,
In moralitie examplatiue prudent;
Quhais problemis bene verray excellent;
Throw similitude of figuris, to this day,
Gifis doctrine to the reidaris of it ay.

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CHARTERIS]

Heir may thow se that riches of array
Will cause pure men presumpteous for to be;
Thay think thay hald of nane, be thay als gay,
Bot counterfute ane Lord in all degre.
Out of thair cais in pryde th[a]y clym sa hie,
That thay forbeir thair better in na steid,
Quhill sum man tit thair heillis ouer thair heid.

Richt swa in seruice vther sum exceidis,
And thay haif withgang, welth, and cherissing,
That thay will lychtlie Lordis in [to][1] thair deidis,
And lukis not to thair blude, nor thair ofspring:
Bot ȝit na[ne][1] wait how lang that reull will ring;
Bot he was wyse that bad his Sone considder:
Bewar in welth, for Hall benkis ar rycht slidder.

Thairfoir I counsell men of euerilk stait
To knaw thame self, and quhome thay suld forbeir,
And fall not with thair better in debait;
Suppois thay be als galland in thair geir,
It settis na seruand for to vphald weir,
Nor clym so hie, quhill he fall of the ledder;
Bot think vpon the Uolf and on the wedder!

FINIS.

[1] See p. 193.

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[HARLEIAN

Heir may thow se that riches of array
Will caus pure men presumptuous for to be;
Thay think thay hald of nane, be thay als gay,
Bot counterfait ane lord in all degrie.
Out of thair cais in pryde thay clym so hie,
That thay forbeir thair better in na steid,
Quhill sum man tit thair heillis ouer thair heid.

Richt swa in seruice vther sum exceidis,
And thay haif withgang, welth, and cherising,
That thay will lichtlie lordis in to thair deidis,
And luikis not to thair blude, nor thair ofspring:
Bot ȝit nane wait how lang that reull will ring;
Bot he wes wyse that bad his sone considder:
Bewar in welth, for hall benkis ar richt slidder.

Thairfoir I counsall men of euerilk stait
F. 67 *a*. To knaw thame selff, and quhome thay suld forbeir,
And fall not with thair better in debait;
Suppois thay be als galland in thair geir,
It settis na seruand for to vphald weir,
Nor clym so hie, quhill he fall of the ledder;
Bot think vpon the wolf and on the wedder!

Finis.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ THE TAIL OF THE UOLF AND THE LAMB.

ANE cruell Uolf, richt rauenous and fell,
Upoun ane tyme past to ane Reuer,
Descending from ane Roche vnto ane well,
To slaik his thrist, drank of the watter cleir.
Swa vpon cace ane selie Lamb come neir,
Bot of his fa, the Uolf, na thing he wist,
And in the streme laipit to cule his thrist.

This drank thay baith, bot not of ane Intent;
The Uolfis thocht wes all of wickitnes;
The selie Lamb wes meik and Innocent:
Upon the Reuer, in ane vther place,
Beneth the Uolf he drank ane lytill space,
Quhill he thocht gude, beleuand thair nane euill;
The Uolf him saw, and Rampand come him till.

With girnand teith and awfull angrie luk,
Said to the Lamb: 'thow Catiue wretchit thing,
How durst thow be sa bald to fyle and Bruk,[1]
Quhar I suld drink, with thy foull slauering?
It wer Almous the for to draw and hing,
That suld presume, with thy foull lippis wyle,
To glar my drink, and this fair watter fyle.'

The selie Lamb, quaikand for verray dreid,
On kneis fell, and said: 'Schir, with ȝour leif,
Suppois I dar not say thairof ȝe leid;
Bot, be my Saull, I wait ȝe can nocht preif
That I did ony thing that suld ȝow greif;
ȝe wait alswa that ȝour accusatioun
Failȝeis fra treuth, and contrair is to ressoun.

[1] Cf. p. 299.

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[HARLEIAN

The tail of the wolf & the Lamb.

Ane cruell wolf, richt rauenous and fell,
Vpoun ane tyme past to ane reueir,
Discending frome ane rotche vnto a well,
To slaik his thrist, drank of the watter cleir.
Swa vpon cace ane selie lamb come neir,
Bot of his fa, the wolf, na thing he wist,
And in the streme laipit to cuill his thrist.

F. 67 *b*. This drank thay baith, bot not of ane intent;
The wolfis thocht wes all on wickitnes;
The selie lamb wes meik and innocent:
Vpon the reueir, in ane vther place,
Beneth the wolf he drank ane litill space,
Quhill he thocht guid, beleuand thair nane ill;
The wolf him saw, and rampand come him till.

With girnand teith and awfull angrie luik,
Said to the lamb: 'thow catiue wretchit thing,
How durst thow be sa bald to fyle and bruik,[1]
Quhair I sould drink, with thy foull slauering?
It wer almous the for to draw and hing,
That suld presume, with thy foull lippis vyle,
To glar my drink, and this fair watter fyle.'

The selie lamb, quaikand for verray dreid,
On kneis fell, and said: 'schir, with 3our leif,
Suppois I dar not say thairof 3e leid;
Bot, be my saule, I wait 3e can not preif
That I did ony thing that suld 3ow greif;
3e wait alswa that 3our accusatioun
Faillies fra treuth, and contrair is to ressoun.

[1] Cf. p. 299.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ 'Thocht I can not, Nature will me defend,
And of the deid perfyte experience;
All heuie thing man of the self discend;
Bot gif sum thing on force mak resistence,
Than may the streme on na way mak ascence,
Nor ryn bakwart: I drank beneth 3ow far;
Ergo, for me 3our Bruke wes neuer the war.

'Alswa my lippis, sen that I wes ane Lamb,
Tuichit na thing that wes contagious;
Bot soukkit milk from Pappis of my dame,
Richt Naturall, sweit, and als delitious.'
'Weill,' quod the Uolf, 'thy language Rigorous
Cummis the of kynd; swa thy Father before
Held me at bait, baith with boist and schore.

'He wraithit me, and than I culd him warne
Within ane 3eir, and I brukit my heid,
I suld be wrokkin on him, or on his barne,
For his exhorbitant and frawart pleid;
Thow sall doutles for his deidis be deid.'
'Schir, it is wrang, that for the Fatheris gilt
The saikles sone suld punist be or spilt.

'Haif 3e not hard quhat halie Scripture sayis,
Endytit with the mouth of God Almycht?
Of his awin deidis ilk man sall beir the prais,[1]
As pane for sin, reward for werkis rycht;
For my trespas quhy suld my sone haif plycht?
Quha did the mis let him sustene the pane.'
'3aa,' quod the Uolf, '3it pleyis thow agane?

[1] Cf. p. 300.

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[HARLEIAN

'Thocht I can not, nature will me defend,
And of the deid perfite experience;
F. 68 *a*. All heuie thing man of the force discend;
Bot gif sum thing on force mak resistence,
Than may the streme on na way mak ascence,
Nor rin bakwart: I drank beneth 3ow far;
Ergo, for me 3our bruik wes neuer the war.

'Alswa my lippis, sen that I wes ane lam,
Tuichit na thing that wes contagious;
Bot sowkit milk frome pappis of my dam,
Richt naturall, sweit, and als delitious.'
'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'thy language rigorous
Cummis the of kynd; swa thy father before
Held me at bait, baith with boist and schore.

'He wraithit me, and than I culd him warne
Within ane 3eir, and I bruikit my heide,
I suld be wrokkin on him, or on his barne,
For his exhorbetand and thrawart pleid;
Thow sall doutles for his deidis be deid.'
'Schir, it is wrang, that for the fatheris gilt
The saikles sone suld puneist be or spilt.

'Haif 3e not hard quhat halie scriptour sayis,
Endytit *with* the word of god almicht?
Of his awin deidis ilk man sall beir the prayis,[1]
As pane for sin, rewaird for werkis rycht;
For my trespas quhy suld my sone haif plicht?
F. 68 *b*. Quha did the mis let him sustene the pane.'
'3aa,' quod the wolf, '3it pleyis thow agane?

[1] Cf. p. 300.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ 'I let the wit, quhen that the Father offendis,
I will chereis nane of his Successioun;
And of his barnis I may weill tak amendis,
Unto the twentie degre descending doun.
Thy Father thocht to mak ane strang poisoun,[1]
And with his mouth into my watter spew.'
'Schir,' quod the Lamb, 'thay twa ar nouther trew.

'The Law sayis, and ȝe will vnderstand,
Thair suld na man, for wrang, nor violence,
His aduersar[2] punis at his awin hand,
Without proces of Law and euidence;
Quhilk suld haif leif to mak lawfull defence,
And thairupon Summond is Peremptourlie,
For to propone, contrairie, or reply.

'Set me ane lauchfull Court, I sall compeir
Before the Lyoun, Lord and leill Iustice,
And, be my hand, I oblis me rycht heir,
That I sall byde ane vnsuspect Assyis.
This is the Law, this is the Instant vse;
ȝe suld pretend[3] thairfoir; ane Summondis mak
Aganis that day, to gif ressoun and tak.'

'Na,' quod the Uolf, 'thow wald Intruse ressoun,
Quhar wrang and reif suld dwell in propertie.
That is ane poynt and part of fals tressoun,
For to gar reuth remane with crueltie.
Be his woundis, fals tratour, thow sall de,
For thy trespas, and for thy Fatheris als.'
With that anone he hint him be the hals.

[1] Orig. 'presoun.' Cf. pp. 199, 300.
[2] Orig. 'awin sair.'
[3] Cf. p. 301.

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[HARLEIAN

'I Let the wit, quhen that the father offendis,
I will refuis[1] nane of his successioun;
And of his bairnis I will tak amendis,
Vnto the twentie degre discending doun.
Thy father thocht to mak ane strang poysoun,
And with his mouth in my watter did spew.'
'Schir,' quod the lamb, 'thay twa ar nouther trew.

'The law sayis, and ȝe will vnderstand,
Thair suld na man, for wrang, nor violence,
His aduersar puneis at his awin hand,
Without proces of law and euidence;
Quhilk suld haif leif to mak lawfull defence,
And thairupoun summound peremptourlie,
For to propone, contrarie, or reply.

'Set me ane lauchfull court, I sall compeir
Before the lioun, lord and leill iustice,
And, be my hand, I obleis me richt heir,
That I sall byde ane vnsuspect assyis.
This is the law, this is the instant gyis;
ȝe suld pretend[2] thairfoir; ane summoundis mak
Aganis that day, to gif reasoun and tak.'

F. 69 *a*. 'Na,' quod the wolf, 'thow wald intruse ressoun,
Quhair wrang and reif suld duell in propertie.
That is ane point and pairt of fals tressoun,
For to gar reuth remane *with* creueltie.
Be his woundis, fals tratour, thow sall die,
For thy trespas, and for thy fatheris als.'
With that anone he hint him be the hals.

[1] See pp. 198, 300.

[2] Cf. p. 301.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ The selie Lamb culd do na thing bot blait;
Sone wes he deid; the Uolf wald do na grace,
Syne drank his blude, and of his flesche can eit,
Quhill he wes full, and went his way on pace.
Of his murther quhat sall we say, allace?
Wes not this reuth, wes not this greit pietie,
To gar this selie Lamb but gilt thus de?

MORALITAS.

THE pure pepill this Lamb may signifie,
As Maill men, Merchandis, & all laboureris,
Of quhome the lyfe is half ane Purgatorie,
To wyn with lautie leuing as effeiris.
The Uolf betakinnis fals extortioneris
And oppressouris of pure men, as we se,
Be violence, or craft in facultie.

¶ Thre kynd of Uolfis in this warld now Ring*is*:
The first ar fals peruerteris of the Lawis,
Quhilk vnder Poet[1] termis falset mingis,
Lettand that all wer Gospell that he schawis;
Bot for ane bud the pure man he ouerthrawis,
Smoirand the richt, garrand the wrang proceid:
Of sic Uolfis hellis fyre sall be thair meid.

O man of Law! let be that subteltie,
With nyce gimpis, and fraudis Intricate,
And think that God in his Diuinitie
The wrang, the richt of all thy werkis wait:
For prayer, price, for hie nor law estait,
Of fals querrellis se thow mak na defence;
Hald with the rycht, hurt not thy conscience.

[1] See p. 302.

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[HARLEIAN

The selie lamb culd do na thing bot bleit;
Sone wes he deid; the wolf wald do na grac[e],[1]
Syne drank his blude, and of his flesche can eit,
Quhill he wes full, syne went his way a pace.
Of his murthour quhat sall we say, allace?
Wes not this reuth, wes not this grit pietie,
To gar this selie lamb but gilt thus die?

Moralitas.

The pure people this lamb may signifie,
As maill men, marchandis, and all lawboreris,
Of quhome the lyfe is half ane purgatorie,
To win with lawtie leuing as effeiris.
The wolf betakynnis fals extortioneris
And oppressouris of pure men, as we se,
Be violence,[2] or craft in facultie.

Thre kynd of wolfis in this warld now ringis:
F. 69 *b*. The first ar fals peruerteris of the lawis,
Quhilk vnder poete[3] termes falset mingis,
Lettand that all wer gospell that he schawis;
Bot for ane bud the pure man he ouerthrawis,
Smorand the richt, garrand the wrang proceid:
Of sic wolfis hellis fyre sall be thair meid.

O man of law! let be thy subteltie,
With nyce gimpis, and fraudis intricait,
And think that god in his diuinitie
The wrang, the richt of all thy werkis wait:
For prayer, pryce, for hie nor law estait,
Of fals querrellis se thow mak na defence;
Hald with the richt, hurt not thy conscience.

[1] Clipped by the binder. [2] MS. 'vioelence.' [3] See p. 302.

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CHARTERIS]

Ane vther kynd of Uolfis Rauenous
Ar mychtie men, haifand aneuch plentie,
Quhilkis ar sa gredie and sa couetous,
Thay will not thoill the pure in pece to be;
Suppois he and his houshald baith suld de
For falt of fude, thairof thay gif na rak,
Bot ouer his heid his mailling will thay tak.

¶ O man! but mercie, quhat is in thy thocht,
War than ane Uolf, and thow culd vnderstand?
Thow hes aneuch; the pure husband richt nocht
Bot croip and calf vpon ane clout of land.
For Goddis aw, how durst thow tak on hand,
And thow in Barn and Byre sa bene and big,
To put him fra his tak and gar him thig?

The thrid Uolf ar men of heritage,
As Lordis that hes land be Goddis lane,
And settis to the Mailleris ane Uillage,
And for ane tyme Gressome payit and tane;
Syne vexis him, or half his terme be gane,
With pykit querrellis for to mak him fane
To flit, or pay his Gressome new agane.

His Hors, his Meir, [he man] Len to the Laird,
To drug and draw in Court or in Cariage;
His seruand nor his self may not be spaird
To swing and sweit, withouttin Meit or wage.
Thus how he standis in laubour and bondage,
That scantlie may he purches by his maill,
To leue vpon dry breid and watter caill.

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[HARLEIAN

Ane vther kynd of wolfis rauenous
Ar michtie men, hauand full grit plentie,
Quhilkis ar sa gredie and sa couetous,
Thay will not thoill the pure in pece to be;
Suppois he and his houshald baith suld die
For falt of fude, thairof thay gif na rak,
Bot ouer his heid his mailling will thay tak.

O man! but mercye, quhat is in thy thocht,
War than ane wolf, and thow culd vnderstand?
Thow hes aneuch; the pure husband richt nocht
F. 70 a. Bot croip and calf vpoun ane clout of land.
For goddis aw, how durst thow tak on hand,
And thow in barn and byre sa bene and big,
To put him fra his tak and gar him thig?

The thrid wolff ar men of heritage,
As lordis that hes land be goddis lane,
And settis to the mailleris ane villege,
And for ane tyme gressum pait and tane;
Syne vexis him, or half his ȝeir be gane,
With pykit querrellis for to mak him fane
To flit, or pay his gressome new agane.

His horß, his meir, he man len to the laird,
To drug and draw in court and cariage;
His seruand nor his self may not be spaird
To swing and sweit, withouttin meit or wage.
Thus how he standis in labour and bondage,
That scantlie may he purches be his maill,
To leif vpon dry breid and watter caill.

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CHARTERIS]

Hes thow not reuth to gar thy tennentis sweit
Into thy laubour with faynt and hungrie wame,
And syne hes lytill gude to drink or eit,
With his menȝe at euin quhen he cummis hame?
Thow suld dreid for rychteous Goddis blame;
For it cryis ane vengeance vnto the heuinnis hie,
To gar ane pure man wirk but Meit or fe.

¶ O thow greit Lord, that riches hes and rent,
Thow art ane Uolf, thus to deuoir the pure;
Think that na thing cruell nor violent
May in this warld perpetuallie Indure:
This sall thow trow and sikkerlie assure,
For till oppres thow sall haif als greit pane
As thow the pure had with thy awin hand slane.

God keip the Lamb, quhilk is the Innocent,
Frome Uolfis byit and men ex[t]ortioneris;
God grant that wrangous men of fals Intent
Be manifestit, and punischit as effeiris.
And god, as thow all rychteous prayer heiris,
Mot saif our King, and gif him hart and hand
All sic Uolfis to banis out of the land.

¶ Finis.

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[HARLEIAN

Hes thow not reuth to gar thy tennentis sweit
In to thy labour with faint[1] and hungrie wame,
And syne hes litill gude to drink or eit,
With his menije at euin quhen he cummis hame?
F. 70 b. Thow suld dreid for richteous goddis blame;
For it cryis ane vengeance vnto the heuinnis hie,
To gar ane pure man wirk but meit or fe.

O thow grit lord, that riches hes and rent,
Be not ane wolf, thus to deuoir the pure;
Think that na cruell nor violent thing present
May in this warld perpetuallie indure:
This sall thow trow and sikkerlie assure,
For till oppres thow sall haif als grit pane
As thow the pure had with thy awin hand slane.

God keip the lamb, quhilk is the innocent,
Frome wolfis byte and fell extortioneris;
God grant that wrangous men of fals intent
Be manifestit, and punischit as effeiris.
And god, as thow all richteous prayer heiris,
Mot saif oure king, and gif him hart and hand
All sic wolfis to banes out of the land.

Finis.

[1] MS. 'fanit.'

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CHARTERIS]

¶ THE TAILL OF THE PADDOK AND THE MOUS.

VPON ANE tyme, as Esope culd Report,
Ane lytill mous come till ane Reuer syde;
Scho micht not waid, hir schaȝkis wer sa schort,
Scho culd not swym, scho had na hors to ryde:
Of verray force behouit hir to byde,
And to and fra besyde that Reuer deip
Scho ran, cryand with mony pietuous peip.

'Help ouer, help ouer,' this sillie mous can cry,
'For Goddis lufe, sum bodie ouer the brym.'
With that ane Paddok, in the watter by,
Put vp hir heid, and on the bank can clym,
Quhilk be nature culd dowk and gaylie swym;
With voce full rauk, scho said on this maneir:
'Gude morne, schir Mous, quhat is ȝour erand heir?'

¶ 'Seis thow,' quod scho, 'of corne ȝone Iolie flat,
Of ryip Aittis, of Barlie, Peis, and Quheit?
I am hungrie, and fane wald be thairat,
Bot I am stoppit be this watter deip;
And on this syde I get na thing till eit
Bot hard Nuttis, quhilkis with my teith I bore.
Wer I beȝond, my Feist wer fer the more.

'I haif no boit; heir is no Marineris;[1]

[1] Seven lines are here omitted. The first line of the fourth stanza of Harleian and ll. 2-7 of the fifth stanza of Harleian are printed together in Charteris as the fourth stanza.

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[HARLEIAN

F. 71 a.

The taill of the paddok & the Mous.

Vpon ane tyme, as esope culd report,
Ane litill mous come to ane reueir syde;
Scho micht not waid, hir schankis wer sa schort,
Scho culd not swym, scho had na horß to ryde:
Of verray force behouit hir to byde,
And to and fra beside that reueir deip
Scho ran, cryand with mony pietious peip.

'Help ouer, help ouer,' this selie mous can cry,
'For goddis lufe, sum bodie ouer the brym.'
With that ane paddok, in the watter by,
Put vp hir heid, and on the bank can clym,
Quhilk be nature culd douk and gaylie swym;
With voce full rauk, scho said on this maneir:
'Gude morne, schir mous, quhat is 3our eirand heir?'

'Seis thow,' quod scho, 'of corne 3one Iolie flat,
Of ryip aitis, of barlie, peis, and quheit?
I am hungrie, and fane wald be thairat,
Bot I am stoppit with this watter greit;
And on this syde I get na thing till eit
Bot hard nuttis, quhilkis with my teith I bore.
Wer I be3ond, my feist wer fer the moir.

'I haif no boit; heir is no maryner;
F. 71 b. And thocht thair war, I haif na fraucht to pay.'
Quod scho, 'sister, let be thy heuie cheir;
Do my counsale, and I sall find the way
Without horß, brig, boit, or 3it gallay,
To bring the ouer saiflie,—be not effeird!—
And not weitand the campis of thy beird.'

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CHARTERIS]

[ ][1]
How can thow fleit without fedder or fyn.
This Reuer is sa deip and dangerous,
Me think that thow suld drownit be thairin.
Tell me, thairfoir, quhat facultie or gyn
Thow hes to bring the ouer this watter.' Than
Thus to declair the Paddok sone began.

'With my twa feit,' quod scho, 'lukkin and braid,
In steid of Air, I row the streme full still;
And thocht the brym be perrillous to waid,
Baith to and fra I row at my awin will.
I may not droun, for quhy my oppin Gill
Deuoidis ay the watter I resaif:
Thairfoir to droun forsuith na dreid I haif.'

The Mous beheld vnto hir fronsit face,
Hir runkillit cheikis, and hir lippis syde,
Hir hingand browis, and hir voce sa hace,
Hir loggerand leggis, and hir harsky hyde.
Scho ran abak, and on the Paddok cryde:
'Gif I can ony skill of Phisnomie,
Thow hes sum part[2] of falset and Inuie.

'For Clerkis sayis the Inclinatioun
Of mannis thocht proceidis commounlie
Efter the Corporall complexioun
To gude or euill, as Nature will apply:
Ane thrawert vult, ane thrawert Phisnomy.
The auld Prouerb is witnes of this Lorum[3]—
Distortum vultum sequitur distortio morum.'

[1] See note on p. 206. [2] Orig. 'sumpart.' [3] Orig. ': *Lorum.*'

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[HARLEIAN

'I haif grit wounder,' quod the litill mous,
'How can thow fleit without fedder or fin.
This reuer is sa deip and dangerous,
Me think that thow suld drownit be thairin.
Tell me, thairfoir, quhat facultie or gin
Thow hes to bring the ouer this watter wan.'
That to declair the paddok this began.

'With my twa feit,' quod scho, 'lukkin and braid,
In steid of airis, I row the streme full still;
And thocht the brym be perrillous to waid,
Baith to and fra I row at my awin will.
I may not droun, for quhy my oppin gill
Deuoidis ay the watter I ressaif:
Thairfoir to droun forsuith na dreid I haif.'

The mous beheld vnto hir fronsit face,
Hir runkillit cheikis, and hir lippis syde,
Hir hingand browis, and hir voce sa hace,
Hir logerand leggis, and hir harsky hyde.
Scho ran abak, and on the paddok cryde:
F. 72 a. 'Gif I can ony skill of phisnomy,
Thow hes sum part of falset and invy.

'For clerkis sayis the inclinatioun
Of mannis thocht proceidis commounly
Efter the corporale complexioun
To guid or euill, as nature will apply:
Ane thrawin will, ane thrawin phisnomy.
The ald prouerb is witnes of this Lorum[1]—
Distortum vultum sequitur distortio morum.'

[1] MS. ': Lorum.'

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CHARTERIS]

'Na,' quod the Taid, 'that Prouerb is not trew;
For fair thingis oftymis ar fundin faikyn.
The Blaberryis, thocht thay be sad of hew,
Ar gadderit vp quhen Primeros is forsakin.
The face may faill to be the hartis takin.
Thairfoir I find this Scripture in all place:
Thow suld not Iuge ane man efter his face.

'Thocht I vnhailsum be to luke vpon,
I haif na cause quhy I suld lakkit be;
Wer I als fair as Iolie Absolon,
I am no causer of that greit beutie.
This difference in forme and qualitie
Almychtie God hes causit dame Nature
To prent and set in euerilk creature.

'Of sum the face may be full flurischeand,
Of silkin toung and cheir rycht amorous,
With mynd Inconstant, fals, and warian[d],
Full of desait and menis Cautelous.'
'Let be thy preiching,' quod the hungrie Mous,
And be quhat[1] craft thow gar me vnderstand,
That thow wald gyde me to ȝone ȝonder land.'

¶ 'Thow wait,' quod scho, 'ane bodie that hes neid
To help thame self suld mony wayis cast;
Thairfoir ga tak ane dowbill tuynit threid,
And bind thy leg to myne with knottis fast.
I sall the leir to swym—be not agast!—
Als weill as I.' 'as thow?' than quod the Mous,
'To preif that play it war richt perrillous.

[1] Orig. 'quhae.'

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[HARLEIAN

'Na,' quod the taid, 'that prouerb is not trew;
For fair thingis oftymes ar fundin faikin.
The blaberyis, thocht thay be sad of hew,
Ar gadderit vp quhen prymerois is forsaikin.
The face may faill to be the hartis takin.
Thairfoir I find this scriptour in all place:
Thow suld not iuge ane man efter his face.

'Thocht I vnhailsum be to luik vpoun,
I haif na caus quhy I suld lakkit be;
Wer I als fair as iolie Absolon,
I am no causer of that grit beutie.
This difference in forme and qualitie
Almichtie god hes causit dame nature
To prent and set in euerie creature.

'Of sum the face may be full flurischand,
F. 72 b. Of silkin toung and cheir richt amorous,
With mynd inconstant, fals, and variant,
Full of dissait and menis cautelous.'
'Let be thy preiching,' quod the hungrie mous,
And be quhat craft thow gar me vnderstand
That thow wald gide me to 3one 3onder land.'

'Thow wait,' quod scho, 'ane bodie that hes neid
To help thame self suld mony wayis cast;
Thairfoir ga tak ane doubill twynit threid,
And bind thy leg to myne with knottis fast.
I sall the leir to swym—be not agast!—
Als weill as I.' 'as thow?' than quod the mous,
'To preif that play it war richt perrillous.

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CHARTERIS]

'Suld I be bund and fast quhar I am fre,
In hoip of help, than I schrew ws baith,
For I mycht lois baith lyfe and libertie.
Gif it wer swa, quha suld amend the skaith?
Bot gif thow sweir to me the murthour aith
But fraud or gyle, to bring me ouer this flude
But hurt or harme.' 'In Faith,' quod scho, 'I dude.'

Scho goikit vp, and to the hevin can cry:
'O Iuppiter, of Nature God and King,
I mak ane aith trewlie to the, that I
This lytill Mous sall ouer this watter bring.'
This aith wes maid; the Mous, but persauing
The fals Ingyne of this foull trappald[1] Taid,
Tuke threid and band hir leg, as scho hir bad.

Then fute for fute thay lap baith in the brym;
Bot in thair myndis thay wer rycht different:
The Mous thocht of na thing bot for to swym,
The Paddok for to droun set hir Intent.
Quhen thay in midwart of the streme wer went,
With all hir force the Paddok preissit Doun,
And thocht the Mous without mercie to Droun.

¶ Persauand this, the Mous on hir can cry:
'Tratour to God, and manesworne vnto me,
Thow swore the murthour aith richt now, that I
But hurt or harme suld ferryit be and fre;'
And quhen scho saw thair wes bot do or de,
With all hir mycht scho forcit hir to swym,
And preissit vpon the Taiddis bak to Clym.

[1] So Hart: but cf. pp. 213, 279.

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[HARLEIAN

'Sould I be bund and fast quhair I am fre,
In hope of help, than I schrew ws baith,
For I micht lois baith lyfe and libertie.
Gif it war swa, quha suld amend the skaith?
Bot gif thow sweir to me the murthour aith
But fraude or gile, to bring me ouer this flude
But hurt or harme.' 'In faith,' quod scho, 'I dude.'

Scho goikit vp, and to the hevin can cry:
'O Iuppiter, of nature god and king,
I mak ane aith trewlie to the, that I
This litill mous sall ouer this watter bring.'
This aith wes maid; this mous, but presauing
F. 73 *a*. The fals ingyne of this foull carpand[1] pad,
Tuik threid and band hir leg, as scho hir bad.

Then fute for fute thay lap baith in the brym;
Bot in thair myndis thay war richt different:
The mous thocht of na thing bot for to swym,
The paddok for to droun set hir intent.
Quhen thay in midwart of the streme war went,
With all hir force the paddok preissit doun,
And thocht the mous without mercie to droun.

Persauand this, the mous on hir can cry:
'Tratour to god, and manesworne vnto me,
Thow swore the murthour aith richt now, that I
But hurt or harme suld ferryit be and fre;'
And quhen scho saw thair wes bot do or de,
With all hir micht scho forsit hir to swym,
And preissit vpoun the taiddis bak to clym.

[1] See p. 212.

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CHARTERIS]

The dreid of deith hir strenthis gart Incres,
And forcit hir defend with mycht and mane.
The Mous vpwart, the Paddok doun can preis;
Quhyle to, quhyle fra, quhyle dowkit vp agane.
The sillie Mous, plungit in to greit pane,
Gan fecht als lang als breith wes in hir breist,
Till at the last scho cryit for ane Preist.

Fechtand thusgait, the Gled sat on ane twist,
And to this wretchit battell tuke gude heid;
And with ane wisk, or ony of thame wist,
He claucht his cluik betuix thame in the threid;
Syne to the land he flew with thame gude speid,
Fane of that fang, pyipand with mony pew;
Syne lowsit thame, and baith but pietie slew.

Syne bowellit *th*ame, *th*at Boucheour with his bill,
And belliflaucht full fettillie thame flaid;
Bot all thair flesche wald scant be half ane fill,
And guttis als, vnto that gredie glaid.
Of thair debait thus quhen I hard outraid,
He tuke his flicht, and ouer the feildis flaw:
Gif this be trew, speir ȝe at thame that saw.

MORALITAS.

MY Brother, gif thow will tak aduertence
Be this Fabill, thow may persaue and se,
It passis far all kynd of Pestilence,
Ane wickit mynd with wordis fair and sle.
Be war thairfoir, with quhome thow fallowis the;
To the wer better beir the stane barrow,
For all thy dayis to delf quhill thow may dre,
Than to be machit with ane wickit marrow.

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[HARLEIAN

The dreid of deith hir strenthis gart incres,
And forcit hir defend with micht and mane.
The mous vpwart, the paddok doun can pres;
Quhile to, quhile fra, quhile doukit vp agane.
The selie mous, plungit in to grit pane,
Gan fecht als lang als breith war in hir breist,
Till at the last scho cryit for ane preist.

Fechtand thusgait, the gled sat on ane twist,
And to this wretchit battell tuik guid heid;
F. 73 *b.* And with ane wisk, or ony of thame wist,
He clawcht his cluik betuix thame in the threid;
Syne to the land he flew with thame guid speid,
Fane of that fang, pyipand with mony pew;
Syne lousit thame, and baith but pietie slew.

Syne bowellit thame, that boucheour *with* his bill,
And bellie flaucht full fettillie thame fled;
Bot all thair flesche wald scant be half ane fill,
And guttis als, vnto that gredie gled.
Of this debait thus quhen I hard outred,
He tuik his flicht, and ouer the feildis flaw:
Gif this be trew, speir ȝe at thame that saw.

Moralitas.

MY brother, gif thow will tak aduertence
Be this fabill, thow may persaif and se,
It passis far all kinde of pestilence,
Ane wickit mynd with wordis fair and sle.
Bewar thairfoir, with quhome thow fallowis the;
To the war better beir the stane barrow,
For all thy dayis to delf quhill thow may dre,
Than to be matchit with ane wickit marrow.

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CHARTERIS]

¶ Ane fals Intent vnder ane fair presence
Hes causit mony Innocent for to de.
Greit folie is to gif ouer sone credence
To all that speikis fairlie vnto the.
Ane silkin toung, ane hart of crueltie,
Smytis more sore than ony schot of arrow.
Brother, gif thow be wyse, I rid the fle
To mache the with ane thrawart, fenȝeit marrow.

I warne the als, it is greit negligence
To bind the fast quhar thow wes frank and fre;
Fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defence
To saif thy lyfe, nor ȝit thy libertie.
This simpill counsal, brother, tak of me,
And it to cun perqueir se thow not tarrow,
Better but stryfe to leif allane in le
Than to be machit with ane wickit marrow.

This hald in mynde: rycht more I sall the tell
Quharby thir beistis may be figurate.
The Paddok, vsand in the flude to dwell,
Is mannis bodie, swymand air and lait
In to this warld, with cairis Implicate,
Now hie, now law, quhylis plungit vp, quhylis doun,
Ay in perrell, and reddie for to droun.

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[HARLEIAN

Ane fals intent vnder ane fair pretence
Hes causit mony innocent for to de.
Grit folie is to gif ouer sone credence
F. 74 *a*. To all that speikis fairlie vnto the.
Ane silkin toung, ane hart of crueltie,
Smytis more sore than ony schot of arrow.
Brother, gif thow be wyse, I rid the fle
To matche the with ane thrawit, feinȝeit marrow.

I warne the als, it is grit negligence
To bind the fast quhair thow was frank and fre;
Fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defence
To saif thy life, nor ȝit thy libertie.
This simpill counsale, brother, tak of me,
And it to cun[1] p*er*queir se thow not tarrow,
Better but stryfe allane to leif in le
Than to be matchit with ane wickit marrow.

This hald in mynde: richt moir I sall the tell
Quhairby thir beistis may be figurate.
The paddok, vsand in the flude to duell,
Is ma*n*nis bodie, swymand air and lait
In to this warld, with cairis implicate,
Now hie, now law, quhilis plungit vp, quhilis doun,
Ay in perrell, and reddie for to droun.

Now dolorous, now blyith as bird on breir;
Now in fredome, now wappit[2] in distres;
Now haill and sound, now deid and brocht on beir;
Now pure as Iob, now rowand in riches;
Now gownis gay, now bratis laid in pres;
F. 74 *b*. Now full as fitche,[3] now hungrie as ane hound;
Now on the quheill, now wrappit[4] to the ground.

[1] MS. 'cum.' Cf. pp. 216, 281.
[2] Hart, 'wrapped.' Cf. p. 282.
[3] Or 'ficche.' Cf. p. 282.
[4] Cf. p. 282. Hart, 'wrapped.'

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CHARTERIS]

This lytill Mous, heir knit thus be the schyn,
The Saull of man betakin may indeid;
Bundin, and fra the bodie may not wyn,
Quhill cruell deith cum brek of lyfe the threid;
The quhilk to droun suld euer stand in dreid,
Of Carnall lust be the Suggestioun
Quhilk drawis ay the Saull, and druggis doun.

The Gled is Deith, that cummis suddandlie,
As dois ane theif, and cuttis sone the battall.
Be vigilant, thairfoir, and ay reddie,
For mannis lyfe is brukill, and ay mortall:
My freind, thairfoir, mak the ane strang Castell
Of Faith in Christ; for deith will the assay,
Thow wait not quhen—euin, morrow, or midday.

Adew, my freind; and gif that ony speiris
Of this Fabill sa schortlie I conclude,
Say thow, I left the Laif vnto the freiris,
To mak exempill and ane similitude.
Now Christ for vs that deit on the Rude,
Of Saull and lyfe as thow art Saluiour,
Grant vs to pas in till ane blissit hour.

¶ FINIS.

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[HARLEIAN

This litill mous, heir knit thus be the schin,
The saule of man betakin may indeid;
Bundin, and fra the bodie may not win,
Quhill cruell deith cum brek of life the threid;
The quhilk to droun suld euer stand in dreid,
Of carnale lust be the suggestioun
Quhilk drawis ay the saule, and druggis doun.

The watter is the warld, ay welterand
With mony wall of trubulatioun,
In quhilk the saule and bodie wer steirand,
Standand richt different in thair opinioun;
The saule vpwart, the bodie precis doun:
The saule richt fane wald be brocht ouer, I wis,
Out of this warld in to the heuinnis blis.[1]

The gled is deith, that cummis suddandlie,
As dois ane theif, and cuttis sone the battell.
Be vigilant, thairfoir, and ay reddie,
For mannis lyfe is brukill, and ay mortale:
My freind, thairfoir, mak the ane strang castell
Of faith in christ; for deith will the assay,
Thow wait not quhen—euin, morrow, or midday.

Adew, my freind; and gif that ony speiris
F. 75 a. Of this fabill sa schortlie I conclude,
Say thow, I left the laif vnto the freiris,
To mak exempill and ane similitude.
Now christ for ws that deit on the rude,
Of saule and lyfe as thow art saluiour,
Grant ws to pas in till ane blissit hour.

Finis.

[1] Cf. p. 282, ll. 179-185.

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MAKCULLOCH TEXT

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[PROLOGUE.]

F. 2 *b*. THOWCHT fenȝeit fables of auld poetry
be nocht al groundit vpone trewth, ȝit þa*n*
þar polit termyß of sueit rethory
ar rycht plesand one to þe eyr of ma*n*;
and alß þe cauß quhy þai ferst begane
was to repreif þe of þi myslewyng,
of ma*n* be figowr of ane o*þer* thing.

In lik man*er* as throw a bustewouß erd,
so it be laborit w*ith* grit diligen*s*,
spryngyß þe flowr*is* & þe corn*e* on brerd,
hailsum & gud to ma*n*nis sustunen*s*,
so spryngiß þar a moral sueit sen*t*ens
out of þe sutell dyt of poetry,
to gud purpoß, quha cowth it weil apply.

The nutt*is* schell, tho*ch*t it be hard & thewch,
haldis þe kyrnal sueit & delectabill:
so lyiß þar a doctryne wiß anewch,[1]
and ful of fruyt, wi*þin* a fenȝeit fabill.
and clerkiß sayiß, it is ry*ch*t profitabill
amang ernyst to myng a mer*y* sport,
to blyth þe spreit, and gar þe tyme be schort.

[1] MS. 'awewch.'

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MAKCULLOCH]

For as a bow þat ay is bent
worthis wnsmert & dullis on þe stryng,
so dois þe mynd þat ay is diligent
in ernystful thowchttis, & in studying:
with sad materis sum meryneß to myng
accordis weil, þis esop said, I wyß,
'dulcius arrident seria picta iocyß.'

Off þis poete, my masteris, with 3our leif,
submyttyng me to 3our correctione,
in moder thowng of latyne I walld preif
to mak a maner of translatiowne;
nocht of my self, for wayne presumptioune,
bot be request & precep of ane lord,
of quhome þe name it nedis nocht record.

In hamly langage & in termeß ruyd
me nedis wryt, for quhy of eloquens
nor rethory neuir I wnderstuyd:
þarfoir meikly I pray 3our reuerens,
gyf 3e fend owcht þat throw my necligens
be dymynut, or 3it superfluus,
correk it at 3our willis gracius.

My auctowr in þis fabill tellis quhow
þat brutell bestis spak, & wnderstuyd,
and to gud purpoß disput, & argow,
a sylogysme propone, & eik conclud;
puttyng exempill & similitud
quhow mony men in operatiowne
ar lik to bestis in conditiowne.

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[MAKCULLOCH

No merwell is a man be lik a best,
quhilk leiffis ay carnal foul delyt;
þat schayme can nocht derenȝe & arrest,
bot takis al þe lust & appetyt,
quhilk, throw custum & þe dayly ryt,
syne in þe mynd is sa fast radicat
þat he in brutal best is transformat.

This nobil clerk esop, as I haf tald,
In gay meteyr & in facund purpurat,
be figow[r] wryt his buk, for he no wald
[1]tak þe disdeyne of he nor law estat.
and to begyne, fyrst of a cok he wrat,
sekand his meit, quhilk fand a ioly stone,
of quhom þe fabil ȝe sal heir anone.

[THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.][2]

A cok, sum tyme, with fetherem frech & gay,
rycht cant & crowß, albeit he weß bot pure,
fl[e]w furth apone a doung hill son be day;
to get his dyner set weß al his cure:
scrapand amang þe aß, be aduenture
he fand a ioly iasp, rycht precius,
weß cassyn out in swopyng of þe houß.

As damycellis wantone & insolent,
þat[3] fayne wald play, & on þe streit be sene,
to swoppyng of þe houß þai tak no tent,
tak no tent so at þe fluyr be clene;
Iowellis ar tynt, as oftymyß as bene sene,
apone þe fluyr, & swoppyt furth anone—
perauenture, so weß þe sammyne stone.

[1] Cf. pp. 6, 7. [2] No gap in the MS. [3] MS. 'þai.'

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MAKCULLOCH]

So m*er*welland apone þe ston*e*, q*uod* he,
'o gentill iasp! o rich & nobill thing!
thowch I þe fynd, þow ganyß no*ch*t for me;
þow art a iowell for a lord or king.
it wer pete þ*ow* suld in þis myddyng
be beriit þus amang þis muk & mold,
and þ*ow* so fair, & worth so mekill gold.

'It is pete I suld þe fynd, for quhy
þi grit v*er*tu, nor ȝit þi colowr cleyr,
it may na þ*er* extoll no ȝit ma*gn*ify;
and þ*ow* to me ma mak bot litil cheir.
F. 3 *a*. til grit lordiß tho*ch*t þ*ow* be haldyne deyr,
I luf far bett*er* thing of leß awalle,
as draff, or corn*e*, to fill my towm intrall.

'I had leu*er* go schraip heir w*ith* my naillis
amang þis moll, & luk my liffis fud,
as draff, or corn*e*, smal wormyß, or snallis,
or ony meit wald do my stomok gud,
þa*n* of iaspis a mekill multitud:
and þ*ow* agane, apone þe samyn*e* wyß,
may me as now for þin awall dispice.

'Thow haß na corn*e*, & þar of I had neid;
þi cowlowr doyß bot *con*fort to þe sycht,
& þat is no*ch*t an[e]wch my wame to feid;
for wyffis sayis þ*at* lukand werk is lycht.
I wald su*m* meit haf, get it gif I my*ch*t,
for hu*n*gry me*n* ma no*ch*t weil leif on lukiß:
had I dry breid, I cownt no*ch*t of na cukiß.

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[MAKCULLOCH

'Quhar suld þow mak þhyn habitatiown?
quhar suld þow duel, bot in a ryal towr?
quhar suld þow set, bot in a kyngis crown,
exault in wyrschip & [in][1] grit honowr?
ryß, gentill iasp, of al stanis þe flowr,
out of þis fene, & paß quhar þow suld be;
þow ganyß nocht for [me], na I for þe.'

Leiffand þis iowell law apone þe grovnd,
to seik his meit þis cok his wayis went;
bot quhen, or quhow, or quhome by it weß fownd,
as now I set to hald no argument:
bot of þe inwart sentens & intent
of þis fabill, as myne autor dois vryt,
I sal reherß in rud & hamele dyt.

MORALITAS.[2]

This Iowell iasp heß properteys sewyne:
the fyrst, of colowr it is merwaluß,
pairt lik þe fyir, & pairt is lik þe hewyne:
and makiß a man stark & victoryuß;
preßerwiß alß fra casis perellus:
quha haß þis stane sal haf gud hoip to speid,
of fyr & noi sal hyme neidis nocht to dreid.

this gentill Iasp, rycht deferent of hewe,
betaknyß perfyt prudens & cunnyng,
ornat with mony deidis of vertu,
more exelland þan[3] ony erdly thing,
quhilk makiß man in honowr ay to ryng,
happy, & stark to hef þe victory
of al wicis & spirituall innemy.

[1] Cf. pp. 10, 11.

[2] In the MS. this heading introduces the next stanza. See pp. 10, 11, and p. 274.

[3] MS. þt.

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MAKCULLOCH]

quha ma be harddy, rych, & graciowß?
quha can eschew perell & adventure?
quha can gouuerne a realme, cite, or howß
withowt sciens? no thing, I 3ow assure.
it is rycheß þat euir sall enduir,
quhilk moith, na moist, na oþir rowst [sall] fret:
to mannis saul it is eternall meit.

þis cok, disyryng mare þe sampill corne
þan ony ia[s]þ, may till a fuyll be peir,
quhilk at sciens makis bot a mok & scorne,
and na gud can; & alß litill will leir;
his hart walwmlys wyß argumentis to heir,
as dois a sow, to quhome men for þe nonyß
In hir draff trowch wald saw þe precius stonyß.

Quha is innemy to sciens & cunnyng
bot ignorantis þat wnderstandis nocht?
quhilk is so nobill, precius, & so dyng,
þat it may with na erdly gud be bocht.
weill war þat man our al oþir, þat mocht
al his lifdayis in perfyt study wayr
to get sciens; for hyme nedit no mare.

Bot now, allace, þis iasp is tynt & hid:
we seik nocht, no preß it nocht to fynd.
haif we rycheß, no bettir lyif we byd,
of sciens thocht þe saul be bair & blynd.
of þis mater to speik it wair bot wynd;
þarfoir I ceß, and wil na forther say:
ga seik þe iasp quha wil, for þar it lay.

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BANNATYNE TEXT

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[THE SWALLOW & OTHIR BIRDIS.][1]

F. 299 *a*. THE he prudence, and wirking m*er*vellus,
The profound wit of god omnipotent
Is so p*er*fyt and so ingeing,
Excelland fer all manis argument;
For quhy till him all thing is present,
Rycht as it is, or ony tyme salbe,
Befoir þe sicht of his devinite.

Thairfore o*ur* saull w*ith* sensualitie
So fettrit is in presoun corporale,
We may nocht cleirlye vndirstand nor see
God as he is, a thing celestiale[2]:
Oure mirk and deidlye corß materiale[2]
Blindis þe spirituall operatioun,
Lyke as ma*n* war bundi*n* in presoun.

In metaphisik aristotle sayis
That ma*nis* saule is lyke ane bakkis ee,
Quhilk lurkis still as lang as lycht of day is,
And in þe glomi*n*g cu*m*is furth to flee;
Hir eine ar waik, þe sun scho may no*cht* see:
So is oure saule w*ith* phantesye opprest,
To knaw the thingis in nature manifest.

[1] The title is in a later hand. This fable begins the 'fyift pairt' of Bannatyne's MS., 'contenyng the fabillis of Esop with diuerß vþir fabillis and poeticall workis maid & Compyld be diuers lernit men 1568.'

[2] Cf. pp. 120, 121.

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BANNATYNE]

For god is in his power infinyte,
And mannis saule is febill and owir small,
Off vndirstanding waik and vnperfyte,[1]
To comprehend him þat contenis all.
Non suld presume, be reasoun naturale,
To serche þe secretis of þe trinetie,
Bot trow fermlie, and lat dirk ressounis be.

Ȝit nevirþeles we may hawe knawlegeing
Off god almychtie be his creatouris,
That he is guid, fair, wyiß, and bening;
Exemple takis be thir Iolye flouris,
Rycht sweit off smell and plesand of colouris,
Sum grene, sum blew, sum purpure, quhyte, and ride,
Thus distribute be[2] gift of his godheid.

The firmament paintit with starris cleir,
Fra eist to west rolland in circill round,
And everye planete in his propir sphere,
In moving makand armonye and sound;
The fyre, þe air, þe watter, and þe ground—
Till vnderstand it is anuch, I wiß,
That god in all his warkis wittie is.

Luik we the fische þat sowmis in þe se;
Luik we in erd all kynd of bestiall;
The foulis fair, so forcelye thay flee,
Scheddand þe air with pennis grite and small;
Syne luik to man, quhilk god maid last of all,
Lyke till his ymage and his similitude:
Be thir we knaw þat god is fair and guid.

[1] MS. 'vnperfyse.' [2] MS. 'þe.'

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[BANNATYNE

F. 299 *b*. All creatouris he maid For the behuiffe
Off ma*n*, and till his suppertatioun
Into þis erd, baith vnder and abowe,
In nowmer, wecht, and dew proportioun ;
The differens off tyme, and ilk seasoun,
Concordand to oure oportunitie,
As daylie be experiens we do see.

The somer with his Iolye ma*n*till grene,
With flouris fair furrit on everye fent,
Quhilk Flora goddes, of everye flouris quene,[1]
Hes to þat lord as for his seasoun lent,
And phebus w*ith* [his[1]] gowdin beames gent
Hes purfillit and paintit plesandlie,
With heat and mosture stilland fra þe skye.

Syne herwest hait, quhe*n* seres þat goddes
Hir barnis benit hes w*ith* abundance ;
And bachchus, god of wyne, renewit hes
Hir louid[1] pypes in Italie and france,
With wynis wicht, and liccou*r* of pleasaincce ;
And copia tempo*r*is to fill hir horne,
That nevir wes full of quhite nor vþ*ir* corne.

Syne winter wan, quhen austerne Eolus,
God off þe wind, w*ith* blastis boriall,
The grene garmont of symmer glorious
Hes all to re*n*t and revin in peicis small ;
Than flouris fair faidit w*ith* frost moist fall,
And birdis blyith changeis þair notis sweit
Intill murni*n*g, neir slane w*ith* snaw and sleit.

[1] Cf. pp. 124, 125.

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BANNATYNE]

Thir dailis deip *with* dubbis drownit is,
Baith hill and holt heilit *with* frostis hair;
And bewis bene ar bethit, bair of bliß,
Be wikkit windis of þe wintare wair.
All wyild beistis tha*n* fra þe bentis bair
Drawis for dreid vnto þair de*n*nis deip,
Couchand for cauld in cowis þame to keip.

Syne cu*m*is wer, quhen wintare is away,
The secretare of somer *with* his seill,
Quhen columbie vp kikis throw þe clay,
Quhilk fleit was before *with* frostis feill.
The mavisß and þe merle begi*n*nis to meale;
The lark on loft, *with* vþ*ir* birdis smale,
Than drawis furth fra darne, on down a*n*d daile.

THAT sami*n* seasoun, into a soft morni*n*g,
Rycht blyith þai bitter blastis wer ago,
Wnto þe wod, to see þe flouris spring,
And heir þe mawisß sing and birdis mo,
I passit furth, syne luikit to and Fro,
To se the suyll þat was richt seasonable,
Sappie, and to ressawe all seidis hable.

Movand thus gait, grit mirth I tuik i*n* mynde,
Off lawboraris to see þe besynace,
[1] F. 301 *a*. Sum makand dike, and sum þe pleuch can wynd,
Sum sawand sedis fast fra place to place,
The harrowis hoppand in the sawaris trace:
It was grite Ioy to him þat lufit corne,
To se thame laboure sa at evin and morne.

[1] Folios 300 and 301 have been transposed (probably in the rebinding of the MS.).

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And as I baid vnder a bank full bene,
In hert gritlie reiosit of þat sicht,
Vnto a hege, vnder a hawthorne grene,
Off small birdis þair come a ferlye flicht,
And doun belyve can on þe levis lycht,
On everye syde about me q*uhair* I stude,
Rycht m*er*uelous, a mekle multitude.

Amang the quhilk a sualow loud coud cry,
On that hawthorne heich in þe crop sittand,
'O 3e birdis on bewis here me by,
3e sall wele knaw, and wyisly vndirstand,
Quhair danger is and p*er*rell appeir*an*d;
It is grite wißdome to prowyde before,
It to deuoid, or drede it hurt 3ow more.'

'Schir Suallow,' q*uod* þe lark agane, and leuch,
'Quhat hawe 3e sene þat causis 3ow to drede?
'Se 3e 3one churll,' q*uod* scho, 'be3ond 3one pleuch,
Fast sawand hemp—lo, se!—and lynget sede?
3one lynt will grow in lytill tyme of[1] dede,
And thairof will 3one churll his nettis mak,
Vnder þe quhilk he thinkis ws to tak.

'Thairfore I rede pas we quhe*n* he is gone,
At evin, and w*ith* o*ur* nailis scharp and small,
Out of þe erd schraip we 3one sede anon*e*,
And ete it wp; for, gif it growis, we sall
Haue cauß to weip here eftir ane and all:
Se we remede þ*air*fore furth with instante,
"Nam leuius ledit quicquid prouidimus ante."

[1] See pp. 128, 129.

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BANNATYNE]

'For clerkis sayis it is [nocht[1]] sufficient
To considder þat is befoir þine ee;
Bot prudence is ane inward argument,
That garris a man prowyde befoir and see
Quhat guid, quhat evill is likly for to be
Off everye thingis at þe Finall end,
And se fro perrell ethar[1] him defend.'

The lark, lauchand, the suallow thus coud scorne,
And said, 'scho fischit lang befoir þe nett;
The barne is eith to busk þat is vnborne;
All growis nocht þat in þe ground is sett;
The nek to stoup, quhen it þe strake sall get,
Is sone eneuch; dede on þe feyest fall.'—
Thus scornit thay þe suallow ane and all.

Despising thus hir hailsum document,
The foulis ferßlye[1] tuke þair flicht anone;
Sum with a bir þaj braidit our þe bent,
And sum agane ar to þe grene wod gone.
Vpoun þe land, quhair I wes left allone,
I tuke my club, and hamewart coud I carye,
So ferlyand, as I had sene a farye.

F. 301 *b*. We furth passit quhill Iune, that Iolye tyde,
And sedis þat war sawin of beforne
War growin heich, þat hairis mycht þame hyde,
And als þe qualȝe crakand in þe corne;
I movit furth, betwene midday and morne,
Vnto þe hege, vnder þe hawthorne grene,
Quhair I befoir þe said birdis had sene.

[1] See pp. 130, 131.

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[BANNATYNE

And as I stude, be aventure and cais,
The samin birdis as I haif said 3ow air,
I hoip becaus it was þair hanting place,.
Mair of succour or 3it mair solitare,
Thay lychtit doun; and, quhen þaj lychtit ware,
The suallow suyft put furth a piteouß pyme,[1]
Said, 'wois him can nocht be war in tyme!

'O blind birdis! and full of negligence,
Vnmyndfull of 3our prosperitie,
Cast vp 3our sycht and tak guid aduertence,
Luik to þe lynt þat growis on 3ond lye;
3one is the thing I bad furthwith þat we,
Quhill it was seid, had tane it out of þe erd;
Now it is lynt, now is it heych on breird.

'Go 3it, quhill it is tendir, 3oung and small,
And pull it vp; lett it no moir increß;
My flesch growis, my bodye quakis all,
Thinkand on it I may nocht sleip in peß.'
Thaj cryit all and baid þe suallow ceiß,
And said, '3one lint heireftir will do guid,
For lingett is a lytill birdis fuid.

'We think, quhen that 3one lint bowis ar rype,
To mak ws feyst, and fill ws of þe seid,
Mawgre 3one churll, and on it sing and pype.'
'Weill,' quod þe suallow, 'freindis hardlye beit;
Do as 3e will, bot certane sair I dreid,
Heireftir 3e sall find als soure as sweit,
quhen 3e ar speldit on 3one cairlis speit.

[1] MS. 'pryme.'

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BANNATYNE]

'The awnare off ȝone lint ane fowlare is,
Rycht cawtelous and Full off subteltye;
His pray Full seindill tymes will he miß,
Bot giff we birdis all þe warrare be;
Full monye of our kin he [hes[1]] gart dee,
And thocht it bot ane sport till spill þair blude:
God keip me fra him, and þe hellie rude.'

Thir small birdis haifand bot litill thocht
Off perrell þat mycht Fall be aventoure,
The counsale of þe suallow sett at nocht,
Bot tuik þair flicht and on togidder fure;
Sum to þe wod, sum markit to þe mure.
I tuik my stalf, quhen this was said and done,
And walkit hame, quhill it drew neir hand none.

This lint rypit, þe carll pullit þe lyne,
ripplit þe bowis, and in beitis sett,
It steipit in þe burne, and dryit syne,
And with a bittill knokit it and bett,
Syne scutchit it weill, and heclit it in þe flett;
F. 300a. His wyffe it span, and twane it into Freid,
Off quhilk þe Foular nettis war maid indeid.

The wintare cam, the wickit wind can blaw,
The woddis grene war wallowit with þe weit,
Bayth Firth and Fell with frostis war maid Faw,
Slonkis and slak maid slidderie with þe sleit;
The foulis fair For falt þaj fell off feit;
Quhen bewis bair, it was na bute to byde,
Bot hyit on in housß þame to hyde.

[1] Cf. pp. 134, 135.

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[BANNATYNE

Sum in þe berne, sum in þe stak of corne
The ludgeing tuke and maid thair residence;
The fowlare saw and grit athis hes he sworne
Thaj suld be tane trewlie for þair expence.
His nettis he hes sett *with* diligence,
And in þe snaw he schulit hes a plane,
And healit it all[1] ower *with* calf agane.

Thir small birdis seand þe calf was gled;
Trowand it had bene corne, þaj lychtit doun;
Bot of þe nettis na presume þaj had,
Nor of þe fowlaris falß inte*n*tioun;
To schraip and seik *þair* meit þaj maid þame boun.
The suallow into a branche litill by,[2]
Dreda*n*d for gyle, thus loud on þame coud cry:

'Into þis caffe scraip quhill[3] 3ou*r* nailis bleid,
Thair is na corne, 3e laubo*ur* all in vaine[4];
Trow 3e 3one churll for pietie will 3ow feid?
Na, na, he hes it lyit heir for a traine;
Remowe, I ride 3ow, or ellis 3e wilbe slaine;
His nettis he hes sett Full priuelie,
Reddie to draw; in tyme be war For thye.'

Grite Full is he þat puttis in da*n*ger
His lyfe, his hono*ur*, For a thing of nocht;
grite fule is he þat will no*cht* glaidlie heir
Counsale in tyme, quhill it availl hi*m* mocht;
Grite Fule is he þat na thing hes i*n* thocht
Bot thing p*rese*nt, and eftir quhat may fall,
Nor off þe end hes na memoriall.

[1] MS. 'at.' Cf. pp. 136, 137.
[2] Cf. pp. 136, 137.
[3] MS. 'will.' Cf. pp. 136, 137.
[4] MS. 'invaine.'

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BANNATYNE]

Thir small birdis, For hungar famist neir,
Full bissie scraipand for to seik þair fude,
The counsale of þe suallow wald nocht heir,
Suppoiß þair laubour did þame litill guid.
Quhen scho þair Fulisch hertis vnderstude,
So indurate, vp in a tree scho flew;
With þat þe churll owir þame his nettis drew.

Alace! it was rycht grite hertis sair to see
That bludye bouchure beit þaj birdis doun,
And for to heir, quhen þaj wist weill to dee,
Thair c[a]irfull sang and lamentatioun:
Sum with ane staffe he straik to erd in s[w]oun,
Sum offe þe heid, off sum he brak þe craig,
Sum half on lywe he stappit in his bag.

And quhen þe suallow saw þat þaj war deid,
'Lo!' quod scho, 'thus it happinnis oftin syiß
Off þame þat will nocht tak counsale nor reid
Off prudent men or clerkis þat ar wyiß;
This grit perrell I tauld þame mair than thryiß;
F. 300 b. Now ar þaj deid, and wo is[1] me þairfore!'
Scho tuik hir flycht,[2] bot hir I saw no moir.

[MORALITAS.]

Lo, worthie folk, esope, þat nobill clerk,
Ane poete wirthie to be lawreate,
Quhen he waikit fra moir autentik work,
With vther mo, þis foirsaid faibill wrate,
Quhilk at þis tyme may weilbe applicate
To guid morale edificatioun,
Hawand ane sentence cordand to reasoun.

[1] MS. 'wois.' [2] MS. 'flych.'

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[BANNATYNE

This carll and bond of gentrice [s]poliate,[1]
Sawand þis caff, þir small birdis to slay,
It is þe feind, q*uhi*lk fra þe angellis state
Exylit is, as fals apostita:
Quhilk day and nycht nevir werye to ga
Sawand poysoun and monye wickit thocht
In ma*n*nis saule, q*uhi*lk christ full deir hes bocht.

And quhen þe saull, as seid dois i*n* þe erd,
Giffis consent in delectatioun,
The wickit thocht tha*n* begy*n*nis to breird
In deidlye syn, q*uhi*lk is da*m*pnatioun;
Reasoun is blindit with affectioun,
And carnall lust growis full grene and gay,
Throw conswetude ha*n*tit fra day to day.

Proceding Furth be vse and consuetude,
Syn rypis, and schame is sett on syde;
The feind plettis his nettis stark and rude,
And vnder pleasaunce priuelye dois hyde;
Syne on þe feild he sawis calf full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tome and verrye vanitie
Off fleschlye lust and vaine prosperitie.

Thir hungrie birdis wretchis we may call,
Ay scraipand in þis wardlis vaine plesaunce,
Gredye to gadder guidis temporall,
Quhilk as þe caff ar tome w*ith*out substaunce,
Litill of vaill, and full of varia*n*ce,
Lyke to þe mow befoir þe face of wind
Wiskis away and makis wretchis blind.

[1] Cf. pp. 140, 141.

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BANNATYNE]

This[1] suallow, quhilk escapit thus þe snair,
The halye precheour weill may signifie,
Exortand men to walk and ay be war
Fra nettis of our wickit ennemye,
Quhilk slepis nocht, bot evir is reddye,
Quhen wretchis in þis warldis wrak do scraip,
To draw his nett, that þaj may nocht eschaip.

Alace! quhat cair, quhat weping is and wo,
Quhen saull and bodye pairtit ar in twane;
The bodye to þe wirmis kitching go,
The saull to fyre and evirlasting paine:
Quhat helpis than this caffe and guidis vaine,
Quhen thow art put in luciferis bag,
And brocht to hell, and hangit be þe craig?

F. 302 *a*. Thir hide nettis For to persawe and see,
This sorye caffe wyislye to vnderstand,
Best is be war in maist prosperitie,
For in þis warld þair is no thing lestand;
Is na man waitt quhow lang his stait will stand,
His lyfe will lest, nor how þat he sall end
eftir his deid, nor quhidder he sall wend.

Pray we thairfore, quhill we ar in þis lyffe,
For foure thingis: þe first, Fra syn remowe;
The secund is to seiß all weir and stryfe;
The thrid is perfyte cheritye and lowe;
The ferd thing is, and maist for our behowe,
That is in bliß with angellis to be fallow.
And thus endis þe preching of þe Suallow.

Finis.

[1] MS. 'thus.'

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[BANNATYNE

THE FOX & THE COCK.[1]

F. 310 *b.* THOUCHT brutale bestis be Irrationale,
That is to say, lakking discretioun,
3it ilk ane in thair kyndis naturale
Hes monye diuerß inclinatioun;
The bair bustouß, the wolf, þe wyld lyo*u*n,
The fox fen3eit, craftye and cautelouß,
The dog to berk in nycht and keip the houß.

So different thay bene in propirteis,
Vnknawin vnto man, and infynite,
In kynd haifand so fele diu*er*siteis,
My co*n*nyng it excedis for to dyte;
Forthy as now my purpois is to wryte
A caß I fand, quhilk fell this hinder 3ere,
Betuix a fox and gentill chanteclere.

A wedow duelt intill a drope thaj daiß,
Quhilk wan hir fude w*ith* spynni*n*g on hir rok;
And no moir guidis, as þe fable sais,
Except of hennis scho had a ioly flok;
F. 311 *a.* And thame to kepe scho had a ioly cok,
Rycht curageouß, vnto þis wedow ay
Deuidand nycht, crawand befoir þe day.

[1] Title in the margin in a later hand.

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BANNATYNE]

A lytill fra þat foirsaid wedois houß,
A thorny schaw þair was of grit defence,
Quhairin a fox, craftye and cawtelouß,
Maid his repair and daylie residence:
Quhilk to this wedow did grete violence,
In piking of hir pultry day and nycht,
And be no mene reuengit on him scho mycht.

This wily tod, quhen þat þe lark coud sing,
Full sare hungrye vnto þe toun him drest,
Quhair chanteclere into þe gray dawing,
Wery of nycht, was flowin fra his nest.
Lourence this saw, and in his mynd he kest
The Iuperteis, the wayis, and þe wile,
Be quhat menis he mycht þis cok begile.

Dissimuland thus in countenance and chere,
On knees fell, and smyland thus he said:
'Gude morne, my maister, gentill chanteclere!'
With þat þe cok stert bakward in a braid:
'Schir, be my saull, ȝe neid nocht be affraid,
Nor ȝit for me to drede, nor flee abak;
I come bot here ȝow service for to mak.

'Wald I nocht serve ȝow, schir, I wer to blame,
As I hawe done to ȝoure progenitouris:
Ȝour fader oft fulfillit hes my wame,
And send me mete fra middingis to þe muris;
At his ending I did my besy curis
To hald his hede and gife him drinkis warme;
Syne at þe last, that suete suelt in my arme.'

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[BANNATYNE

'Knew thow my fader?' q*uod* þe cok, and leuch.
'Ȝa, my fair sone, forsuth I held his hede,
quhen þat he swelt vnder a birkyn beuch;
Syne said þe dirige, quhe*n* þat he was dede.
Betuix ws twa how suld þair be a fede?
quhom suld ȝe trest bot me, ȝo*ur* seruito*ur*,
q*uhi*lk to ȝo*ur* fader did sa grite hono*ur*?

'Quhe*n* I behald ȝo*ur* fetheris fair and gent,
Ȝoure breste, ȝo*ur* beke, ȝo*ur* hekill, and ȝo*ur* came,
Schir, be my saule, [1] that blissit sacrame*n*t,
My hert warmys; me think, I am at hame;
Ȝow for to serve I wald crepe on my wame,
In frost and snaw, in wede*r*is wan and wete,
And lay my lyart lokkis vnder ȝo*ur* fete.'

This feynit fox, falß and dissimulate,
Maid to þe cok a cauillatioun:
'Me think ȝow changit and degenerate
Fra ȝo*ur* fader and his conditioun;
Off crafty crawing he my*ch*t bere þe croun,
For he wald on his tais stand and crawe;
This is no lee; I stude besyde and sawe.'

With þat þe cok, vpoun his tais hee,
Kest vp his beke, and sang w*ith* all his my*ch*t.
Q*uod* loure*n*ce tha*n*, 'now, s*chi*r, sa mot I thee,
Ȝe ar ȝo*ur* faderis sone and air vp ry*ch*t;
F. 311 *b*. Bot ȝit ȝe want of his cu*nn*yng [a] slicht.'
'Quhat?' q*uod* þe cok:—'he wald, and haif na dout,
Bayt*h* wink and craw and turne him thryis about.'

[1] See pp. 34, 35.

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BANNATYNE]

Thus inflate *with* þe wind of fals vaine gloir,
Q*uhi*lk puttis monye to confusioun,
Trestand to wi*n* a grit worschip þai*r*fore,
Wnwarlye winkand, walkit vp a*n*d doun,
And syne to chant and craw he maid hi*m* boun.
And sudda*n*lie, or he had sung ane note,
The fox was war and hynt hi*m* be þe throte.

Syne to þe schaw but tarye *with* hi*m* hyit,
Off counte*r*maund haifand bot lytill dout.
With þat sprowtok, partlot,[1] and coppok cryit;
The wedow hard, and *with* a cry come out.
Seand þe caiß, scho said [2] and gaif a schout:
'How, mu*r*thou*r*, reylock!' *with* a hiddeous beir,
'Alace! hawe I now lost guid cha*n*teclere!'

As scho war wod, *with* monye ȝell and cry,
Ryvand hir hair, vpoun hir breist ca*n* bete,
Syne paill of hew, half in ane extasye,
Fel doun [3] for cair in swoni*n*g and i*n* swete.
With þat þe sillye he*n*nis left þair mete,
And q*uhi*ll þis wyfe was lya*n*d thus i*n* swoun,
Fell of þat caiß in disputatioun.

'Alace!' q*uod* partlot, makand sair murni*n*g,
With teiris grete attour hir chekis Fell,
'Ȝone was ou*r* drourye, and ou*r* day darling,
Oure nychtingale, and ou*r* horlage bell,
Oure walcryif weche, ws for to warne and tell,
quhe*n* þat aurora, *with* hir curchis gray,
put vp hir hede betuix þe ny*cht* and day.[4]

[1] MS. 'coppok.' Cf. p. 247, l. 123, and pp. 36, 37.
[2] Cf. pp. 36, 37. [3] MS. 'Feldoun.' [4] MS. 'and þe day.'

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[BANNATYNE

'Quha sall oure le*m*mane be? quha sall ws leid?
Quhe*n* we ar sad, quha sall vnto ws sing?
W*ith* his sweit bill he wald brek ws þe breid:
In all þis warld was þair na kyndar thing;
In paramo*uris* he wald do ws plesing
At his power, as nature list him gyffe;
Now eftir hi*m*, alace, how sall we lywe?'

Than sprowtok spak: 'seiß sister of 3o*ur* sorrow,
3e be to made for him; sic m*ur*ni*n*g maiß;
We sall fair weill; I find, sanct Iohne to borrow,
The proverb[1] sayis, "as guid luif cu*m*is as gaiß":
I will put on my hellye dayis clais,
And mak me fresch aganis þis iolye may,
Syne chant þis sang, "was nevir wedow so gay!"

'He was angrye and held ws in grete aw,
And woundit w*ith* þe speir of ielosye;
Off chaume*r* glew, partlot, how weill 3e knaw,
Waistit he was, of nature cald and drye.
Sen he is gone, þ*air*fore, sister, say I,
Be blyith i*n* bale, for þat is best remeid:
Lat quik to quik, and deid go to the deid.'

Thus sprowtok,[2] þat feyn3eit fayt*h* befoir,
In luste but luif þat sett all hir delyte,[2]
'Syster, 3e watte, of sic as hi*m* a scoir
May nocht[3] suffise to slak 3o*ur* appetyte.
I hecht 3ow be my hand, sen 3e ar quyte,
Within a wolk, for schame and I durst speik,
To gett a berne could better claw 3o*ur* breke.'[4]

[1] MS. 'proverd.'
[2] Cf. pp. 40, 41.
[3] MS. 'May it nocht.' Cf. pp. 40, 41.
[4] MS. 'beke.' See pp. 40, 41.

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BANNATYNE]

F. 312 *a*. Than coppok lyke a curate spak full crouß :
'ȝone was ane verrye wea*n*gea*n*ce fra þe hevin ;
He was sa loweouß and so licherouß ;
Seiß coud he nocht with sissokkis[1] mo tha*n* sevin ;
Bot rychtuous god, haldand þe balla*nd*is[2] evin,
Smytis full soir, thocht he be patient,
Adulteraris þat list þame nocht repent.

'Prydefull he was, and ioyit of his syn,
And comptit nowþ*i*r of goddis falvo*u*r nor feid,
Bot traistit ay to rax and sa furth rin,
Till at þe last his synnis could hi*m* leid
To schamefull end, and to ȝone suddane deid ;
Thairfore I wait it was þe hand of god
That causit him be wirreit with þe tod.'

Quhe*n* þis was said, þe wedow fra hir swoun
Stert vp in haist, and on hir ke*n*nattis cryid,
'How ! birkye,[3] burrye, bell, balsye broun,
Rypeschaw, ryn weill, courteß, cutt, and clyid,
Togidder all but gru*n*cheing furth ȝe glyid !
Reskew my nobill cok, or he be slane,
Or ellis to me se ȝe cu*m* nevir agane.'

With þat, but bade, [þay] breddit our þe bent ;
As fyre of flynt þay[4] our þe feildis flaw,
Wichtlye, I wiß, throw woddis and watteris we*n*t,
And seissit nocht ßi*r* loure*n*ce till thay saw.
Bot quhe*n* he saw þe raches cum on raw,
Vnto þe cok he said in mynde, 'god the*n*[5]
Sen[5] I and thow wer liftit in my den.'

[1] Enclosed thus in MS. | sissokis |. See pp. 40, 41.
[2] MS. 'ballaneis.'
[3] Cf. pp. 40, 41.
[4] MS. 'þat.'
[5] See pp. 42, 43.

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[BANNATYNE

Than spak þe cok, *with* sum guid spreit *in*spyrit,
'Do my counsale, and I sall warrand the;
Hungrie thow art, and for grit travell tyrit,
Rycht fant of force and may no*cht* forder flee:
Swyith turne agane, and say, þat I and ȝe
Freindis ar maid and fallowis for a ȝeir;
Than will þaj stynt, I stand for it, and no*cht* steir.'

This fox, thocht he was fals and friuelouß,
And hes fraudis his quarrell*is* to defend,
Dissauit was throw mynis marvellous;
For falsheid failȝeis at þe latter end.
He turnit about and cryit as he was kend;
With þat þe cok brade vnto a buche.
Now reid ȝe sall q*uhair* at ß*ir* lowrence luche.

Begylit thus, þe tod vnder a tree
On knees fell, and said, 'gude cha*n*teclere,
Cum doun agane, and I, but mete or fee,
Salbe ȝo*ur* ma*n* and servand for ane ȝeir.'
'Nay, m*u*rther theif and rivere, stand on reir;
My bludye hekkill and my nek so bla
Hes p*air*tit lowe for evir betwene ws twa.

'I was vnwyis þat winkit at thy will,
Quhairthrow allmaist I lossit had my heid.'
'I was moir full,' q*uod* he, 'coud nocht be still,
But spake to put my pray vnto pleid.'
'Fair on, fals theif, god keip me fra thy feid!'
With þat þe coke our feildis tuke þe flicht;
In at þe wedowis lewar coud he licht.

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BANNATYNE]

MORALITAS.

F. 312 *b.* Now, worthy folk, suppois this be a fable,
And ourhelit *with* typis figurall,
Ȝit may ȝe find a sentence rycht greabill,
Vnder þe fenȝeit *ter*mys textuall.
Till oure purpois þis cok wele may we call

PRYD. A nyce proud ma*n*, void and vaneglorioußs
Off kyn or gude, q*uhi*lk is p*re*sumptuouß.

Fy ! pompouß pryd, thow art rycht poysonable,
Quha fauouris the of force ma*n* haue a fall.
Thy strenth is no*ch*t, thy stule standis vnstable.
Tak witneß of þe feindis i*n*fernall,
Quhilk huntit war doun fro þe hevinly [h]all
To hellis hole, and to þat hidous houß,
Becaus of pryde þaj war p*re*su*m*ptuouß.

This feynit fox may wele be figurate
To flatteraris *with* plesand wirdis quhite,
With fals meny*n*g and mouth mellifluate,
To loife and lee q*uhi*lk settis þair delyte.
All worthy folk at sic suld hafe dispyte;
For quhair is moir p*er*ilouß pestile*n*ce
Than giff to liaris haistelye credence?

FLATTERY. This wikkit wind of adulatioun,
Off swete socour haifand a similitude,
Bittir of gall and full of fell poysoun,
Quha tastis it and clerelye vnderstude.
Forthy as now schortly for to conclude,
Thir twa sy*n*nis, flattery and vaine glore,
Ar venemouß: guid folk, fle þame þ*air*fore.

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[BANNATYNE

THE FOX & THE WOLF.[1]

Incipit alia*m* fa*bulam*.

LEWE we this wedow gled, I ȝow assure,
Off cha*n*teclere more blyith tha*n* I ca*n* tell,
And speke we of þe fatal aventure
And destenye that to þis fox befell,
That durst no more w*ith* miching int*er*mell,
Als lang as leme and lycht was of þe day,
But, bydand nycht, full still lurkand he lay;

Quhill þat Thetes, þe goddeſs of þe flude,
Phebus had callit to þe herberye,[2]
And Esperus put of his cloudy hude,
Schawand his lustye visage in þe skye.
Than loure*n*ce lukit vp, quhare he coud lye,
And kest him hand vpoun his Ee on ḧicht,
Mery and gled þat cu*m*myn was þe nycht.

Out of þe wod vnto ane hill he went,
Quhare he mycht se the twynkling sternis clere,
And all þe planetis of þe firmame*n*t,
Thair coursis and þair moving i*n* þair sphere,
Sum retrograde, and sum war stationere;
And in þe ȝodyak in quhit degree
Thaj were ilkane, as loura*n*ce lerit me.

[1] Title in the margin in a later hand.

[2] MS. 'herverye.'

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BANNATYNE]

Than saturne alde was enterit in capricorne,
And Iupiter movit in sigittarye,
And mars vp in þe ra*m*mys hede was borne,
And phebus in þe lyoun furth coud carye;
Venus the crab, the mone was in aquarye;
Mercurius, þe god of eloque*n*ce,
Into þe virgine maid his residence.

Bot astrolab, quadra*n*t, or almanak,
Techit of nature be instructioun,
F. 313*a*. The moving of the hevin this tod ca*n* tak,
quhat influence and co*n*stillatioun
Was lyk to fall vpone this erd heir doun;
and to him self he said, w*i*t*h*outtin mair,
'Weill worth þe fadir, þat send me first to lair.

'My destany and eik my werd I watt;
Myn evintour is cleirly to me kend;
W*i*t*h* mischeif my*n*3et is my mortall fait;
My mysleving the soner bot I mend:
Deid is reward of syn and schamefull end.
Thairfoir I will ga seik sum *con*fesso*ur*,
And scryfe me clene of all sy*n*nis to this hour.

'allace!' q*uod* he, 'ry*ch*t [waryit ar[1]] we thevis;
our lyfe is sett ilk ny*ch*t in avinture;
our cursit craft full mony ane mischevis;
for evir we steill, & evir alyk ar pure:
In dreid and schame our dayis we indure;
and widdy nek and crakraip callit als,
and syne till our hyre ar ha*n*git be the hals.'

[1] See pp. 50, 51.

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[BANNATYNE

Accusand thus his cankerit co*n*scie*n*ce,
Vnto a craig he kest about his E;
So saw he cu*m*and a littill tha*n* frome the*n*ce,
A worthy docto*ur* of diui*ni*te,
Freir wolf waitskath, in scie*n*ce wondrouß sle,
To preche and pray was new cum of clostir,
W*i*th beid*is* on ha*n*d, saya*n*d his pa*t*er noster.

Seand the wolf, this wylie trato*ur* tod
on kneis fell, w*i*th hud in to his nek:
'welcome, my gaistly fadir vndir god!'
q*uod* he, w*i*th mony binge and mony bek.
Than q*uod* the wolf, 's*chi*r fox, to quhat effek
mak ȝe sic feir? ryß vp, put on ȝo*ur* hude.'
'fad*ir*,' q*uod* he, 'I haif grit cauß to dude.

'ȝe ar the lanterne and the sicker way,
Suld gyd sic sympill folk as me to grace;
ȝo*ur* bairfeit, and ȝour [r]ousett[1] coull of gray,
ȝo*ur* lene cheik*is*, ȝo*ur* paill and petouß face,
Schawis full weill ȝour p*er*fyt halynace;[2]
for weill war him þat anis in his lyfe
had hap to ȝow his sy*n*nis anis to schryfe.'

'a, silly lowra*n*ce,' q*uod* the wolf, and lewch:
'it plesß me þ*a*t ȝe ar penitent.'
'of reif and stowth, s*chi*r, I can tell e*n*newch,
þat causß me full sair for till repent;
Bot, fadir, byd still heir on this bent,
I ȝow beseik, and heir me now declair
my *co*nscie*n*ce þat prik*is* me so sair.'

[1] Cf. pp. 50, 51.
[2] Lines 67 and 68 are transposed in the MS. Cf. pp. 50, 51.

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BANNATYNE]

'Weill,' q*uod* the wolf, 'sit doun vpone thy kne.'
and so he did, bairheid, full hu*m*ly,
and syn bega*n* w*ith* benedicite.
quhe*n* I thus saw, I drew a littill by,
for it effeiris nowdir to heir nor spy,
nor to reweill thing said vndir that sele:
bot to þe tod thus gait þe wolf *couth*[1] mele.

'Art thow co*n*treit & sory in thy spreit
for thy trespas?' 'nay, s*chir*, I ca*n* no*cht* dude:
me think þat he*n*nis ar sua hony sueit,
& la*m*bis flesch þat new ar lattin blud;
F. 313 *b*. For to repent my my*n*d ca*n* no*cht* co*n*clude,
bot this thing, þat I haif slane so few.'
'weill,' q*uod* the wolf, 'in south thow art a schrew.

'Sen thow ca*n* no*cht* forthink thy wicketnaiß,
Will thow forbeir in tyme cu*m*ing, & me*n*d?'
'and I forbeir, how sall I leif, allaiß,
haifand na vþir craft me to defend?
neid causß me to steill q*uhai*r evir I wend.
I schame to beg, I ca*n* no*cht* wirk, ȝe wat,
ȝit wald I fane pretend a ge*n*till stait.'

'Weill,' q*uod* the wolf, 'thow wa*n*tis pontis twa,
belangand to pe*r*fyt co*n*fessioun.
Now to þe thrid p*air*te of pe*n*na*n*ce lat ws ga:
Will thow tak pane for thy tra*n*sgressioun?'
'A, s*chir*, co*n*sedir my co*m*plexioun,
And seikly and waik & of my natur te*n*dir,
Lo, will ȝe se, I am baith lene and sklendir.

[1] MS. 'q^d.'

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[BANNATYNE

'3it nevir the les, I wald, sa it wer lycht,
and schort, no*cht* grevand to my tendirneß,
tak p*air*te of pane, fulfill it gife I micht,
To sett my silly saule in way of grace.'
'Thow sall forbeir,' q*uod* he, 'flesche hyne to paiß,
To tame þi corß, that cursit carioun;
and heir I reik the full remissioun.'

'I grant þairto, sa 3e will gife me leif
to eit puddingis, or laip a littill blude,
or heid and feit, or penchis lat me preif,
In caiß I faut of flesche in to my fude.'
'for grit mist*er*, I gife the leif to dude
twyß in þe owlk, for neid may haif no law.'
'god 3eild 3ow, schir, for that text full weill ye[1] knaw.'

Quhe*n* this was said, the wolf his wayis went.
The fox in fute he fure vnto þe flude—
To fang sum fische wes hellely his inte*n*t;
Bot quhe*n* he saw thir walterand[2] wawis wode,
all stoneist still into a stair he stude,
and said, 'bettir þ*a*t I had biddin at hame,
Tha*n* be a fischar in the deuill*is* name.

'Now mon I skraip my meit out of the sand,
for I haif nowdir net, bottis, nor bate.'
as he wes thus for falt of meit murnand,
lukand about his leving for to late,[3]
vndir a tre he saw a trip of gate;
Than wes he fane, & in a huche him hid,
and fra the gait he stall a littill kid.

[1] See pp. 54, 55. [2] See *ib.* [3] See pp. 56, 57.

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BANNATYNE]

Syne our the huche vnto þe se him hyis,
and tuk the kid ry*ch*t be the hornis twane,
and in þe wattir ow*þ*ir twyß or thryß
he dowkit him, & thus gait cowt*h* he sane:
'ga doun s*chi*r kid, cum vp schir salmound agane!'
quhill he wes deid; syne to þe la*n*d him drewch,
and of þat new made salmond eit e*n*newch.

Thus fynaly fillit w*ith* tendir meit,
vnto a den for dreid he hes him drest,
vndir a busk, quhair þat the sone cowt*h* beit,
F. 314*a*. To beke his breist and bellye he thocht best;
And rakleslye he said, quhair he coud rest,
Strakand his wambe agane þis sonnes hete,
'Vpoun this bellye ware sett a bolt full mete.'

Quhen this was said, the kepare of þe gayte,
Carefull in hert his kid was stollin away,
On everye syde full warlye culd he wayte,
Till at þe last he saw q*uhai*r lowrence lay;
His bow he bent, a flane w*ith* fedderis gray
He hailit to þe heid; or evir he sterd,
The fox fast he prikkit to þe erd.

'Now,' q*uod* þe fox, 'alace and welloway!
Gorrit I am and may no forther gane[1];
Methink no ma*n* may speke a word in play,
Bot now on dayis in ernist it is tane.'
The hird him hynt, and out he drew a flane;
And for his kid and v*þ*ir violen*c*e,
He tuke his skyn, and maid a reco*m*pence.

[1] Cf. pp. 58, 59.

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[BANNATYNE

MORALITAS. This suddane deid and vnprouisit end
Off this fals tod, *with*out contritioun,
Exemple is exhortand folk to mend,
For dreid of sic alyke conclusioun;
For monye gois now to confessioun
Can no*ch*t repent, nor for þair synnis greit,
Becaus thaj think þair lustye lyfe so sweit.

Sum bene also, throw consuetude and vyce,
Vincust *with* carnall sensualitie;
Suppose thaj be as for þe tyme contryte,
Can nane forbere, nor fra thair synnis Flee:
Ws[e] drawis nature so in propertie
Off beist and ma*n*, þat nedis thaj mon do,
as thai of lang tyme hawe hantit þame to.

Beware, guid folk, and dreid this suddane schote,
Quhilk smytis soir withouttin resistence;
attent wyislye, and in 3o*u*r hartis note,
aganis deid may no ma*n* mak defence;
Ceiß of 3o*u*r syn, remord 3o*u*r conscience,
Do wilfull penna*n*ce here, and 3e sall wend,
Eftir 3o*u*r deid, to ioy withouttin end.

Explicit exemplum veritatis et falsitatis.

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BANNATYNE]

THE FOX TRYED BEFORE THE LYON.[1]

THIS foirsaid fox, thus deid for his misdede,
had nocht a sone was gottin rychtuuslye,
That to his airschip my*ch*t of law succede,
Except ane sone, the q*uhi*lk in lemanrye[2]
He gottin had in purchace priuely,
And to his name was clepit fader were,
That lufit wele w*ith* pultry tig and tere.

It followis wele be reasoun naturale,
And gree be gree of ry*ch*t comparisoun,
Off evill cu*m*mys war, of ware cu*m*mys warst of all,
Off wra*n*gus get cu*m*mys wra*n*g successioun.
This fox, bastard of generatioun,
Off verrye kynd behufit to be fals;
So was his grants*chir* and his fader als.

F. 314 *b*. As nature will, sekand his fude be sent,
Off caiß he fand his faderis caryon,
Naikit, new slane; and till him is he went,
Tuke vp his hede, syne on his kneis Fel doun,
Thankand grete god of þat conclusioun;
And said, 'now sall I brouk, sen I am aire,
The boundis quhare he wont was to repaire.'

[1] Title in the margin in later hand. [2] MS. 'lenanrye.'

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[BANNATYNE

Fy! covetous, vnkynd and venemous:
The sone was fayn he fand his fader dede,
Be sudane schote for dedeis[1] odious,
That he mycht rax and regne into his stede,
Dredand nothing þat samin lyife to lede,
In stouth and reif, as he had done before;
Bot to þe end entent he tuke no more.

3it, nevirþeles, for faderlye pitee,
The caryon vpoun his bak he tais:
'Now find I wele þis prouerbe trew,' quod he,
'"Ay rynnis þe fox als lang as he fut hais."'
Syne with his cors vnto a petpot gais,
Off watere full, and kest him in þe depe,
And to þe devill his banis gave to kepe.

O fulichе manⁿ! ploungit in warldlynes,
To conquest wrangwiß guidis, gold, or rent,
To put thy saule in pane and hevynes,
To riche thyne air, quhilk eftir þow be went,
Haue he thy gude, he takis small entent
To sing or say for thy saluatioun:
Fra thow be dede, done is thy deuotioun.

This tod to rest he carit to a crag,
And herd a bustouß bugill brymly blawe,
Quhilk, as him thocht, maid all þis warld to wag.
Than stert I[2] wp, and cumand nere I[2] sawe
Ane vnicorne semely lansand our lawe,
With horne in hand, and buste on brest he bure,
A pursevant semelye, I 3ow assure.

[1] MS. 'dede is.'

[2] Cf. pp. 62, 63.

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BANNATYNE]

Vnto a bank, quhair he mycht se about
On euerye syde, In haste he coud him hye,
Put furth his voce full loud, and gave a schout,
And, 'oyas! oyas!' twiß or thriß coud cry.
With þat the bestis in þe feildis nere by,
All meruailand quhat sic a cry suld mene,
Govand[1] agast, thaj gadderit on a grene.

Out of his buste a bill sone coud he braide,
And red þe text withouttyn tarying;
Commaundand silence, sadly thus he said:
'We, noble lyoun, of all beistis king,
Greting to god ay lestand but ending,
To brutall bestis and Irrationall,
I send, as to my subiectis grete and small.

'My celsitude and hie magnificence,
Lattis 3ow witt furthwith incontinent,
Thinkis to morne, with riall diligence,
Vpoun þis hill to hald a parliament;
Straitlye þairfore I geve commandiment
For to compeir before my tribunall,
Vnder all pane and parrell þat may fall.'

The morowing come, and phebus with his bemys
Consumit had þe mysty cloudis gray;
F. 315a. The ground was grene, and as þe gold it glemys,
With gresis growand gudelie, grete, and gay;
The spice than spred to spring on euery spray;
The lark, þe mauiß, and þe merle so hee,
Suetlye can sing, trippand[1] fra tree to tree.

[1] Cf. pp. 64, 65.

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[BANNATYNE

Thre leopardis come, a croun[1] of massy gold
Berand thaj brocht vnto þat hillis hicht,
With iaspis iunyt and riall rubies rold,
And monye diuerſß dyamantis wele dicht;
With pollis proud a palȝoun doun þaj picht;
And in þat trone thair sat a wild lyoun,
In rob riale, with ceptur, suerd, and croun.

Efter þe tennour of þe crye before,
That gais on fut all bestis in þe erd,[2]
Rycht as þaj ware commandit without more,
Before þair lord þe lyon þaj comperd;
And quhat þaj ware, as tod laurence me lerd,
I sall reherß a pairt of ewery kynd,
Als far as now occurris to my mynd.

The menataur, a monstour merverouſß,
Bellorophant, that beist of bastarde,
The warwolf, and þe pegaſß peroluſß,
Transformit be assent of socerre,
The lynx, the tegir full of tyrrane,
The oliphant, and eik the dromodare,
The camell with his cran craig furth culd care.

The leopard, as I haif taute beforne,
The antelop, the sparth furth culd hir speid,
The paynttit panther, & the vnicorne;
The raynder ran throuch rever, ron, and reid,
The Iolye Ionet, and the gentill steid,
The aiß, the mwll, the horß of ewerye kynd;
The de, the re, the hornit hairt, the hynd.

[1] MS. 'craun.'

[2] Cf. pp. 66, 67.

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BANNATYNE]

The bull, the beir, the bugill, and þe bair,
The wodwyß, wildcat, & the wild wolfyne,
The hard-bak hurtchoun, and the hyrpilland hair,
Bayth ottour, aip, and pennytt porcapyne,
The guckit gait, the syllye scheip, the Suyne,
The bau*er* bakon, and the batt*er*and brok,
The fumard, with þe fyber furth culd flok.

The gay[1] grwhund, the sleuthhund furth can slyd,
With doggis all dyuerß and deferent;
The rattoun ran, the globert furth culd glyd,
The quherland quhithrat with þe wasyll wentt,
The fythow that hes furrit mony ane fent,
The martryk, with þe cunyng & the con,
The lurdane lane,[1] & eik the lerion.

F. 315 *b*. The mermissat the modewart could leid,
Becaus that nato*ur* denyit had hir sy*ch*t.
Thus dressit þai all furt*h* for dreid of deid,
The musk, the litill mowß w*ith* all hir my*ch*t
In haist haykit vnto þ*at* hillis hy*ch*t;
And mony ane kynd of beist þ*at* I no*ch*t knaw,
Befoir þair lord Ilkane þai lowtit law.

Seand thir beistis at his bidding bowñ,
He gave a braide, and blenkit all about;
Than flatling*is* to his feit þai fell all douñ,
For dreid of deid thay drowpit all in dout.
The lyoun lukit quhen he saw þame lout,
And bad þai*m*, w*ith* ane countena*n*ce full sweit,
'Be no*ch*t afferit, bot stand vpoun 3o*ur* feit.

[1] Cf. pp. 68, 69.

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[BANNATYNE

'I lat ȝou wit my my*ch*t is m*er*ceabill,
And steris none þat ar to me prostrat,
Angrye, austerne, and als vnameabill,
To all þ*a*t standis aganis myne estait.
I rug, I ryve all beistis þ*a*t mak*is* debait
Aganis þe my*ch*t of my magnefecence:
Se none pretend to pryde in my presence.

'My celsitude and my hie maiestye
W*ith* my*ch*t and m*er*cye myngit salbe ay;
The lawest heir I may ry*ch*t sone vp hie,
And mak him maist*er* ouer ȝou all I may.
The dromadair, gif he will mak deray,
Or the greit cameill, tho*ch*t þai be neui*r* sa crouß,
I can þame law as litill as ane mowß.

'Se neir be xxty mylis q*uhair* I am
The kid ga salflie be þe wolf syde;
Se tod lowrye luke no*ch*t vpoun þe lamb,
Na revand beistis nowther ryn nor ryde.'
Thay cucheit all; and, ef*tir* þis wes cryd,
The iustice bad anone þe court do fenß,
The sutis call, and foirfalt all absenß.

The panthere, w*ith* his payntit coit of armo*ur*,
fensit þe court, as he of law efferit;
Tod laure*n*ce lukit vp q*uhair* he could lowr,
and stert on fute, all stoneist, and all sterit;
Ryvand his hair, he rarit w*ith* a reird,
Quakand for dreid, and[1] sichand could he say,
'Allace þis ho*ur*, allace þis wofull day!

[1] MS. 'ran.' Cf. pp. 70, 71.

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BANNATYNE]

F. 316*a*. 'I wait this suddane semblay þ*a*t I se,
havand þe poyntis of a p*ar*liament,
Is maid to mar sic misdoar*is* as me;
Thairfoir, and I me schaw, I wilbe schent;
I wilbe socht gif I be red absent;
To byde or fle it makis no remeid;
all is alyke, þair followis no*ch*t bot deid.'

Perplexit thus in to his mynd can mene
w*ith* falsheid quhow he my*ch*t him self defend;
his hude he drew far douñ atto*ur* his ene,
and, wynkand w*ith* þe ane E, furt*h* ca*n* wend;
clyncheand he come, þ*a*t he suld no*ch*t be kend,
and for dreddo*ur* þ*a*t he suld thoill areist,[1]
he playit bukhud anone, fra beist to beist.

[2] Compering thus þai[3] come befoir the king,
in ordo*ur* sett as to þair stait efferit,
Off eu*er*ye kynd he gart ane p*air*t furt*h* bring,
and awfulye he spak, and at þame speirit
gif þair wis ony beist in to þis erd
Absent, and þair gart þai*m* all deiplie sweir;
And þai said, 'Nay, except ane gray stude meir.'

'Go, mak ane message sone vnto þ*a*t stude.'
The court þan cryit, 'My lord, quha sall þ*a*t be?'
'Cum heir, lowrye, lurkand vndir ane hude.'
'A lord m*er*cye! lo, I have bot ane E;
Hurt in þe hanch, and crukit ȝe may se;
The wolf is bettir in a*m*bassadrye,
and mair cu*nn*i*n*g in clergye þa*n* I.'

[1] MS. 'a reist.'
[2] Two stanzas of Charteris and Harl. here omitted (see pp. 72, 73).
[3] MS. 'he.'

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[BANNATYNE

Braiding he said, 'go furth, ȝe brybouris baytht!'
And þai to ga withoutin tareying.
Our ron and ryce þai ran togidder rayth,
And fand þe meir at meit in þe morning.
'how,' quod the tod, 'Madame, go to þe king,
The court is callit, and ȝe ar contumax.'
'Lat be, laurence, ȝour carping & ȝour knax.'

'Maistres,' quod the tod, 'to þe court ȝe mon;
The lyoun hes commandit ȝou in deid.'
'Laurence, tak ȝou þe flirdome, & þe fon,
I have a respit heir, and ȝe will rede.'
'I can nocht spell a word, sa god me speid!
Heir is þe wolf, a nobill clerk at all,
And of þis message he is principall.

'He is autentik, and a man of aige,
And hes þe practik of þe chancellary;
Lat him ga luke and reid ȝour preuilege,
And I sall stand, and beir ȝou witnes by.'
'Quhair is ȝour respit?' quod þe wolf in hy.
'Sir, It is heir, vndir my hoife weill hid.'
'Hald vp ȝour hele,' quod he; and sa scho did.

Thocht he wes brynt throuch pryde, ȝit he presumis
To luke doun law, quhair þat þir lettres lay.
F. 316 b. With that þe mere scho gird him on þe gumys,
And strake þe hattrell of his hede away.
Half out of lyfe, lenand douñ he lay:
'Alace!' quod lourence, 'lupus, þat þow art lost.'
'His connyng,' quod þe mere, 'was wirth sum cost.

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BANNATYNE]

'Lourans, will thow nocht luke vpoun my letter,
Sen þat þe wolf þairof can nothing wyn?'
'Nay, be sanct bryde,' q*uod* he, 'me think far better
To slepe in hele and in ane vnhurt skyn.
A scroll I fand, and thus writtin *þair*in,
—for v ß I wald no*cht* anys faltum[1]—
"Felix que*m* faciu*n*t aliena pericula cautum."'

With brokin skalp, and bludye chekis rede,
This wolf wepand on his wayis went,
Off his mayn3e m*er*kand to gete remede;
To tell þe king the caiß was his entent.
'Schir,' q*uod* þe tod, 'bid still vpoun þe bent,
And fra 3o*ur* browis wesche away þe blude,
And tak a drink, for it will do 3ow gude.'

To fech̃ water this fraudfull fox furth fure,
Sidlingis a bauk[2] he socht vnto a sike;
Off caiß he metis, cu*m*and fra þe mure,
A trip of la*m*bis dansand on a dike.
This trayto*ur* tod, this tyran, and this tike,
The fattest of þe flok he fellit has,
And ete his fill; syne to þe wolf he gais.

Thay drank but tary, and thare Iournay takis;
Befoir þe king syne knelit on thare knee.
'Quhare is þe mere, s*chi*r tod, was contumax?'
Than loura*n*ce said: 'my lord, spere no*cht* at me!
This new maid docto*ur* of diuinitee,
With his rede cap, ca*n* tell 3ow wele yneuch.'
With þat þe lyon and þe lave þaj leuch.

[1] See pp. 76, 77. [2] See pp. 78, 79.

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[BANNATYNE

'Tell on the caiß, s*chi*r loure*n*ce, lat ws here.'
'This witty wolf, this noble clerk of aige,
On 3o*u*r behalf he bad þe mere compere,
And scho allegit till a preuilege—
"Cum nere and se, and 3e sall have 3o*u*r vage."
Becauß he red hir respit plane and wele,
3one rede ba*n*nete scho raucht him w*ith* hir hele.'

The lyo*u*n said, 'be 3one rede cap I ken
This tale is trew, quha tent vnto it takis;
The grettest clerkis ar no*ch*t þe wyßest me*n*;
A ma*n*nis hurt ane other happy makis.'
As þaj ware carpand thusgatis in knak*is*,
And all þe court in garray and in gam,
Sa come the 3ow, þe moder of þe lam.

Before þe iustice douñ on knees Fell,
Put furth hir playnt on þis wiß wofullye:
'This harlot here, this hursoun hund of hell,
He werryit hes my lam full doggitlye,
W*ith*in a myle, in contrare[1] of 3o*u*r cry.
For goddis lufe, my lord, gif me þe lawe
Off þis ly*m*mar.' w*ith* þat loure*n*ce lete drawe.

F. 317 *a*. 'Bide,' q*uod* the lyon, 'le*m*mar, lat ws se
Giff this be suyt*h* þe sely 3ow has said.'
'A, soue*r*ane lord, sauf 3o*u*r me*r*cy,' q*uod* he,
'My purpois was w*ith* him bot to have plaid;
Caußles he fell, as he had bene affraid;
For drede of dede he duschit our a dike,
And brak his nek.' 'thow leis,' q*uod* scho, 'fals tike!

[1] MS. 'incontrare.'

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BANNATYNE]

'His dede be practik may be previt eth:
Thy gorry gomys and thy bludy snowt,
The woll, þe flesche ȝit stikkis in thy teth,
And that is euident eneuch, but dout.'
The iustice bad go cheiß a siß a bout;
And so thaj did, and fand þat he was fals,
Off murthour, thift, and party tresoun als.

Thaj band him fast, the Iustice bad belyve
To geve þe dome, and tak of all his clathis;
The wolf, that new maid doctour, coud him shryve;
Syne furth with him vnto þe gallowis gais,
And at þe ledder fute his leue he tais;
The ape was basare, and bad him sone ascend,
And hangit him; and thus he maid ane end.

MORALITAS.[1] Rycht as þe mynoure in his mynorall
Faire gold with fyre may fra þe lede wele wyn,
Rycht sa vnder a fable figurall
A sad sentence may seke, and efter fyne,
As daylie dois thir doctouris of dyvyne,
Apertly be oure leving can applye,
And preue thare preching be a poesye.

The lyon is this warld be liklynace,
To quhom lowtis bayth empriour and king,
And thinkis of this warld to get mare grace,
And gapis for to get mare lifing;
Sum for to reule, and sum to rax and regne,
Sum gadderis gere, sum gold, sum vther gude;
To wyn this warld sum wirkis as þaj wer wode.

[1] Cf. this text with the texts on pp. 82-85, with which Hart is in general agreement.

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[BANNATYNE

This mere is men of contemplatioun,
Off pennance walkand in þis wildernace,
As monkis and othir men of religioun,
That presis god to pleiß in euery place;
Abstrackit fra this warldlis wretchidnes,
In wilfull pouertee, fra pomp and all pryde,
And fra this warld in mynd ar mortifyde.

This wolf I likkin vnto sensualitee,
As quhen, like brutall bestis, we accord
Our mynd all to þis warldeis vanitee,
Liking to tak and love him as our lord:
Flee fast þairfra, gif þow will rycht remord;
Than sall reasoun riß, rax, and regne,
And for thy saull þair is no better thing.

Hir hufe[1] I likkin to þe thocht of dede.
Will thow remembere, man, that thow man dee?
F. 317 *b*. Thow may brek sensualiteis hede,
And fleschlye lust away fra þe sall flee;
Wiß salomone sais, will thow nocht see,
For as thow may thy sely saull now wyne,
'Think on thine end, thow sall nocht gladlye syn.'

This tod I likin to temptatioun,
Berand to mynd monye thochtis vane,
That daylie sagis men of religioun,
Cryand to þame, 'Cum to þe warld agane!'
Bot quhen thaj see sensualitie neir slane,
And sudane dede with ithand panis sore,
He gois abak, and temptis him no more.

[1] MS. 'lufe.'

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BANNATYNE]

O lord eternall, medeator for ws mast meke,
Sitt doun before thy fader celestiall,[1]
For ws synnaris his celsitude beseke,
Ws to defend fra payne and perallis all;
And help ws vp vnto þat hevinlye hall,
In glore, quhair we may se þe sycht of god.—
And thus endis þe talking of þe tod.

Explicit.

THE COCK & ÞE IEWELL.

Prolog.

F. 326 *b*. THOCHT fenȝeit fables of auld poetre
Be nocht grundit all vpoun trewth, ȝit than
Thair poleit termis of sueit retory
ar rycht vlesand vnto the heir of man;
and als þe cauß quhi thay first began
Was to repreife þe vyce of mysdoing
of man, be fegour of ane vþir thing.

In lyk maner as throw a bustvous[2] erd,
So it be lawborit with grit diligence,
Springis þe flouris and þe cornis brerd
hailsum and gud to manis sustenence,
So springis þair a morall sueit sentence
out of þe scitell dyt of poetre,
To gud purpoiß, quha culd it rycht aply.

[1] In the MS. the lines—

O mary myld, mediatour of mercy meke,
Sitt doun before thy sone celestiall,

have been stroked out, and those in the text written in above in the same hand.

[2] MS. indistinct. Cf. pp. 2, 3, 223.

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[BANNATYNE

Thir nutis schell*is*, tho*ch*t þai be hard and tuich,
F. 327 *a*. Thay hald þe cirnall sueit and delectable:
So lyis þair a doctryne wyse anewch,
and full of fruct vndir a fenȝeit fable.
als clerk*is* sayis, it is ry*ch*t proffitable
Amang ernyst to myng a mirry sport,
To blyt*h* þe spreit, and gar þe tyme be schort.

For as we se þe bow þat ay is bent
Wordis vnsmart and dullis on þe string,
So dois þe mynd þat is ay diligent
In ernyst tho*ch*t and in studdeing:
Wit*h* sad materis sum mirrineß to myng
Accordis weill; thus Isop, I wiß,
'Dulcius arrident seria picta Iocis.'

Off þis poyet, my masteris, wit*h* ȝour leiſe—
I me deffer to ȝour correctioun—
In moder tong of latyne I wald preiſe
To mak a maner of translatioun;
No*ch*t of my self for vane presumptioun,
Bot be requeist and prayeris of a lord,
off quhome þe name it neid*is* no*ch*t record.

In hamely langage and in ter*m*is rud
me neid*is* wryt, For quhy of eloque*n*ce
no[r] rethory I neuir vndirstud.
Thairfoir meikly I pray ȝour reuerens,
Gife ȝe fynd ocht þat throw my negligence
Or diminut, or ȝit superfluys,
Correct at ȝour will*is* gracius.

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BANNATYNE]

Myne auctour in his fable tellis how[1]
þat brutall beistis spak and vndirstud,
and till gud purpoiß disput and argow,
a sylogysme propone, and eik exclud;
putting[2] axample and symilitude,
how mony men in operatioun
ar lyk to beistis in þair conditioun.

No mervell is a man be lyk a beist,
Quhilk leivis ay in carnall fowll delyte;
That schame can nocht derenȝe nor arreist,
Bot takis all þair lust and appetyt,
Quhilk throw þe custome and þe dayly ryte
F. 327 b. Syn in þe mynd is sa fast radicat
That he in brutall beist be transformat.

This noble clerk ysop, as I haif towld,
In gay metir facound and purperat,
Be fegour wret his buk, for he nocht wowld
Tak þe disdane of he nor law estate.
And to begyn, first at a cok he wrate,
Seikand his meit, quhilk fand a Ioly stone,
Off quhome þe fable ȝe sall heir annone.

A COK, sumtyme, with fethreme fresch and gay,[3]
rycht cant and crouß, suppoiß he was bot pure,
Flew furth at a doun[g]hill sone be day;
To get his denner sett was all his cure:
Screpand amang þe aß, be auenture
He fand a Ioly Iasp, rycht pretiouß,
Was castin furth in suowpyne of þe houß.

[1] MS. 'fow.' [2] Cf. pp. 4, 5. [3] MS. 'gray.'

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[BANNATYNE

As madyn*is* wantoun and insolent,
That fane wald play, and on þe streit be sene,
To swopyne of þe houß tak*is* no tent,
Quhat be þairin swa þat þe flure be clene;
Iowalis ar tynt, as oft tymes hes bene,
And in þe swowpyne is castin furt*h* annone—
P*er*auentour, swa waß þe samy*n* stone.

Swa m*er*velland vpone þe stone, q*uod* he,
'o gentill gem! o riche and noble thing!
Tho*ch*t I þe fynd, thow ganis no*ch*t for me;
Thow art a Iowall for ony warldly king.
It war pety thow suld in this midding
be bvrit thus among þis mvk and mwd,
and thow so deir and worth so mekle gude.

'It is pety I suld þe fynd, for quhy
Thy grit vertew, nor ȝit thy cullo*ur* cleir,
I may now*þir* extoll nor magnify;
And thow to me ma mak bot littill cheir.
F. 328 *a*. To grit lord*is* tho*ch*t thow be leif and deir,
I lawfe fer bettir thing of leß awaill,
as cafe, or corne, to fill my tome entrell.

'I had leuir go skraip heir w*ith* my nailis
among þis moll, and luk my lyvis fude,
as corne, or drafe, small worme, or [s]naillis,
or ony meit wald do my stomok gude,
nor of Iespis a mekle multitude:
and thow agane, vpoun þe samy*n* wyiß,
may me as now for thyne awaill dispyiß.

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BANNATYNE]

'Thow hes no corne, and þairof I had neid;
Thy cullour dois bot comfort to þe sicht,
and þat is nocht annwch my wame to feid;
For wyse men sayis þat lukand wark was lycht.
[ ][1]
for hungry men may nocht weill leif on loikis:
had I dry breid, I keipit nocht no kokis.

Quhair suld thow mak þi tributatioun[2]?
quhair suld thow dwell, bot in a ryall tour?
quhair suld thow sit, bot one a kingis croun,
exalt in wirchep and in gret honour?
ryß, gentill Iaspis, of all stonis þe flour,
out of þis aß, and paß quhair thow suld be;
Thow ganis nocht for me, nor I for the.'

Levand this Iowall full law vpone þe ground,
To seik sum meit this cok his wayis went;
Bot quhen, or quhair, or quhow it was found,
As now I sit to hold no argument:
Bot of þe inwart sentence and intent
of þis fable, as myne awtour dois wit,[2]
I sall reherß in rude and hamely dyt.

MORALITE. This Ioly Iasp hes properteis sevin:
The first, of collouris it is mervellouß,
Pairte lyk þe fyre, and pairte is lyk þe hevin,
And makis a man stark and victorius;
Preservis als fra caisß perrellouß:
Quha hes this stone sall haif gud hap to speid,
off fyre nor fallis him neidis nocht to dreid.

[1] The line is omitted in Bannatyne. See pp. 8, 9, 226.
[2] See pp. 10, 11, 227.

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[BANNATYNE

F. 328 *b.* This gentill Iesp, oft different in hew,
Betakinis *p*erfyt prudens and cu*n*ny*n*g,
ornat w*i*t*h* mony deid*is* of vertew,
moir excelland tha*n* ony erdly thing,
Quhilk makis me*n* in hono*u*r ay to ring,
Happy, and stark to haif þe victory
Off all vicis and sprituall ennemy.

Quha may be rycht hardy and gratious?
Quha ca*n* enschew p*e*rrell and aventure?
Quha ca*n* gowern citie and burchgus
W*i*t*h*out science? non, I 3ow ensure.
It is þe riches þat evir sall indure,
Quhilk motht, nor mwst, may no*ch*t rwst nor ket,[1]
and to ma*n*is sawll it is et*e*rnall met.

This cok, desyring moir þe symple corne
Thane ony Iasp, onto þe fule is peir,
makand at scie*n*ce bot a knak and skorne,
Quhilk ca*n* no gud, and als littill will leir;
his hairt wamill*is* gud argume*n*tis till heir,
As to[1] þe sow, to quhome me*n* for the nons
In hir drafe troch wald saw þe pretius stons.

Quha is e*n*nemy to science & cu*n*ny*n*g
Bot ignora*n*tis þat vndirstandis no*ch*t?
Quhilk is so noble, pretius, and ding
That may no*ch*t w*i*t*h* no erdly thing be bocht.
Weill war þe ma*n* of all vþir, þat mocht
all his lyfe dayis in p*e*rfyte study war
To get scie*n*ce; for him nedit no mair.

[1] See pp. 12, 13, 228.

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BANNATYNE]

Bot now, allaiß, this Iasp is tynt and hid:
We seik it no*cht*, nor preisß it to find.
haif we riches, no bettir lyfe we bid,
off scie*n*ce tho*cht* þe saull be bair and blind.
of þis mat*er* I do bot waistis wind,
Thairfoir I seiß, and will no forder say:
go seik the jasp quha list, for þair it lay.

Explicit: q*uod* m̄r R. H.

THE MOUSS AND THE PADDOCK.[1]

F. 329 *a*. VPONE a tyme, as ysop ca*n* report,
A littill mouß come till a rever syd;
Scho mycht no*cht* waid, hir schankis wer so schort;
Scho cowt*h* no*cht* sowme, s[ch]o had no horß till ryd:
off verry forß behuvit hir to byd,
and to and fro vpone þat rever deip
Scho ra*n*, cryand w*ith* mony peteuß peip.

'Help our, help our,' the silly mowß ca*n* cry,
'For godis lufe, sum body our this bryme.'
With þat a paddok, on þe wattir by,
put vp hir heid, and on þe bank cowt*h* clyme,
quhilk be natur gowt*h* dowk and gaylie swyme;
W*ith* voce full rawk, scho said on this maneir:
'Gud morne, deme mowß, quhat is ȝour era*n*d heir?'

[1] Title in the margin in a later hand.

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[BANNATYNE

'Seis thow,' q*uod* scho, 'of corne ȝone Ioly flat,
of ryp aitis, of beir, of peiß, and quheit?
I am hungry, and fane wald be þairat,
Bot I am stoppit heir be this wattir greit;
And on þis syd I get no thing till eit
Bot hard nutis, quhilk w*ith* my teith I boir.
War I beȝond, my feist wald be þe moir.

'I haif no boit; heir is no mareneir;
And tho*ch*t thair ware, I haif no frawcht to pay.'
Q*uod* scho, 'sistir, lat be ȝour havy cheir;
Do my counsall, and I sall fynd the way
W*ith*owttin horß, brig, boit, or ȝit gallay,
To bring ȝow our saifly—be no*ch*t affeird!—
And no*ch*t to weit þe campis of ȝo*ur* beird.'

'I haif m*er*vell tha*n*,' q*uod* þe silly mowß,
'How thow can fleit w*ith*out feddir or fyn.
The reuer is so deip and dengerouß,
Me think þat thow suld drowin to wed þairin.
Tell me, þairfoir, quhat faculty or gyn
Thow hes to bring me our þis wattir wan.'
That to declair the paddok thus began.

'With my twa feit,' q*uod* scho, 'lukkin and braid,
In steid of airis, I row þe streme full still;
Suppoiß þe bruk be p*er*rellus to waid,
Baith to and fro I swyme at my awin will.
I may no*ch*t droun, for quhy myne oppin gill
F. 329 *b*. Devoydis ay the watter I ressaif;
Thairfoir to droun forsuth no dreid I haif.'

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BANNATYNE]

The mowß beheld onto her fronsyt face,
Hir runclit beik, and hir lippis syd,
Hir hyngand Browis, and hir voce so hace,
Hir logrand leggis, and hir harsky hyd.
Scho ran abak, and on þe paddok cryd:
'gife I can any skeill of fysnomy,
Thow hes sum pairte of frawd and als invy.

'For clerkis sayis þe inclinatioun
of manis thocht persavis commounly
eftir þe corporall complexioun
Till gud or yll, as natur will apply:
A frawart will, a thrawin phisnomy.
The auld proverb is witneß of this Lorum:
"Distortum vultum sequitur distortio morum."'

'Na,' quod the taid, 'þat proverb is nocht trew;
for fair thingis oft tymes ar fowll fakin.
Thir bla berryis, thocht thay be blak of hew,
Ar gaddrit vp quhen prumroß is forsakin.
The face may faill to be þe hairtis taikin.
Thairfoir I fynd in scriptour in a place:
Thow suld nocht iuge a man eftir his face.

'Thocht I vnlusty be to luk vpone,
I haif no wyt quhy suld I lakkit be;
War I als fare as ioly absalone,
I am nocht causar of þat grit bewte.
This differens in forme and qualite
Almychty god hes cawsit dame nature
To prent and set in every creature.

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[BANNATYNE

'Off sum þe face may be ry*ch*t flurisand,
W*ith* silkin tong and cheir most amorus,
W*ith* mynd inconstant, fals, and variand,
Full of dissait and menys cautelus.'
'Lat be preching,' q*uod* þe hungry mouß,
'And be quhat craft thow gar me vndirsta*n*d
how thow wald gyd me to þe ȝondir land.'

F. 330 *a*. 'Thow wait,' q*uod* scho, 'a body þat hes neid
To help þame selff suld mony wayis cast;
Thairfoir go tak a dowble twy*n*nit threid,
And bind þi leg to myne with knotis fast.
I sall the leir to swyme—be no*ch*t agast!'
'Is þat þi counsale,' q*uod* þe silly mouß;
'To preif þat play it wer our p*er*rellouß.

'Suld I be bund and fast quhair I am fre,
In howp of help, nay tha*n* eschrew ws baith,
For I my*ch*t loß both lyfe and libertie.
Gife it wer sa, quha my*ch*t ame*n*d my skaith?
Bot gife thow sueir to me þe murtho*u*r aith
But frawd or gyle, to bring me our this flude
But hurt or harme——' q*uod* scho, 'in faith, I dude.'

Scho golkit vp, and to þe hevin ca*n* cry:
'How, Iupiter, of natur god and king,
I mak ane aith to the trewly, that I
This littill mouß sall our þe wattir bring.'
This aith was maid; this mouß, but p*er*sawing
of fals ingyne of this fals crabit[1] taid,
Tuk threid and band hir leg, as scho hir bad.

[1] See p. 212.

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BANNATYNE]

Than fute for fute thay lap baith in þe brime;
Bot in þair mynd thay wer rycht different:
The mowß thocht na thing bot to fleit and swyme,
The padok for to slay set hir intent.
quhen þai in mydwart of the streme wer went,
With all hir forß þe paddok dowkit doun,
and thocht the mouß without mercy to droun.

Persevand this, the mouß on hir gan cry:
'tratour to god, and mansworne onto[1] me,
Thow swoir þe murthour aith, saifly þat I,
But harme or hurt, suld ferreid be & fre;'
And quhen scho saw þair waß bot do or dy,
Scho bowtit vp and foirsit hir to swyme,
and preisit on þe taidis bak to clyme.

The dreid of deid hir strenthis gave increß,
and fandit hir defend with mony mane.
The mowß vpwart, the paddok doun can preß;
Quhile to, quhile fra, quhile dowk, quhile vp agane.
F. 330*b*. This silly mouß, this plungit in grit pane,
can fecht als lang as breth wes in hir breist,
Till at þe last scho cryit for a preist.

Sichand thus gait, a gled sat on a twist,
And to þis wrechit battell tuk gud heid;
And with a wisk, or owþir of þame wist,
he claucht his cluke betuene þame in the threid;
Syne to þe land he flew with þame gud speid,
fane of þat fang, pypand with mony pew;
Syne lowsit þame, and bayth but pety slew.

[1] MS. 'on to.'

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[BANNATYNE

Syne bowellit þame, þat bowchir *with* his bill,
And bellyflawcht full fetly he þame flaid;
Bot baith þair flesche wald skant be half a fill,
And gutis als, vnto þat gredy gled.
off þair debait thus quhe*n* I ha[r]d [1] owt red,
he tuk his flicht, and our þe feild*is* he flaw:
gife þis be trew, speir ȝe at þame þat saw.

MORALITAS. My brother, gif thow will tak aduertens
Till þis fable, thow may p*er*saif and se,
It pasß far alkynd of pestilens,
a wicket mynd w*ith* wirdis fair and sle.
Be war þairfoir, quhome w*ith* þow followis [2] the;
for thow war bettir beir of stone þe barrow,
of sueitand ding, and delffe quhill thow may dre,
na be machit w*ith* a wicket marrow.

A fals intent vndir a fare pretence
hes cawsit mony innocentis to de.
Grit folly is *þair*foir to gife credence
our sone to all þat speikis fair to the.
a silkin tong, a hairt of crewelte,
Smytis mair soir tha*n* ony schot of arrow.
Brudir, gif thow be vyiß, I rid the fle
To mache the w*ith* a frawart fenȝeit marrow.

I warne the als, it is grit negligence
To bind þe fast quhair thow was frank & fre;
fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defens
To saif thy lyfe, or ȝit in libertie.[3]
This semple counsale, bruder, tak at me,
and it to cwn p*er*queir se nocht thow tarrow,
Bettir but stryfe to leif allone in le
Tha*n* to be machit w*ith* a wicket marrow.

[1] See pp. 214, 215. [2] Cf. pp. 214, 215. Hart, 'fellowes bee.'
[3] See pp. 216, 217.

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BANNATYNE]

This hald in mynd: ȝit moir I sall the tell
Quhat by þir beistis may be figurat.
F. 331 *a*. This paddok, vsand in this flud to dwell,
Is ma*n*is body, swma*n*d air and lait
Into this warld, w*it*h cairis implicat,
Now he, now law, quhyle plungit vp and doun,
Ay in to p*er*rell, and redy for to droun.

Now dolorus, now blyt*h* as bird on breir;
Now in fredome, now wardit in distreß;
Now haill, now sound, now deid and brocht on beir;
Now pure as Iob, now rowand in richeß;
Now gowins gay, now brattis to Imbraß;
Now full as fysche, now hungry as a hound;
Now on þe quheill, now wappit to þe ground.

This littill mouß, thus knet hard be þe chin,
the saule of ma*n* betakin may indeid[1];
Bundin, and fra þe body may no*ch*t twin,
Quhill crewall deid cum brek of lyfe the threid;
The quhilk to droun suld evir stand in dreid,
of carnall lust be þe suggestioun
quhilk drawis ay þe saule, ay and haldis doun.

The waltir is þe warld, ay walterand
W*it*h mony wayiß of tribulatioun,
In quhilk þe saule and body ay waverand
standis distinyt in[2] *þair* opinioun;
The spreit vpwart, þe body preisß doun:
The natur of þe saule wald our be borne
out of this warld vnto þe hevinly trone.

[1] MS. 'in deid.' [2] MS. 'and.' Cf. p. 219.

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[BANNATYNE

This gled is deid, þat cu*m*is suddanly,
As dois þe theif, and endis this battell.
be vegeland þ*air*foir, and ay reddy,
for ma*n*is lyfe is brukle & mortall:
My freind, þairfoir, mak the a strang castell
of gud deidis; for deid will the assay,
Thow wait no*ch*t quhe*n*, at evin, morne, nor midday.

Adew, my freind; and gife þat ony speiris
of this fable so schortly I conclude,
Thow say, I left the laif onto þe freiris,
To mak a sample or similitud.
Now chryst for ws þat deit on the rud,
of saule and lyf as thow art saluiour,
Grant ws to paß in till a blissit hour.

Explicit: q*uod* m̄r. R. H.

THE TWA MYSS.[1]

F. 331 *b*. ISOP, myne autour, makis mentioun
of twa myß, and thay war sisteris deir,
off quhome þe elder dwelt in a borrowis toun,
The ȝungir wend vp on land, weill neir,
ry*ch*t solitar, quhyle vndir busk and breir,
quhyle in þe corne, in vþir me*n*is schecht,
as outlawis dois and levis on þair wacht.

[1] Title in the margin in a later hand.

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BANNATYNE]

The rurall mouß in to þe winter tyd
Had hungir, cauld, and tholit grit distres.
The toþir mouß þat in þe burgh can byd
Was gilt bruþer and maid ane fre burgeß;
Tolefre alswa, but custome mair and leß,
and fredome had to ga quhair euer scho list,
Amang the cheiß and meill in ark and kist.

A tyme quhen scho wes full and on fute sair,
Scho tuk in mynd hir sistir vp on land,
and langit for hir cheir and hir weilfair,
and se quhat lyfe scho led vndir the wand:
Bairfute, allone, with pyk-staff in hir hand,
as pure pilgrem scho passit out of toun,
To seik hir sister baith our daill and doun.

Throw mony wilsum wayis cwth scho walk,
Throwcht mure and moß, throwcht bank, busk, and brayre,
fra fur to fur, cryand fra balk to balk,
'Cum furth to me, myne sueit sister deir;
Cry peip anis!' with þat þe mowß quod heir,
and knew hir voce, as kynnis men will do,
be verry kynd; and furth scho come hir to.

The hairtly cheir, lord god, gife ȝe had sene!
Was kyid quhen þir sisteris twa wer met;
Quhilk þat oft syiß was schawin þame betwene,
For quhyle þai luche, and quhyle for Ioy thay gret,
quhyle kissit sueit, and quhyle in armis plet;
and thus thay fure, quhill sobirt wes þair meid,
Syne fute for fute onto þair chalmer ȝeid.

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[BANNATYNE

As I hard say, it wes a semple wane,
off fog and farne full maister*l*ig was maid,
a silly scheill vndir a erdfast stane,
F. 332 *a*. Off quhilk þe entre wes no*ch*t he nor braid;
and in þe samy*n* than went but mair abaid,
W*ith*outtin fyre or candill burna*n*d bricht,
For co*m*monly sic pykeris luvis no*ch*t licht.

Quhen thay wer lugit thus, thir silly myß,
The ȝungast sister vntill hir burtre hyid,
Bro*ch*t furt*h* nuttis and peiß in steid of spyß;
Gife þ*air* was weilfair, doit on thame besyd.
This burges mouß, prw*m*mgit[1] full of pryd,
and said, 'sistir, is this ȝour daly fude?'
'quhy no*ch*t?' q*uod* scho, 'think ȝe this meiß no*ch*t gude?'

'Na, be my saule, me think it bot a skorne.'
'Madame,' q*uod* scho, 'ȝe be the moir to blame;
My moder said, eftir þat we wer borne,
That ȝe and I lay baith w*ith*in hir wame:
I keip the ryt and custome of my deme,
And of my ßc*hi*r, levand in pou*er*tie,
For landis haif we none of propirtie.'

'My fair sistir,' q*uod* scho, 'haif me excusit,
This rude dyet and I can no*ch*t accord;
Till tendir meit my stomok ay is wsit,
For quhy I fair als weill as ony lord;
Thir widderit peiß and nutis, or þai be bord,
Will brek my teith, and mak my teith full sklendir,
quhilk vsit wer befoir to metis tendir.'

[1] MS. very indistinct: see pp. 16, 17.

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BANNATYNE]

'Weill, weill, sistir,' than quod þe rurall mouß,
'Gife it 3ow pleiß, sic thing as 3e se heir,
baith meit and drink, herbery and houß,
salbe 3our awin, will 3e remane all 3eir;
3e sall it haif with blyth and hairtly cheir,
That suld mak the meisß þat ar rude,
Amang freindis, rycht tendir sueit and gude.

'Quhat plesans is in feistis delicat,
The quhilk ar gevin with a glowmand brow?
a gentill hairt is bettir recreat
With blyth visage than sethe to him a cow:
A modicum is moir for till allow,
Sa þat gud will be carver at þe deß,
Than thrawin vilt and mony spysit meß.'

For all this mery exortatioun,
F. 332 b. This burges mouß had littill will to sing;
Bot hevely scho kest hir visage doun,
for all hir denteis scho cowth till hir bring.
3it at þe last scho said, half in hething,
'Sistir, this wittell and 3our ryell feist
May weill suffyiß for sic a rurall beist.

'Lat be this hole, and cum vnto my place;
I sall 3ow schaw be gude experience
My gud fryday is bettir nor 3our pase;
My dische likking is wirth 3our haill expens.
I haif housß anew of grit defenß;
of cat, na fall, na trap[1] I haif no dreid.'
'I grant,' quod scho, and on togeider[2] 3eid.

[1] Cf. pp. 20, 21.

[2] MS. 'to geider.'

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[BANNATYNE

In skugry ay, throw ra*n*kest girß and corne,
And wondir sly, full preuely cwt*h* thay creip;
The eldest was the gyd and went beforne,
The ȝunge*r* till hir wayis tuke grit keip.
on nyc*h*t thay ra*n*, and on þe day can sleip;
quhill in a morny*n*g, or þe laverok sang,
Thay fand þe toun, and in blyt*h*ly cowt*h* gang.

Noc*h*t fer fra thyne on till a worthy wane,
This burges broc*h*t thame sone quhair thay suld be;
W*ith*out god speid thair harbery wes tane
In till a spens w*ith* vitall of grit plentie;
bayt*h* cheiß and butter vpone skelffis he,
W*ith* fische and flesche e*n*nuche, baith fresch and salt,
And sekkis full of groitis, baith meill & malt.

Eftir quhe*n* þai disposit wer to dyne,
W*ith*outtin grace thay wesche and we*n*t to meit,
W*ith* all curis þat cukis ca*n* dewyne,
Motone and beif strikin in telȝeis greit;
a lordis fair thus ca*n* thay counte*r*feit,
Except a thing, thay dra*n*k þe watt*ir* cleir
In steid of wyne, bot ȝit thay maid gud cheir.

W*ith* blyt*h* vpcast and mery co*n*tena*n*s,
The eldir sistir sperit at hir gest,
Gife þat scho thoc*h*t be ressoun differans
Betuix þat chalmer and hir sary nest.
'ȝit deme,' q*uod* scho, 'bot how long will þis lest?'
'for evirmoir, I wait, and langir to.'
'Gif it be trew, ȝe ar at eiß,' q*uod* scho.

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BANNATYNE]

Till eik þe cheir the sur[c]harg[1] furth scho brocht,
F. 333 *a*. A plait of groitis and a dische of meill;
Threfe caikis, I trow, scho sparit nocht
haboundantly about hir for to deill;
furmage full fyne scho brocht in steid of geill;
A quhyt candill out of a coffer stall,
In steid of spyce to cresch thair teithis with all.

Thus maid thay mirry quhile thay mycht no mair,
And, 'haill ȝule, haill!' thay cryit vp on he.
Bot eftir Ioy oftymis cumis cair,
And truble eftir gret prosperite.
Thus as thay sat in all þair iolite,[2]
The spens come in with keis in his hand,
Oppinit the dur, and thame at denner fand.

Thay tareit nocht to wesche, as I suppoiß,
bot on to go quha mycht formest win.
The burges had a hoill, and in scho gois;
hir sistir had no place to hyd hir in:
To se þat silly mouß it wes grit syn,
To dussalait and will of all gud reid;
For verry dreid scho fell in swoun neir deid.

Bot as god wald, it fell a happy caiß:
The spensar had no laisar for to byd,
Nowdir to serß, to seik, nor char, no[r] chaiß,
Bot on he went, and kest the dur vp wyd.
This [bald[3]] burges his passage weill hes spyd;
Out of hir hoill scho come and cryit on he,
'how fair sistir? cry peip, quhair evir thow be!'

[1] Cf. pp. 22, 23. [2] MS. 'solite.' [3] See pp. 24, 25, 324.

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[BANNATYNE

This rurall mouß lay flatlingis on þe ground,
And for the deid scho wes full [sair [1]] dreidand,
For till her hairt straik mony wofull stound,
As in a fewer tryṁlit fute and hand;
And quhaṅ hir sistir in sic plyt hir fand,
For very pety scho began to greit,
Syne confortit hir wiṫh wirdis as huny sueit.

'Quhy ly ȝe thus? ryß vp my sistir deir,
cum till ȝour meit, this perrell is ourpast.'
The toþir anßuerit wiṫh a hevy cheir,
'I may nocht eit, so soir I am agast;
I had levir thir fourty dayis fast,
Wiṫh wattir caill, or gnaw benis or peiß,
Than all ȝour feist in þis dred & diseiß.'

F. 333 *b*. With fair trety ȝit gart scho hir [2] ryß;
To burd thay went and on togidder sat;
And skantly had thay drunkin anis or twyß,
quheṅ in come [3] gib huntar, our Ioly cat,
and bad god speid: the burges vp wiṫh that,
and till hir [4] hoill scho fled as fyre of flynt:
Bawdronis þe toþir be the bak scho [5] hint.

Fra fute to fute scho [5] kest hir to and fra,
quhyle vp, quhyle doun, als tait as ony kid;
quhyle wald scho [5] lat hir ryn vndir the stra,
quhyle wald scho [5] wynk and play wiṫh hir bukhid.
Thus to þe silly mouß grit harme scho did,
quhyle at þe last, throw fair fortoun and hap,
Betuix þe dressour and the wall scho crap.

[1] Cf. pp. 24, 25, 324.
[2] MS. 'him.'
[3] MS. 'income.'
[4] MS. 'his.'
[5] Cf. pp. 26, 27, and p. 290, l. 179.

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BANNATYNE]

Syne vp in haist behind þe perraling
So he scho clam, þat gilbert mycht nocht get hir,
and be the clukis craftely can hing,
Till he wes gone, hir cheir wes all þe bettir.
Syne doun scho lap quhen þair wes nane to let hir;
Than on þe burges mowß lowd cowth scho cry,
'Fair weill, sistir, heir I thy feist defy.

'Thy mangery is myngit all with cair,
Thy guß is gud, thy ganesall sour as gall;
The subcharge[1] of thy ßiruice is bot sair;
So sall thow find heireftirwart may fall.
I thank 3one courtyne and 3one parpane wall
of my defenß now fra 3one crewell beist.
almichty god keip me fra sic a feist!

'War I in to þe place þat [I] come fro,
For weill nor wo I suld nevir cum agane.'
With þat scho tuke hir leif and furth can go,
quhyle throw þe corne, & quhylis throw þe plane;
Quhen scho was furth and fre, scho was rycht fane,
and mirrely merkit vnto þe mvre:
I can nocht tell how eftirwart scho fure.

Bot I hard say scho passit to hir den,
als warme as wow, suppoiß it wes nocht greit,
Full beynly stuft, bayth but and ben,
F. 334a. Off peiß, and nutis, benis, ry, and quheit;
Quhen evir scho list scho had ennuche till eit,
In quiet and eiß, withouttin dreid;
Bot till hir sisteris feist no moir scho 3eid.

[1] MS. ? 'sachngis,' or ? 'fach[i]ngis.' But cf. pp. 26, 27; also p. 325.

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[BANNATYNE

MORALITAS.

FREINDIS, heir may ȝe find, will ȝe tak heid,
In this fable a gud moralitie;
as fitschis myngit ar with noble seid,
So intermellit is aduersitie
With erdly ioy; so þat no stait is fre
Without truble or sum vexatioun;
and namely thay that clymis vp most he,
and nocht content of small possessioun.

Blissit be symple lyfe withouttin dreid,
Blissit be sobir feist in quiete;
quha hes ennuche, of no moir hes he neid,
Thocht it be littill in to quantete.
Grit haboundance and blind prosperite
oft tymis makis ane evill conclusioun;
The suetest lyfe, þairfoir, in þis cuntre
Is of sickerneß, with small possessioun.

O wantoun man! quhilk vsis for to feid
Thy wame, and makis it a god to be,
Luke to þi self; I warne the weill on deid,
The cat cumis, and to þe mouß hewis E:
Quhat dois awaill thy feist and ryelte,
With dreidfull hairt and tribulatioun?
Thairfoir best thing in erd, I say, for me,
Is mirry hairt, with small possessioun.

Thy awin fyre, freind, thocht it be bot a gleid,
It warmis weill, and is worth gold to the;
And salamone sayis, and ȝe will reid,
'Vndir þe hevin I can nocht bettir se
Than ay be blyth and leif in honeste.'
Quhairfoir I may conclud be this ressoun:
Off erdly Ioy it beiris most degre,
Blythness in hairt, with small possessioun.

Explicit: quod mr. R. H.

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BANNATYNE]

THE DOG ÞE SCHEIP & ÞE WOLFF.[1]

ISOPE a taill putis in memorie,
How þat a dog, becauß þat he wes pure,
F. 334 *b*. Callit a scheip vnto þe consistory,
a certane breid of him for to recure.
a frawdfull [wolf] was Iuge þat tyme, and bure
auctoritie and Iurisdictioun,
and on þe scheip send furt*h* a strait su*m*moun.

For by þe vse, and courß, of co*m*moun style
on this maner maid his sitatioun:
'I, m*aister* wolf, pairtles of frawd or gyle,
Vndir þe panis of suspentioun,
and gret cursing, and int*er*dictioun,
S*chir* scheip, I chairge þe straitly to co*m*peir,
and ansueir till a dog befoir me heir.'

S*chir* corby rawin was maid ap*er*itour,[2]
quhilk pyket hes full mony schepis E;
his chairge hes tane, and on the lettir bure;
So*m*mond the scheip befoir þe wolf, þat he
p*er*emptourly, w*ith*in the dayis thre,
Compeir vndir the panis in this bill,
And heir quhat burry dog wald say him till.

[1] Title in the margin in a later hand. [2] MS. 'a peritour.'

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[BANNATYNE

This so*m*mond maid befoir witneß e*n*new,
The revin has till his office weill affeird,
endorsit hes his writ, and on he flew;
The silly scheip durst lay no mowth till erd,
Till scho befoir þat awfull iuge apperd,
be hour of cauß, quhilk þat court vsit thane,
Quhen esperus to schaw his face began.

The fox wes clerk and notar in þat cauß;
The gled, the grip, vp at þe bar cowt*h* stand;
as aduocatis expert in to the lawis,
The doigis ply togiddir tuk on hand,
quhilk wer confiderit stret in to ane band,
Agane the scheip to procure the sentens;
Tho*ch*t it wer fals, thay haif no *con*science.

The clerk callit the scheip, and he wes thair;
The aduocattis on this wyß ca*n* propone:
'A certane breid, worth fyve schillingis and mair,
Thow aw this dog, [of] quhilk the terme is gone.'
F. 335 *a*. Of his[1] awin heid, but aduocat, allone,
Awysitly gaif anß*uer* in that caiß:
'heir I declyne the iuge, the tyme, and place.

'This is my caus and motive in effect;
The law sayis, it is ry*ch*t perelouß
Till inter*p*ly befoir a iuge suspect;
and thow, ß*chi*r wolf, hes ay bene odius
To me; w*ith* thyne tuskis revenus
hes slane full mony ky*n*nismen of myne;
Thairfoir, as juge suspect, I the declyne.

[1] MS. 'hir.'

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BANNATYNE]

'And schortly, of this court the me*m*beris all,
bayth assesso*uris*, clerke, and aduocat,
To me and myne ar e*n*nemeis immortall,
and ay hes bene, as mony scheiphird watt;
This place, as for the tyme, is feriat,
In quhilk no iugeis suld sit in co*n*sistory,
So lait at evin, I ȝow accuß for thy.'

Quhen þat þe iuge on this wyse wes accusit,
he bad the p*air*teis cheiß, w*ith* one assent,
Twa arbito*uris*, as in the law is vsit,
For to dissyd and gife arbitreme*n*t,
quhiddir the scheip suld byd in iugeme*n*t
Befoir the wolf; and swa thay did but weir,
of quhome þe names eftir ȝe sall heir.

The beir, the brok, this mater tuk on hand,
For to dissyd gife this exceptioun
Wes of na strenth, or law*ch*fully mycht stand;
And þ*air*vpoun, as iugeis thay sat doun,
And held a lang quhyle disputatioun,
Seikand full mony decretal*is* of the law,
And glosis als, þe veritie to knaw.

Of sewall[1] mony volum thay rewoll,
The codyß and degestis new and ald;
prowe and contra, strait argume*n*t thay resoll,
Sum a doctryne, and sum a no*þer*[2] hald;
For pryß, nor prayer, trow ȝe thay wald fald?
F. 335 *b*. Bot held þe text and gloiß of the decreiß,
as trew iugeis; I schrew þame þat leiß.

[1] Cf. pp. 90, 91.

[2] MS. 'mo*þer*.'

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[BANNATYNE

Schortly to mak ane end of this debait,
The arbitrour*is* su*m*mar and plane
The sentens gaif, and proceß fulminat:
The scheip suld paß befoir þe wolf agane
And end his pleid: tha*n* was he no thing fane,
For fra þair sentens he my*ch*t no wayiß appeill.
on clerkis doid, gife this sentence be leill.

The scheip agane befoir þe wolf dere*n*ȝeit,
but advocat, abasitly can stand.
Vpraiß the dog, and on the scheip thus plenȝeit:
'To the a sowme I payit befoir hand
For certane breid;' thairto a borch he[1] fand,
That wrangusly the scheip held fra him breid;
And he denyit; and so began the pleid.

Thus quhe*n* the scheip this stryfe had co*n*testat,
The Iugeis into þe cauß furt*h* cowt*h* proceid;
Lawrence the actis and proces wrait,
And sone the ply vnto þe end thay speid.
This cursit court, corruptit all for meid,
Agane gud fayt*h*, gud law and co*n*science,
For this fals dog pronu*n*cit the sentence.

And it to put in executioun,
The wolf chairgeit þe scheip, wi*th*out delay,
Vndir þe pane of int*er*dictioun,
The sowme of siluer, or the breid, to pay.
Off this sentens, allaiß, quhat sall we say,
quhilk da*m*pnit hes the silly innoce*n*t,
and institut to wra*n*guß iugeme*n*t?

[1] MS. 'I.'

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BANNATYNE]

The scheip, dreidand moir persecutioun,
obeyit the sentence, and cowth tak
his way vntill a merchand in þe toun,
And sald his fleiß þat he bur on his bak;
Syne bocht the breid, and to þe dog can mak
reddy payment, as he foiriugeit waß;
Nakit and bair syne to þe feild cowth paß.

MORALITAS.

F. 336 *a*. THIS silly scheip may present the figure
of pure commownis, þat daylie ar opprest
Be tirrane men, þat settis all þair cure
With fals menys to mak a wrang conqueist,
In howp this present lyfe sall evir lest;
Bot all begyld thay will in schort tyme end,
And eftir deid to crewall panis wend.

This wolf I likin vnto a ßiref stout,
quhilk byis a forfalt at the kingis hand,
And hes with him a cursit assyiß about,
And dytis all þe pure men vp of land,
And fra þe crowner lay on thame his wand,
Suppoiß he be als trew as was sanct Iohine,
Slane sall thay be, or with the iuge compone.

This revin I likin till a fals crownar,
quhilk hes a porteouß of the endytment,
And paß furth befoir the iustice air,
All misdoaris to bring till Iugement;
Bot luke gife he be of a trew intent,
To skraip out Iohine, and wryt in will, or wate,
and so a bud at bayth þe pairteis skat.

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[BANNATYNE

Off this fals tod, becauß I spak befoir,
And of this gled, quhat thay mycht signify,
Off þair natur, as now I speik no moir;
Bot of the scheip and of his cairfull cry
I sall reherß; for as I passit by
quhair þat he lay, on caiß he lukit doun,
and hard him mak this lamentatioun:

'Allace,' q*uod* he, 'this cursit consistory,
In middis now of wintir it is maid,
quhe*n* boreas, w*ith* blastis bittirly,
W*ith* frawart frostis, the flouris doun ca*n* faid;
On bank*is* bair now may I mak no baid.'
And w*ith* þat wird in till a coif he crap,
fra hair weddir and frostis him to hap.

Quakand for cald, and m*u*rny*n*gis soir ama*n*g,
Kest vp his ene vnto þe hevinis hicht,
F. 336 *b*. And said: 'o lord, quhy slypis thow so lang?
Walk, and descerne my cauß, groundit in richt:
Luk how I am, be frawd, maistry, and sly*ch*t,
pelit full bair:' and so is mony one
Now in this warld, ry*ch*t wondir, wo begone.

Se how þe cursit syn of cuvatyß,
Exylit hes bayth lufe, lawty, and law.
Now few or nane will execute iustice,
In falt of quhome the pure ma*n* is ourthraw.
The verity, albeid þe iuge knaw,
Thay[1] ar so blindit w*ith* affectioun,
But dreid, for meid, thay thoill þe ry*ch*t go doun.

[1] Cf. pp. 96, 97.

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BANNATYNE]

Se thow no*cht*, lord, this warld ourturnit is,
As quha wald chenge gud gold in leid or tyn;
The pure is pelit; the lord may do no miß;
Now symony is haldin for no syn;
Now is he blyt*h* w*ith* okir can most wyn;
Gentreiß is slane, and pety is ago;
allace! lord god, quhy tholis thow it so?

Thow tholis this, bot for our grit offens
Thow send*is* ws truble and plaigis soir,
As hungir, derth, wer, and pestilens;
bot few amend*is* þair lyfe now þairfoir.
We pure peple, as now may do no moir
Bot pray to the, sen we ar thus opprest
in to þis erd, Grant ws in hevin gud rest.

Explicit: q*uod* m̄r. R. H.

THE WOLFF & ÞE LAMB.[1]

A CREWALL wolf, revanus and fell,
Vpone a tyme past till a revere
Discending fra a roch out of a well,
To slaik his thrist, drank of þe watter cleir.
Sa vpone caiß a silly lame come neir,
Bot of this wolf the lame no thing he wist,
and in the streme lapit to cule his thrist.

[1] Title in the margin in a later hand.

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[BANNATYNE

Thus drang thay baith, bot no*ch*t of ane intent;
The wolffis tho*ch*t wes all in wicketneß;
The silly lame meik and innocent:
Vpone þe reuir by in ane vdir place,
beneth þe wolf, he drank in ane littill space,
F. 337 *a*. Quhill him tho*ch*t gude, presomy*n*g þair none ill;
The wolf this saw, and ra*m*pand come him till.

W*ith* girna*n*d teith and angry austre luke,
said to þe lamb: 'thow catyve wrechit thing,
how durst thow be so bald to fyle this bruke,[1]
quhair I suld drink, w*ith* thy fowll slauering?
It wer almouß the for till draw and hing,
That suld presome, w*ith* stinkand lippis will,
To hurt my drink, and this fair watt*er* spill.'

The silly lamb, quakand for verry dreid,
on kneis fell, and said: 'ßc*hir*, w*ith* 3o*ur* leif,
Suppoiß I dar no*ch*t say þairof 3e leid;
Bot, be my saule, I wait 3e ca*n* no*ch*t preife
That I did ony thing quhilk suld 3ow greif;
3e wait also 3our accusatioun
fel3eis fra trewt*h*, and contrair till ressoun.

'Tho*ch*t I can no*ch*t, nature will me defend,
And of the deid perfyt experie*n*ce;
all hevi*e*[2] thing mone of the self discend;
Bot gif sum thing on forß mak resistence,
Thane may þe streme be na wayis mak offe*n*s,
Na ryn bakwart: I dra*n*k beneth 3ow far;
Ergo, for me 3our drink is nevir þe war.

[1] Cf. pp. 194, 195.

[2] MS. 'hevinly.'

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BANNATYNE]

'Also my lippis, sen þat I was a lame,
Twichit no thing þat was contagius;
Bot sowkit mylk fra pawpis of my dame,
ry*ch*t naturall, sueit, and deliciouß.'
'Weill,' q*uod* þe wolf, 'thy la*n*gage outragius
Cu*m*is of kynd; sa 3our fader befoir
held me at bait als w*ith* bost and schoir.

'He wexit me, and tha*n* I cowt*h* him warne
W*ith*in a 3eir, and I brukit my heid,
I suld be wrokin on him, or on his bairne,
for his exorbita*n*t and thrawart pleid;
Thow sall doutles for his deidis be deid.'
'Sc*hi*r, it is wrang, þat for þe faderis gilt
The saikles sone sall pvneist be and spilt.

'Haif 3e no*ch*t hard quhat haly scriptour sais,
F. 337 *b*. Dytit w*ith* þe mowth of god almycht?
off his awin deid ilk ma*n* salbeir the paiß,[1]
as pyne for syn, reward for werk*is* rycht;
For my trespaß quhy suld my sone haif ply*ch*t?
Quha did þe miß lat thame sustene þe pane.'
'3a,' q*uod* the wolf, '3it plyis thow agane?

'I latt þe wit, quhe*n* þe fader offendis,
[I] will cheriß none of his successioun;
and of his bairnis may weill be tane ame*n*d*is*,
Vnto þe nynt degree discending doun.
The fadir tho*ch*t to mak a strang pvsoun,
And w*ith* his mowth in to my wattir spew.'
'Sc*hi*r,' q*uod* þe lamb, 'tha twa ar nowþ*ir* trew.

[1] Cf. pp. 196, 197.

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[BANNATYNE

'The law sayis, and ȝe will vndirstand,
Thair suld no man, for wrang no[r] violenß,
his aduersar puneiß at his awin hand,
Without proceß of law in audiens;
Quhilk suld haif leif to mak lawchfull defens,
and þairvpone summond peremptourly,
for to propone and contra and reply.

'Set me a lawfull court, I sall compeir
befoir þe lyone, lord and leill iustyß,
and, be my hand, I obliß me rycht heir,
That I sall byd ane vnsuspect assyß.
This is þe way, þis is þe iustest wyß;
ȝe suld proceid þairfoir; a summondis mak
agane þat day, to gif ressoun and tak.'

'Ha!' quod þe wolf, 'wald thow intruß ressoun,
quhair wrang and reif suld dwell in properte?
That is a poynt of oppin fals tressoun,
For to gar rewth remane with crewelte.
Be goddis wondis, fals tratour, thow sall de,
for thy trespas, and for thy faderis als.'
With þat annone he hint him be þe hals.

The silly lame mycht do no thing bot blait;
Sone wes he hedit; þe wolf wald do no grace,
Syne drank his blud, and of his flesch can eit,
Till he wes fow, syne went away apace.
off þis murthour quhat sall I say, allace?
F. 338a. was this no rewth, was this nocht grit pete,
To heir[1] this silly lame but gilt thuß de?

[1] Cf. pp. 200, 201.

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BANNATYNE]

MORALITAS. The pure peple this lamb may signify,
As malemen, merchandis, and pure laburers,
off quhome þe lyfe is half a purgotory,
To wyn with lawty leving as effeiris.
The wolf betakynis fals extorceneiris,
and oppressouris of pure men, as we se,
be violens, be craft, or sutelte.

Thre kynd of wolffis in þe warld now ringis:
The first ar fals pervertaris of þe lawis,
Quhilk vndir poleit termes falset myngis,
Leitand þat all wer gospell that thay schawis;
Bot for a bud the trew men he ourthrawis,
Smorand þe rycht, garrand þe wrang proceid:
Off sic wolffis hell fyre salbe þair meid.

[1] Ane vþir kynd of wolffis revanus
ar mychty men, haifand annwch plente,
quhilk ar so gredy and so cowetuß,
Thay will nocht thoill in pēax ane pure man be;
Suppoiß þat he and his houshald suld de
for falt of fude, þairof thay gif no rak,
Bot our his heid his maling thay will tak.

O man! but mercy, quhat is in thy thocht,
War than a wolf, and thow cowth vndirstand?
Thow hes ennwch; the pure husband hes nocht
bot cote and cruse vpone a clout of land.
for godis aw, how dar thow tak on hand,
and thow in berne and byre so bene and big,
To put him fra his tak and gar him thig?

[1] The order of the third, fourth, and fifth stanzas of the 'Moralitas' differs from that in the Charteris and Harleian texts. See pp. 200-203.

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[BANNATYNE

O man of law! lat be thy sutelte,
Wit*h* nyß iympis and frawdis interkat,
And think þat god of his diuinite
The wrang, the ry*ch*t of all thy werkis wate:
For preyer, pryce, for he no[r] law estait,
of fals querrell se thow mak no defenß;
Hald wit*h* the ry*ch*t, hurt no*ch*t thy conscience.

The thrid wolf is men of heretege,
F. 338 *b*. As lordis þat hes landis be godis lane,
And settis to þe maillairis a willage,
For prayer, pryce, and the gersum tane;
Syne vexis him, or half the terme be gane,
Wit*h* pykit querrell*is*, for to mak him fane
To flitt, or pay the girsum new agane.

His horß, his meir, he mone le*n* to þe laird,
To drug and draw in cairt and cariege;
his ß*i*rvand or him self may no*ch*t be spard
To swynk or sueit, wit*h*outtin meit or wage.
Lo as he standis in lawbour and boundage,
That skantly may he purcheß by his maill,
To leif vpone dry breid and wattir kaill.

Hes thow no rewt*h* to gar thy tenne*n*t sueit
In to þi lawbour, full faynt wit*h* hungry wame,
And syne hes littill gude to drink or eit,
or his me*n*ȝe at evin quhe*n* he cu*m*is hame?
Thow suld be rad for rychtous god*is* blame;
For it cryis vengea*n*ce to þe hevin so he,
To gar a pure ma*n* wirk but meit or fe.

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BANNATYNE]

O thow grit lord, þat hes riches and rent,
Be noc*h*t a wolf, thus to devoir þe pure;
Think þat no thing crewall nor violent
May in this warld perpetualy indure:
This is a sentens suth I ȝow assure,
For till oppreß thow sall haif als grit pane
as thow the pure anis w*ith* thy hand had slane.

GOD keip þe lame, þat is the innocent
Fra wolffis byt, I mene extorceneiris;
God grant þat wrangus me*n* of fals intent
Be manifest, and pvneist as effeiris.
And god, as thow all rychtous prayer heiris,
mot saif our king, and gif him hairt and hand
all sic wolffis to be*n*neiß of this land.

Explicit: q*uod* mr. R. H.

THE LYON & THE MOUSS.[1]

IN myddis of Iune, þat ioly sueit sessoun,
Quhen þat fair phebus with his bemis brycht
F. 339 *a*. Had dryit vp þe dew fra daill and doun,
And all the land maid w*ith* his lemys ly*ch*t;
In a mornyng, betuix midday and ny*ch*t,
I raiß and put all slewth and sleip on syd;
Ontill a wod I went allone but gyd.

[1] Title in the margin in a later hand.

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[BANNATYNE

Sueit wes the smell of flo*u*r*is* quhyt and reid,
The noyis of birdis ry*ch*t delicius,
The bewis bred blwmyt abone my heid,
The grund growand w*ith* greß gratius;
Off all plesans that place wes plenteus,
W*ith* sueit odour and bird*is* armony,
The mornyng myld: my mirth wes mair for thy.

The roisß reid arreyit rone and ryß,
The prumroß and the purpour viola;
To heir it was a poynt of paradyß,
Sic myrth the maviß and the merle cowt*h* ma.
The blosu*m*mis blyt*h* brak vp on bank and bra,
The smell of herbis and of fowlis cry
Contending quha suld haif þe victory.

Me to conserf tha*n* fra the sonis heit,
Vndir the schaddow of an awthorne grene,
I lenyt doun amangis the flouris sueit,
Syne maid a corß, and closit baith myne ene.
On sleip I fell amang the bewis bene,
And in my dreme me tho*ch*t come throw þe schaw
The fairest ma*n* befoir þat evir I saw.

His gown wes of a clait*h* als quhyt as mylk;
His chy*m*meris wer of chamelet purpour broun;
His hude of skarlet, bordowrit w*ith* silk,
In hekle wyß vntill his girdill doun;
His bonat round wes of þe auld fassoun;
His heid was quhyt; his ene wes grene and gray,
W*ith* lokar hair quhilk our his schulderis lay.

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BANNATYNE]

A row of paper in his hand he bair;
A swannis pen stickand vndir his eir;
Ane ynkhorne, with a pretty gilt pennair,
A bag of silk, all at his belt he weir:
Thus wes he gudly grathit in his geir.
Of stature lerge, and with a feirfull face:
Evin quhair I lay he come a sturdy pace,

F. 339 *b*. And said, 'god speid my sone;' and I wes fane
off þat cowth word, and of his cumpany;
With reuerence I salust him agane,
'Welcum, fader;' and he sat doun me by.
'Displeiß 3ow nocht, my gud maistir, thocht I
Demand 3our birth, 3our faculty, and name,
quhy 3e come heir, or quhair 3e dwell at hame.'

'My sone,' said he, 'I am of gentill blude;
My natall land is rome withowttin nay;
And in þat toun first to þe scoullis 3ude,
And science studeit mony a day;
And now my winnyng is in hevin for ay:
Isope I hecht; my wrytin and my werk
Is cowth and kend to mony cunnand clerk.'

'O maistir ysop, poet lawreat,
God wait, 3e ar full deir welcum to me;
ar 3e nocht he þat all thir fabillis wrate,
quhilk in effect, suppoiß thay fen3eit be,
ar full of prowdens and moralite?'
'Fair sone,' said he, 'I am þat samyne man.'
God wait, gif þat my hairt wes mirry than.

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[BANNATYNE

I said, 'Isop, my maister venerable,
I ȝow beseik hairtly for cherite,
ȝe wald dedene to tell a pretty feble,
concludand *with* a gud moralitie.'
schakand his heid, he said, 'my sone, lat be,
for quhat is worth to tell a fenȝeit taill,
quhe*n* haill preching may nothing now awaill?

'Now in this warld, me think, ry*ch*t few or nane
Till godis word þat hes deuotioun;
The eir is deiff, the hairt is hard as stane,
Now oppin syn w*ith*out correctioun,
The E inclynand to þe erd ay doun;
Swa rowstit is þe warld w*ith* kanker blak,
That my taillis may littill succour mak.'

'ȝit, ge*n*till ß*chir*,' said I, 'for my requeist,
no*ch*t till displeiß ȝour fadirheid, I pray,
vndir þe figure of sum brutall beist,
a morall fable ȝe wald dedene to say:
F. 340 *a*. Quha wate nor I may leir and beir away
Sum thing þairby heireftir may awaill?'
'I grant,' q*uod* he, and thus begowt*h* a taill.

A LYONE AT HIS pray wery for ron,
To recreat his ly*m*is and to rest,
Bekand his breist and belly at þe son,
Vndir a tre lay in þe fair forrest;
Sua come a trip of myß out of þair nest,
Ry*ch*t tait and trig, all dansand in a gyß,
and our þe lyone lansit twyß or thryß.

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BANNATYNE]

He lay so still, þe myß wes no*ch*t afferd,
bot to and fra attour him tuke þair traiß;
Sum tirlyt at þe campis of his berd,
Sum sparit no*ch*t to claw him on þe faiß;
myrry and glaid thus dansit thay a spaiß,
quhill at þe last þe noble lyoun wouk,
and w*ith* his pow þe maist*er* mowß he tuke.

Scho gaif a cry, and all þe laif agast
their dansing left, and hid þame heir & thair;
Scho þat wes tane cryit and weipit fast,
and said, 'allaiß! for now and evir mair,
Now am I tane a wofull presonair,
and for my gilt trestis incontine*n*t
of lyfe and deth to thoill þe iugeme*n*t.'

Thane spak þe lyone to þat cairfull mouß:
'Thow catyve wreche, and wyle vnworthy thing,
Our malapart and our presumpteuus
Thow was, to mak our me thyne tripping.
Knew thow no*ch*t weill I wes baith lord and king
of all beistis?' 'ȝis,' q*uod* þe mouß, 'I knaw;
Bot I misknew, becauß ȝe lay so law.

'Lord! I beseik thy kingly ryalte,
heir quhat I say, and tak in patie*n*ce;
Considdir first my semple pouerte,
and syne thy michty he magnifice*n*s;
Se als how[1] thingis done by negligence,
No*ch*t of malyß nor of promissioun,
ever suld haif grace and remissioun.

[1] MS. 'fow.'

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[BANNATYNE

'We wer repleit and had grit haboundance
off alkyn fude, sic as till ws affeird;
The sueit sessoun prowokit ws to dans,
and mak sic mirth as nature to ws leird.
F. 340 b. 3e lay so still and law vpone þe erd
That, be my saule, we wend 3e had bene deid,
ellis wald we nocht dansit our 3our heid.'

'Thy fals excuß,' the lyoun said agane,
'Sall nocht awaill a myt, I vndirta;
I put þe caiß, I had bene deid or slane,
and syne my skin bene stoppit full of stra,
Thocht thow had fund my figour lyand swa,
Becaus it bair þe prent of my persoun,
Thow suld for dreid on kneis haif fallin doun.

'For thy trespas thow can mak na defens,
my noble persoun thus to vilipend;
of thy fe[i]rß, nor thyne awin negligens,
for till excuß, thow can no cauß pretend;
Thairfoir thow suffer sall a schamefull end,
and deid, sic as to tressoun is decryit,
Onto the gallowß hangit be þe feit.'

'A mercy! lord, at thy gentrice I aß,
as thow art king of beistis corronat,
Sobir thy wreth and lat þi yre ourpaß,
and mak thy mynd to mercy inclinat.
I grant offens is done to thyne estait,
Thairfoir I wirdy am to suffer deid,
Bot gife thy kingly mercy reik remeid.

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BANNATYNE]

'In every iuge mercy and rewth suld be
as assessouris, and collaterall;
Without mercy iustice is crewelte,
as said is in þe lawis spirituall:
quhen rigour sittis in þe tribunall,
The equety of law quha may sustene?
rycht few or nane, bot mercy go betuene.

'Also 3e knaw þe honor trivmphall
Off all wictor vpone þe strenth dependis
Of his compeir, quhilk manly in battell
Throw iuperdy of armes lang defendis.
Quhat price or lowing, quhen þe battell endis,
Is said of him þat ourcumis a man,
Him to defend þat nowdir may no[r] can?

'A thowsand myß to keill, and eik devoir,
Is littill manheid vntill a strong lyoun;
F. 341 a. Full littill wirschep haif 3e won þairfoir,
To quhois strenth is no comparesoun:
It will degraid sum pairte of 3our renoun
Till slay a mowß, quhilk may mak no defens,
Bot askand mercy at 3our excellens.

'Also it semys [nocht] to 3our celcitud,
quhilk vsis daylie meitis delicius,
To fyle 3our teith or lippis with my blude,
quhilk to 3our stomok is contagius:
Vnhelsum meit is of a sary mouß,
And namely till a noble strang lyoun,
Wont to be fed with gentill venysoun.

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[BANNATYNE

'My lyfe is littill and my deid far leß,
3it and I leif, I may, perauentour,
Supple 3our hienes, leand in distreß;
for oft is sene a small man of stature
reskewit hes a lord of his[1] honour,
Keipit þat was in poynt to be ourthrawin
Throw misfortoun: sic caiß may be 3our awin.'

Quhen þis wes said, the lyone his langege
pasit, and thocht accordit till ressoun,
and gart mercy his crewell yre assuege,
and to þe mouß grantit remissioun;
oppynnit his pow, and scho on kneis fell doun,
and baith hir handis vnto þe hevin vpheld,
Cryand, 'almychty god mot 3ow 3eld!'

Quhen scho wes gone, the lyone 3eid to hunt,
for he had nocht, bot levit on his pray,
and slew baith tame and wyld, as he wes wunt,
and in þe cuntre maid a grit dirray;
Till at þe last þe peple fand þe way
This crewall lyone how þat thay micht him tak:
Off hempin coirdis strang nettis cowth thay mak.

And in a rod, quhair he wes wont to rin,
With rapis rude fra tre to tre it band;
Syne kest a raing on raw the wod within,
With hornis blast, and canettis fast calland.
The lyone fled, and, throw þe rone rynnand,
fell in þe net, and hankit fute and heid;
for all his strenth he cowth mak no remeid.

[1] See pp. 110, 111.

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BANNATYNE]

Voluand about *with* hiddouſs rowmissing,
F. 341 *b.* Quhyle to, quhyle fro, gif he my*cht* succo*ur* get;
Bot all in vane, þat velȝeit him no thing;
The moir he flang the fastir wes he knet[1];
The rapis rude was so about him plet,
On every syd, þat succour saw he non;
Bot still lyand thus murna*nd* maid his mone.

'O lamit lyoun, liggand heir so law,
quhair is the my*cht* of thy magnificens,
Off quhome all brutall beist in erd stud aw,
and dred to luke vnto thy grit excelle*ns*?
But howp or help, but succo*ur* or defens,
In bandis strong heir mone I byd, allace!
Till I be slane, I se non vþir grace.

'Thair is no ioy þat will my harmis wraik,
Nor creatur do confort to my croun.
Quhay sall me bute? quhay sall thir band*is* breik?
Quha sall me put fra pane of this presoun?'
Be he had maid his lame*n*tatioun,
Throw avintur the littill mowſs come neir,
and of the lyone hard the petows beir.

And suddanly it come in till hir mynd
þat it suld be the lyone did hir grace,
and said, 'now wer I fals and ry*cht* vnkynd,
Bot gife I quit sump*air*te thy gentilnes
thow did to me:' and on *with* þat scho gais
till hir fallowis, and on thame fast ca*n* cry,
'Cum help, cum help!' and thay come on in hy.

[1] Cf. pp. 112, 113.

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[BANNATYNE

'Lo!' q*uod* the mouß, 'this is þe same lyone
quhilk gave me grace quhen þat[1] I wes tane;
and now is fast heir bundin in presone,
Wrekand his hurt w*ith* sair murny*n*g and mane;
Bot we him help, of supple wait he nane;
Cum help to quyt a gud turne for a noþir,
Go, lowß him sone.' And thay said, '3e, gud bruþir.'

Thay tuke no knyfe, thair teith wes scherp e*n*nwch.
To se þat sicht, forsuth it wes grit wondir,
how þat thay ra*n* amangis þe raipis twche,
Befoir, behind, sum 3eid abone, sum vndir,
and schure þe raipis of the mastis in schwndir;
Syne bad him ryß; and he stert vp a*n*none,
And thankit thame; syne on his wayis is gone.

F. 342 *a*. Now is the lyone fre of all dengeir,
Lowß and deliuerit till his libertie,
Be littill beistis of small poweir,
as 3e haif hard, becaus he had pete.
q*uod* I, 'm*aister*, is thair a moralite
In þis fable?' '3a, sone,' said he, 'ry*cht* gude.'—
'I pray 3ow, ß*chir*,' q*uod* I, '3e wald conclud.'

MORALITAS. AS I suppoiß, this mychty gay lyoun
may signify a prince, or empriour,
a potestat, or 3it a king w*ith* croun,
quhilk suld be walkryfe gyd and gouirnou*r*
of his peple, and takis no lawbour
To rewll nor steir þe land, nor iustice keip,
Bot lyis still in lustis, slewt*h*, and sleip.

[1] MS. 'þat at I.'

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BANNATYNE]

The fair forrest *with* levis loun and le,
With fowlis song, and flouris ferly sueit,
Is bot the warld and his prosperite,
as fals plesandis myngit *with* cair repleit.
Ry*cht* as the roß *with* frost and wintir weit
faidis, so dois þe warld, and thame dissavis
quhilk in þair lust confidens havis.

Thir littill myß ar bot þe co*mm*onte,
Wantone, vnwyß, w*ith*out correctioun:
Thir lordis and princis quhen þat thay se
of iustice makis non executioun,
Thay dreid no thing to mak rebellioun,
and disobey[1]; for quhy thay stand none aw,
That gavis thame thair soveranis to misknaw.

Be this fable ȝe lordis of prudens
may concidder the vertew of pete;
and to remyt sum tyme a grit offens,
and metigat m*er*cy *with* crewelty:
oft tyme is sene a ma*n* of small degre
hes quyt a co*mm*oun, baith for gude and ill,
as lord*is* has done rigour, or grace him till.

Quha wait how sone a lord of greit renoun,
rolland in warldly lust and vane plesand*is*,
may be ourthrawin, distroyit, or put doun
Throw fals fortoun, quhilk of all varians
F. 342*b*. Is haill maistres, and leder of þe dans
Till lusty me*n*, and bindis thame so soir,
That thay no p*er*rell can provyd befoir.

[1] MS. 'discobey.'

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[BANNATYNE

Thir crewall men, þat stentit hes the nett,
In quhilk þe lyone suddanely wes tane,
Waitit alway amendis for till get,
For hurte men wrytis in the marble stane.
moir till expone as now I latt allane,
Bot king and lord may weill wit quhat I mene;
Fegour heirof oftymis hes bene sene.

Quhen this was sayid, quod Isope, 'my fair chyld,
perswaid the kirkmen ythandly to pray
That tressone of this cuntre be exyld,
And iustice ring, and lordis keip thair fey
Vnto þair souerane lord, both nycht and day.'
And with þat word he vaneist, and I woik;
Syne throw þe schaw my iurney hamewart tuke.

Explicit: quod mr. R. Henrysone.

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ASLOAN TEXT

(CHALMERS TRANSCRIPT)

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HEIR begynnes the tale of þe wpland*is* mouß and þe borowstouñ mouß.

ISOPE, myn auctor, mak*is* menciouñ
Off twa myß, and þai war siste*r*is deir,
Off whom þe eldar in a borowstouñ,
The youngar wo*n*nyt apon land, wele neir,
Richt solitar, quhile wnder buske and brer,
Quhill in þe corne, an u*þ*i*r* me*n*nis scaitħ,
As outlawis dois, and levit on hir waitħ.

This rurall mouß in to þe wynter tyde
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit gret distreß.
The to*þ*i*r* mouß into þe burgħ couth byde,
Gild bro*þ*e*r* was and maid ane fre burgeß;
Tol fre also, but custome mar or leß,
And licence had to gang quhar ev*i*r scho list,
Amang þe cheiß and meile i*n* ark and kist.

A tyme quhen scho was ful and wnfu[t] sair,
Scho tuke in mynd hir sister wp*o*nland,
And langit sar[1] to heir of hir welfair,
To se quhat lyf scho led wnd*i*r þe wand:
Bairfut, allone, wi*t*h pykestaf i*n* hir hand,
As pur pilgryme scho passit owt of toune,
To seike hir sister baith o*u*r daile and doune.

[1] Cf. pp. 14, 15.

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ASLOAN-CHALMERS]

Throwe mony wilsome wayis couth scho walk,
Throw mure [&] moß, throw banke, busk, & brer,
Cryand on hir fra balk to balk,
'Cum furth to me, my awne swet sister deir;
Cry pepe anys!' with þat þe mouß couth heir,
And knewe hir woce, as kynnis men will do,
Be werray kynd; and furth scho come hir to.

The hartlie cheir, lord god! gif ȝe had sene,
Was kythit quhen þir sisteris twa war met;
The welcummyng was schawin thaim betwene,
For quhilis þai leuch, and quhylis for ioye þai grete,
Quhilis kissit sweit, and quhilis in armes plete;
And þus þai fure, quhill soberit was þair mude,
Syne fute for fut unto þair chalmer ȝude.

As I hard say, it was a semple wane,
Off fog and farne full misterlyk war maid,
Ane sely scheld wndir ane erdfast stane,
Of quhilk þe entre was nocht hie nor braide;
In þai went samyn but more abaid,
Withoutin fyre or candill birnand bricht,
For commonly sic pykaris lufis no licht.

Quhen þai war lugit þus, þe sely myse,
The youngast sister unto þe buttry hyid,
Brocht furth nutis and peiß insteid of spyß;
Gif þar was weilefar, I dud on þaim besyde.
This burgeß mouß prompit furth in pryde,
And said, 'sister, is þis ȝour daly fude?'
'Quhy nocht?' quod sche, 'think ȝe þis meit nocht gud?'

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'Nay, be my saull, I think it bot a scorne.'
'Madame,' q*uod* sche, 'ȝe be þe more to blame;
My moder said, eft*ir* þ*at* we war borne,
That ȝe and I lay baith in till a wame;
I kepe ye ryte and custome of my dame,
And off my syre liffand i*n* powerte,
For land*is* haf we nane in prop*er*te.'

'My faire sister,' q*uod* scho, 'hald me excusit,
This rude diet and I can no*ch*t accord;
Till tender meit my stomoke ay is usit,
For quhy I fair alswele as ony lord;
Thir rude nuitt*is* and peß, or þai be bord,
Will brek my teith, and mak my wame full sklend*er*,
Quhilk usit is befor w*ith* met*is* tender.'

'Weile, weile, sister,' q*uod* þe rurale mouß,
'Gif it ȝow pleiß sic thing as ȝe se heir,
Baith meit and drink, herbery and houß,
ȝe sall it have, will ȝe remane all yeir.;
With richt gud will, baith blyth and hartlie cher,
And þat suld mak þe mac*is* þ*at* ar rude,
Amang frend*is*, baith tend*ir*, sweit and gud.

'Quhat plesans is in fest*is* delicate,
The quhilk ar gevin w*ith* a glowmand browe?
A gentill hart is bett*er* recreate
With blyth wisage, þan set till him a cow;
A modicu*m* is fer mair till allowe,
Sa at gud will be carvo*ur* at þe deß,
Than thrawin wult w*ith* mony spycit meise.'

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ASLOAN-CHALMERS]

For all þis mery exhortaciouñ,
The burgeß mouß had litill will to syng,
Bot hevely scho kest hir browis douñ,
For all þe dantes þat scho couth till hir bring.
Ȝit at þe last scho said, half in hething,
'Sister, þis wittale and þis riall feste
May weile suffyß for sic a rurale best.

'Lat be þis hole, and cum unto my place;
I sall ȝow schawe, be trewe experiens,
My gudfryday is better na ȝour paß;
My dische likings is worth ȝour hale expenß.
Housß ynewe I have a gret defence;
Of cat, na trape, na fall, I haf na dreid.'
'I grant,' quod scho, and on togidder ȝeid.

In stowthry ay throw rankest gerß & corne,
Wnder cowert full prevely couth crepe,
The eldest mouß was gyde & ȝeid beforne,
The ȝoungar till hir wayis tuk gud kepe.
On nycht þai ran, and on þe day þai slepe;
Till in þe mornyng, or þe laverok sang,
Thai fande þe toune, and in gladly can gang.

Nocht fer fra þis unto a worthy wane,
The burgeß brocht þaim syne quhar þai suld be;
In till ane innes þair herbery was tane,
Intill a spence with wittale gret plente;
Cheiß and butter apone skelfis hie,
Flesche and fische yneuch, bath fresche & salt,
And sekis full of grotis, meile, and malt.

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[ASLOAN-CHALMERS

Eftir quhen þai disposit war to dyne,
Withoutin grace þai wesche and went to meit,
All kynd of courssis þat cukis couth devyne,
Mutoune and beif strikin in talȝeis grete;
A lordis fair þus can þai counterfeit,
Except a thing, þai drank þe wattir cleir
In steid of wyne, bot ȝit þai maid gud cher.

With blyth wpcast and mery countenance,
The eldest sister sperit at hir gest
Gif þat scho thocht be ressoun differens
Betuix hir chalmer and hir sary nest.
'Ye, dame,' quod scho, 'how lang now will þis lest?'
'Evirmor, I wait, and langer to.'
'Gif it sa be, ȝe ar at eiß,' quod scho.

[1] Thus maid þai mery quhile þai micht na mar,
And, 'haile ȝule, haile!' þai cryit apon hie.
Eftir ioye ofttymes cummis cair,
And truble eftir gret prosperite.
Thus as þai sat in all þair iolyte,[2]
So come þe spensar with keyis in till hand,
Opinnit þe dure, and þaim at dyner fand.

Thai taryit nocht to wesche, as I suppoß,
Bot unto go quha micht formast wyne.
The burgeß had a hole, and in scho gois;
Hir sister had no hole to hyde hir in:
To se þis sely mouß it was gret syn,
So desolate and will of a gud reid;
For werray dreid sche fell in swouñ ner deid.

[1] A stanza is here omitted. See pp. 22, 23, 288.
[2] Transcript, 'Jolyse.'

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ASLOAN-CHALMERS]

Bot as god wald, it fell a happy caß;
The spensar had na laser for to byd,
To serß, to seike, to char, nor ȝit to chase,
Bot on he went, and left þe dure wp wyde.
This bald burgeß his passage wele has spyid;
Out of hir hoile scho come and cryit on hie,
'How, fair Sister! cry pepe, quhar ever ȝe be.'

This rurale mouß lay flatlingis on þe ground,
And for þe deid full sore scho was dredand,
For till hir hart straike mony wilsome[1] stound,
As in a fever trymblit fut and hand;
Quhen sche hir sister in to sic plyte fande,
For werray pete scho began to grete,
Syne comfort hir with wordis hony sweit.

'Quhy ly ȝe sa? ryß wp, my sister deir;
Cum to ȝour meit, þis perrell is our past.'
The toþir answerd with a hevy cheir,
'I may nocht eit, I am so sair agast;
I had lever þir xl dayis haf fast,
With watter caile, and gnawe benes and peiß,
Than all this fest in þis dreid and diseiß.'

With fair trety ȝit scho gart hir ryß,
And unto burd togiddir baith þai sat;
Scantlie had þai drunkin anys or twyß,
Quhen in come gib huntar, our ioly cat,
And bad god speid: þe burgeß wp with þat;
In at hir hole scho fled as fyre of flynt:
Balderonis þe toþir be þe bak has hynt.

[1] Cf. pp. 24, 25, 289.

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[ASLOAN-CHALMERS

Fra fut to fut scho[1] kest hir to and fra,
Quhile wpe, quhile doune, alß tait as ony kid;
Quhilis wald scho[1] lat hir ryn wnd*er* þe stra,
Quhilis wald scho[1] wynke, and play w*ith* hir bukhed.
Thus to þe sely mouß gret pane scho[1] did,
Till at þe last, throw fair fortoune and hap,
Betwene þe dosor[2] and þe wall scho crap.

Syne wp in haist behynd þe p*er*relling
So hie scho clame, þ*at* gilbert my*ch*t no*ch*t get hir,
And be þe cluk*is* richt craftely can hyng,
Till he was gone, hir cher was all þe bett*ir*.
Syne doune scho come quhe*n* *þair* was nane to let hir,
Apon þe burgeß mouß loude couth sho cry:
'Fair wele, siste*r*, þi feist heir I defy!

'Thy managery is mengit all w*ith* cair,
Thy guß is gud, thi ganesall sowr as gall;
The suchard*is*[3] of þi ßervice is bot sair,
Sa sall þou fynd herefte*r*wart may fall.
I thank 3one courting and 3one parpell wall
Off my defence now fra 3one cruell best.
Allmy*ch*ti god, kepe me fra sic ane fest!

'War I anys in þe kith þat I come fra,
For weile and wa I suld nev*ir* cum agane.'
With þat scho tuke hir leif and furth can ga,
Quhylis throw þe corne, and quhilis thro þe plane;
Quhen scho was furth & fre, scho was full fane,
And merely scho m*er*kit unto þe mur:
I can no*ch*t tell how eftirwart scho fure.

[1] See p. 289 (note). [2] Cf. p. 289. [3] See p. 290.

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ASLOAN-CHALMERS]

Bot I herd saye scho passit till hir den,
Alß warme in woll, suppoß it was no*ch*t grete,
Alß benely stuffit, baith but and ben,
Of nut*is*, peß, benes, ry, and quheit;
Quhen evir scho list, scho had yneuch till eit,
In quyet and eiß, withoutin dreid:
Bot till hir siste*r*is fest no mor scho ȝeid.

Moralitas.

Frend*is*, heir may ȝe fynd, quhill ȝe tak hed,
In þis fabill ane gud moralite;
As fitchis mengit ar w*ith* noble seid,
Sa inte*r*mellit is adve*r*site
With erdlie ioyis; so þat no stat is[1] fre,
Without truble or sum wexaciouñ:
And namlie þai qu*h*ilk cly*m*mis wp most hie,
And no*ch*t content of small possessiouñ.

Blissit be sympill lyf withoutin dreid;
Blissit be sobir feist and quiete:
Quho has yneugh, of no mor has he neid,
Þocht it be litill in to qua*n*tite.
Gret haboundans and blynd prosperite
Oft tymes mak*is* ane evill conclusiouñ;
Tharfor best thing in erd, I say, for me,
Is mery hart w*ith* small possessiouñ.

O wantoun man, quhilk usis for to feid
Thy wame, and mak*is* it a god to be,
Luke to þi self; I warne þe wele, on deid,
The cat cu*m*mis; unto þe mouß as E:
Quhat is avale þi feist in rialte,
With dreidful hart and tribulaciouñ?
Tharfor best thing i*n* erd, I saye, for me,
Is sikerneß, w*ith* small possessiouñ.

[1] Transcript, 'stat*is*.'

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Thy awne fyre, frende, þo*ch*t it be bot a gleid,
It warmis weile, and is worth gold to þe;
As salamon sayis, and þou will it reid,
'Wnder þe hevin I can no*ch*t better se,
Than ay be blyth and lif in quiete.'
Quharfor I may conclude be þis ressouñ:
Off erdly ioye it ber*is* mast degre,
Blythneß in hert, w*ith* small possessiouñ.

Heir end*is* of þe twa myß.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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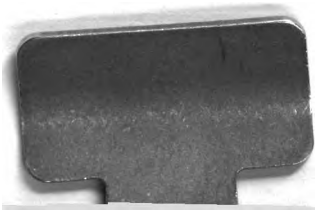

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